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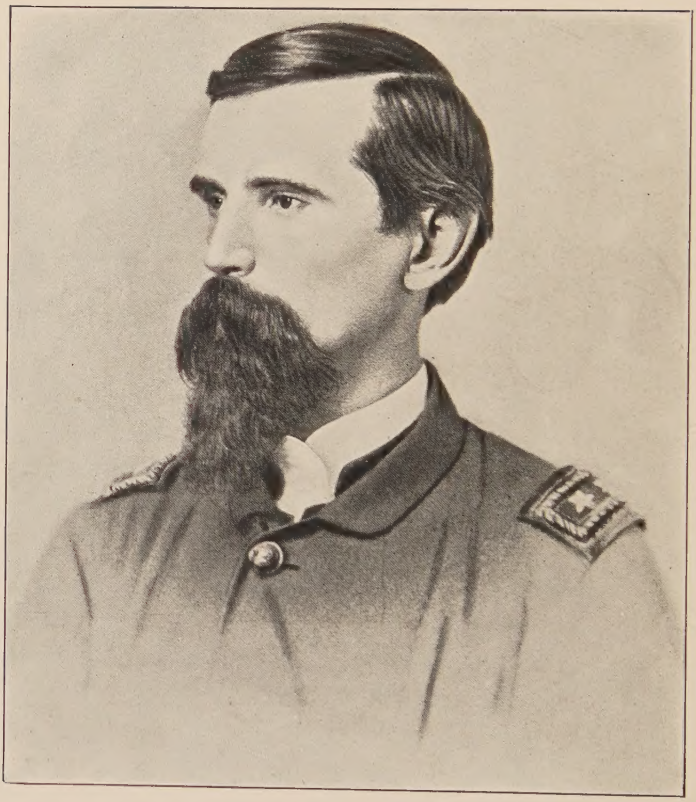

LEW WALLACE
Major-General United States Volunteers (1862)

LEW WALLACE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. II

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LEW WALLACE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

LVI

The fighting done by the Army of the Tennessee—Rain and darkness—The surprise by Johnston—Desertions—Diagrams 1 and 2—Colonel Stuart—Prentiss—Terrible loss of life—Gaps in the line of battle—Sherman—Killing of officers—The arrival of Grant—The *Tigress*—Sherman—The death of Johnston.

I WISH now to notice with some particularity the fighting done by the Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh.

It has long been a conclusion of mine, arrived at from the study of the official reports of the corps and division commanders, Confederate and Union, who had parts in the battle, that the Army of the Tennessee should have been driven into the bogs of Snake Creek or forced to surrender hours before the arrival on the field of General Buell's Fourth Division of the Army of the Ohio.

Why was it not so driven?

I offer two reasons: the unexpected obstinacy of the resistance encountered by the Confederates; next the loss by the Confederates early in the action of their corps organization, or, in another form, the premature merger of their three lines of battle into one. To these, probably, the death of General Johnston should be added.

The Resistance Encountered

The commencement of the attack had been set for three o'clock in the morning; a downpour of rain, however, deepened the natural darkness of that hour, com-

pelling a postponement to five o'clock. Then the Confederates moved forward as silently as such vast bodies of men, horses, and carriages could, impeded as they were by fences, uncleared woods, gullies filled with running water, and ponds and swamps choked with brush and vines.

They advanced, never doubting to burst in upon their enemies snuggling in warm tents or nervously "falling in" while rubbing the sleep out of their astonished eyes.

After a little the first moving line of two and a half miles' front turned into a wave that rolled over the amazed pickets struck by it, fairly lifting them off their feet. The extraordinary supports come upon, like Moore's regiment of Missourians sent out by Prentiss to do some "feeling round," and the grand-guards caring for Sherman's legions asleep, were given a volley or two and sent home breathless, fast, but not faster than the disturbing apparitions in butternut suits and slouched, drab hats pursued them.

In every well-governed military camp the day is begun with reveille; "Fall in" follows, and roll-call. Now I have sought diligently to learn if these disciplinary observances were had this first day in any one of the Union camps at the right and left of the old Shiloh Church. There was, instead, the long-roll on snare-drums; and I think myself warranted in saying that no soldier, not even he of multiplied chevrons indicative of so many terms of service, ever heard the long-roll beaten unexpectedly when in presence of an enemy who did not feel his blood break into fast-running mercurial drops.

By this rataplan resounding through the arches of the oak groves sheltering their tents, Sherman's regiments and Prentiss's were roused out; and men constitutionally brave snatched their arms, asking, wildly:

"What's up? What's the matter now?"

And hardly were they in line before their pickets incoming answered them:

"Get ready—quick—the Johnnies are here thicker than Spanish needles in a fence corner." [1]

There was, indeed, no time to speculate or doubt, for, in many places, right on the heels of the flying pickets came the enemy. Yet, when the latter were come up, it was to see a blue line stretched laterally out of sight standing apparently ready to receive them. Then, unquestionably, as a ball bounds back from a wall to him who throws it, there was a reaction of the surprise, the astonishment of the one side being but a little greater than the other. Withal, however, the advantage was with the assailants—they had got over the chill of the first plunge and were in full charge.

Suddenly, in places enough to be serious, as we shall see, there were vacancies in the blue line, and the woods and hollows behind it were streaked with men running away. These never looked behind. Not a few, I have been told, were drowned in mad makeshifts improvised to carry them over the river.

But, withal, there was a line there, distinct, ugly in the eyes of the foemen, yet beautiful with the beauty of waving banners. And had it been in continuous formation there is no telling what the result might have been.

By which I mean there was a space between Sherman's left and Prentiss's right in extent quite a quarter of a mile, and another of full one mile between Prentiss and Colonel Stuart's brigade at Prentiss's left rear. And forasmuch as I hold the first day of the fight lost on account of those lapses and the prompt advantage

[1] This was given me as actually said by an Ohio soldier.

taken of them by the Confederates, I stop to give a diagram that the untechnical reader may understand me. Here it is, the dotted lines representing the intervals:

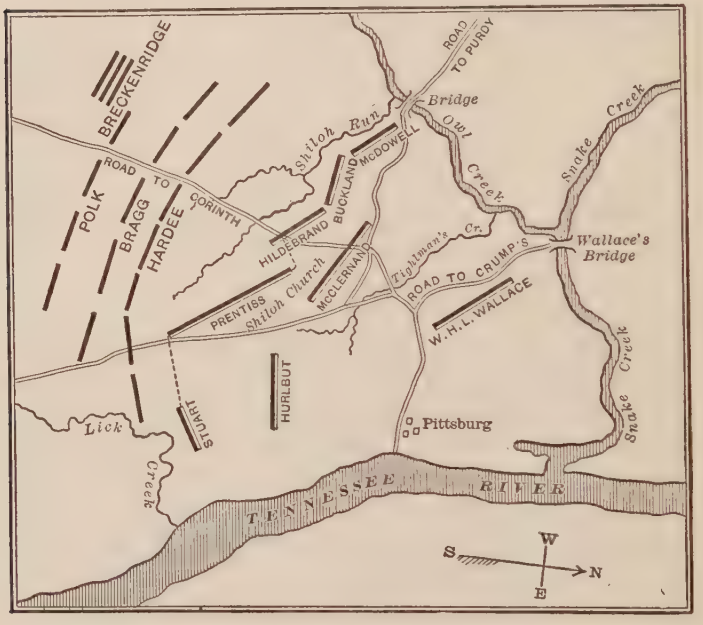


DIAGRAM NO. 1

What would be thought of the farmer who, wishing to keep cattle out of a field, should leave wide-open gaps in his fence? Because the gaps extended so many rods to the rear, how much more, when found, would the hungry herd be troubled by them?

If the official reports of the division commanders make anything clear, it is that the Confederates discovered these intervals almost the first thing in the morning after the lines came in contact, and used them to get in behind the positions they were assailing; after

which it was for the Army of the Tennessee the same dismal story all day long. Unity of action became impossible to them; and as often as they fell back and took new positions offering yet other fronts, they, too, were lost, always by the same incessant flanking, flanking, now on the right, now on the left, with attack sometimes on the right, left, and rear at once. In short, human valor in resistance was never of such small avail, never so completely discounted.

Let us see now how the reports of the Union commanders summarized bear out this theory, beginning with Colonel Stuart.

Colonel Stuart's position, it will be remembered, was on Lick Creek at General Prentiss's left rear. It was his to guard a certain ford of that creek; and there, in a camp fronting southward, his brigade constituted the extreme left of the army.

About seven o'clock General Prentiss had notified Colonel Stuart of the appearance of the enemy in force. Not long after that the latter's pickets warned him of Confederates on the Bark road. The colonel was brave.[1] He called his regiments to arms, and waited developments—or possibly an order, which, alas, there was none to give. We may imagine him on his horse in a state of nervous suspense when, looking westwardly, he beheld what in like circumstances would have astonished the oldest soldier in the world. He saw, using his own words, "the Pelican flag advancing in the rear of General Prentiss's headquarters."

Now the matter of astonishment with Colonel Stuart was not the flag singularly embellished though it was, but the place in which he discovered it.

The colonel doubtless took several quick breaths, but

[1] Colonel Stuart was wounded in the fight.

he needed no Prince Eugene, or Winfield Scott, or any graduate of the academy on the Hudson to tell him the meaning of the apparition. He saw instantly that it had come in through the mile-wide interval between his own right and Prentiss's left, and straightway he did exactly the right thing—he sent a messenger at speed to tell General Hurlbut, his nearest support, that —quoting from his report—"General Prentiss's left was turned, and to ask him to advance his forces." He might have complemented the message with the still broader statement that he himself was flanked and the left of the whole army in the same bad box. So early —only a little after seven o'clock in the morning—had General Johnston succeeded in the accomplishment of the first step in his plan of battle!

General W. H. L. Wallace responded to Stuart by sending him MacArthur's brigade and a battery, and fighting began at once, first with a force in his front and with artillery across the creek. Having occasion to speak to the officer in charge of the battery sent him, he rode in search of that person, but he was gone, guns and support.[1] He looked in the direction of Prentiss, and says, "For above a quarter of a mile to my right no soldier could be seen unless fugitives making their way to the rear." Then he adds, awakening as it were, "I saw that the position of my right brigade was inevitably flanked by an overwhelming and unopposed force."

The colonel galloped back in haste, as may be imagined, and, lo! the regiment on the right of his line, Rodney Mason's, had disappeared without notice. Riding on, he found that what but a moment before had

[1] Stuart seems not to have known that it was MacArthur in command of this support, and, as the latter left no report, we are without an explanation of the disappearance attributed to him.

been a wholesome brigade of three full regiments had dwindled to eight hundred men. And while he was chewing the bitter cud vigorously the column that had brought the Pelican flag in through the undefended interval was forming line of battle to open on him, coolly, leisurely, as if entering upon a breakfast job. Then, too, he beheld cavalry passing to his rear. Finally, to make the situation ugly nigh to desperation, when he turned his eyes to the left it was to see still another unfriendly body fast flanking him in that quarter. In short, an officer of greater experience than Colonel Dan. Stuart, weighing the appearances, would have caught himself suddenly a-hungry for a less arduous position somewhere in the rear; but the colonel, be it said to his credit, braced up, made good disposition of his men, and held his ground.

Two hours thus, and no help. The brave men standing by their colors rifled the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded. At last they were ordered back. Taking up a new position, they fought on.

Let us look now to General Prentiss.

The diagram No. 1 will show the position of his division (the Sixth) with certainty sufficient to enable us to see all that happened to it. By six o'clock it was under fire from flank to flank, assailed on its left by Chalmers, a very intrepid Confederate officer. General Johnston, present there, moved Chalmers farther to his right. The Pelican flag Stuart saw, so much to his astonishment, belonged to Chalmers; so did the column which made its appearance in rear of Prentiss's headquarters. To fill Chalmers's place, Johnston took Jackson's brigade out of his second line (Bragg's corps) and brought it forward into the first. Prentiss's situation may now be seen and appreciated. Chalmers was marching unopposed through the interval at his rear. The brigades of

Jackson, Shaver, and Gladden, the two latter of Withers's division, bore down on his front; while, in prolongation of the Confederate attack to the left, Hindman, with unbridled fury, flung his regiments partly against Prentiss's right, partly against Sherman's left. Still Prentiss held fast, his ranks depleted by death, though mostly by desertions, until Hindman broke through at the point of connection with Sherman; then, assailed in rear, on the left, in front, and on the right, all at the same time, he ordered the retreat of so much of his wasted command as remained true to their flags. The color-line of his camp was the designated place of assemblage. He also applied to Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace for support.

All this—and not yet eight o'clock!

General Johnston, satisfied with the conditions of the fight over on the Lick Creek side of the field—Stuart isolated, Prentiss turned and going—pulled the near bridle-rein of "Fire-eater," his horse, and rode leisurely in the direction of Owl Creek. In this progress the first division he came to was that of Brigadier-General Thomas C. Hindman, whom, in the general advance of the first line of attack (Hardee's), chance had thrown in front of Hildebrand, of Sherman's command.

When Johnston reached him, Hindman had broken Hildebrand's brigade into fine pieces, and, discovering the quarter-mile gap between Prentiss and Sherman, was pouring his masses through it like so many successive floods through a *crevasse*. Nevertheless, having suffered fearfully from Prentiss on one side and Buckland on the other, he asked reinforcement. Whereupon Johnson sent a request to Bragg to advance his whole second line.

This, I stop to say, marks a chapter in the battle.

Bragg had anticipated Johnston. His entire corps—he calls it force—was already actively engaged; so that from seven-thirty o'clock a second line cannot longer be supposed. Nor that only—portions of Polk's corps of the third line were by that time also engaged; and we are permitted to get glimpses of four commanders—Johnston, Hardee, Bragg, and Beauregard—each submissive to no one, each acting upon his own judgment, each at times without notice even countermanding orders given by one of the others—neither of them with a defined command. A little later we will discover Polk in the same category. In other words, the supreme direction had passed from General Johnston; there is now no one to execute his plan of battle but himself; and the Confederates, being without a general-in-chief, are in that respect no better off than the Army of the Tennessee. In other words, again, there is now hope for the latter. It has only to continue the struggle until night brings the Army of the Ohio up—then, to-morrow, victory!

But can the Army of the Tennessee hold till night?

The interest grows acute now to learn what is doing with Sherman. The left shivered and retiring, what of the centre and right?

In the camp arrangement of Sherman's brigades, Hildebrand's (the Third) had been set down on the left, the road from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth serving as a mark of separation between it and Buckland's (the Fourth). The demarcation was also emphasized by Shiloh Church, a little retired from which Sherman's headquarters tents shone fresh and white through the green of the oaks around them. This, in a sense, identified Sherman with Hildebrand.

The alarm given and the regiments falling into the deafening din of long-rolls, he, still in a doubting mood,

climbed into his saddle, called his staff to him, and mixed with the Hildebranders, though somewhat to their front. Presently he beheld a body of men hurrying diagonally across the descending field before him going to the left—an astonishing spectacle in the clear sunlight brilliant with starry flashes from bayonet-points innumerable. In that same moment out of a thicket not far away a scattered fire opened upon him, and of the group in attendance one, a mounted orderly, dropped from his saddle dead. It may be believed that Sherman sent at least one quick look in the direction of the fatal salute; and it was to see Hildebrand's pickets coming in flying for life, and behind them, tearing through the cockle-burs of Shiloh, ran a disordered swarm of strange soldiers mouthing a strange yell for battle-cry. The sight, as it well might, satisfied him for the first time of the enemy present in force, and, like a sensible man in possession of his wits, he made haste to get away from the sharp-shooters.

In a moment the brigade was under fire. In another moment the regiment on its left (Appler's Fifty-third Ohio) broke, and as an organization was not seen again that day. The other regiment stood and fired two or three volleys; then they, too, fell into confusion.

Sherman hurried a request to Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, and McClernand, all three, for help. The mix-up about him grew worse and worse. To increase his concern, he heard noises of battle off in front of Buckland and McDowell. Yet he lingered awhile with Hildebrand trying to restore order. A shot came along and hit him in the hand. The enemy meantime surged in almost unresisted; seeing, then, the hopelessness of the situation there, he rode away to give countenance to the rest of his command.

And Hindman, now in the interval widened by the

flight of Hildebrand's three regiments, was making free play against Prentiss's right flank and Buckland's left, for it must be remembered the attack in this quarter was upon the two divisions at once.

They who had watches, and were cool enough to look at them, were surprised to find the time a little short of eight o'clock.

That Sherman did not order Buckland and McDowell to the rear must be taken as proof that he relied upon McClernand to come up and take care of Hindman. He knew the natural strength of the position occupied by their brigades—in front clear to Owl Creek, a swamp carrying off the waters of Shiloh Run; then an open, meadow-like space which before Buckland was a grassy ascent quickening to a towering wood on top. In its reach towards McDowell the rise became an acclivity, its rough face covered with brush and vines. Difficult ravines intersected the declivity. To strengthen his position, McDowell had creased the brow of the height with a ditch.

It may be doubted if in his plan of battle, making the left of the Army of the Tennessee the object of chief attack, General Johnston intended more than a demonstration against Buckland and McDowell. Against them, however, Beauregard, who now assumed care on the Confederate left, launched Hindman's Second Brigade belonging to Brigadier-General Cleburne, a wonderfully brave and pertinacious Irishman. In passing the bog of Shiloh Run three of Cleburne's regiments, separating, went to the left and three to the right. Cleburne's horse mired and threw him. Covered with mud, he joined the detachment moving to the right, which brought him opposite Buckland, who made awful work with him. The rush was magnificent. Charge and repulse, and charge and charge again—all useless.

The green of the meadow vacated by Cleburne, when at length he withdrew to reform his brigade, was hidden under a very pavement of dead men. Sometimes they lay on top of one another.[1]

The assault on McDowell, next Buckland on the right, was equally a failure, though not so bloody. And along the hill-top Sherman rode back and forth, speaking little, but grim and never more resourceful. If now McClernand keeps the faith, all may yet go well—such, no doubt, was the inspiration governing him in holding fast to the height on which fortune had posted him.

Eight o'clock now—that is, from five to eight the tremendous murder-mill had been grinding thunderously on; and we may make a point of the time, and be better possibly of a glance at the situation.

General Johnston has finished his progress to the left, and from Cleburne, about to assail Sherman, is returning well satisfied to the right again.

Bragg's corps and a considerable part of Polk's are merged into the one firing-line along with Hardee's, and neither Hardee nor Bragg can any longer distinguish his own; so there is nothing of separate duty left them.

Occasionally Beauregard rides forward, and, mindless of the zone of command he happens to be in, does by direct order what he thinks best. And it is observable that the pushing he does is towards the Landing perpendicularly; whereas Johnston's, over on the right, is

[1] Tuesday morning a lieutenant in charge of a burial-party came and requested me to go with him and see a dead Confederate whom he thought a brigadier-general. I accompanied him. The body was that of a major; but—and this is the point—in getting to where it lay it was necessary to cross the meadow-plat spoken of in the text as in front of Buckland's position, and it is no exaggeration to say that for two or three hundred yards I could have stepped upon corpses without once setting foot on the blackened grass beneath them. There were spots awful, Heaven knows, elsewhere on the field, but I saw none so supremely horrible as that one.

still turned towards the impenetrable swamp of Snake Creek northwardly—a criss-crossing of purpose significant of a battle without a plan, if not a baton lost.

Withal, however, the Confederates are in possession of the entire line of camps first come upon. Thereupon their advance undergoes a noticeable slackening; for each tent has to be searched, and, with other loot, every subtler's caravansary is rich in drinkables that inspire to drunkenness. In face of such temptations the Southern conquerors are weak as common people, and as a consequence the hundreds dropped behind are fast multiplying. Not long now until the mob of deserters under the bluff at the Landing will have their counterpart in the opposite region of Shiloh Church.

A low-lying, sulphurous cloud, whiter of the mellow Tennessee spring-time morning sun fairly in course through the cloudless sky, defines the debatable sections of the field, and under it the Confederates, tired though exultant, move on, here in line, there in columns. Suddenly what may be called a new battle rises before them; for the meaning of which we must now inquire of Generals Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, and McClernand.

We have seen how, instantly he had it forced upon him that the enemy was in his front in force, Sherman sent back for help. Hurlbut replied with a brigade (Veatch's), an act the very generosity of which betrays how little he who did it knew what was just ahead in wait for him.

McClernand's ignorance of Johnston's presence, or his incredulity, as the reader pleases, is proven, if further proof were needed, by his conduct now. The enemy, he says, came pressing against his left with a mass five regiments deep. To meet the danger he ordered his Third Brigade into line nearly at right angle with Sherman's line, but before the formation could be

effected he admits the Confederates were within close musket range, and that the brigade formed under a deadly fire. Then, instead of making use of his whole division, he permitted the same Third Brigade to charge singly and unsupported, and it barely escaped capture. Reading this, one naturally suspects a diversion attempted while the other parts of the command were getting under arms and in line.

At last the division was ready. Then it does not appear to have been advanced a step. As a result the gap between McClernand and Sherman remained unclosed, leaving the latter a choice of alternatives—to abandon his position or be taken if he persisted in holding it. Nor that merely—McClernand was flanked upon his own right. The resistance, it is to be said, was heroic, nevertheless. Hindman led the attack, and his rage seemed insatiate; but in the slaughter he himself went down wounded and was borne away. Schwartz, Burrows, McAllister, each fought his battery with praiseworthy skill and courage. Haynie, Sanford, Ransom, Nevins, Bartleson succumbed to wounds. Within twenty minutes the Eighteenth Illinois had three successive commanders disabled, one killed outright. Finally, McClernand, outflanked and overborne, yielded to the inevitable, and to save surrender ordered the division to retire.

Passing from McClernand at bay in his new position, let us give attention to Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace; after which it will be necessary to return to Sherman. When this done the second battle spoken of as offered the Confederates will be understood.

General Hurlbut's camp had been pitched behind the sites chosen by Prentiss and Stuart, and he knew himself in reserve subject to call from the front. Notified about seven-thirty o'clock of Sherman's need, he hur-

ried his Second Brigade (Veatch's) to that officer's support. Then, in a few minutes, he received an urgent request for aid from Prentiss, and responded, leading his First and Third brigades in person. As he drew near Prentiss's left-rear the latter's men drifted through his formation in broken masses. The moral effect of an endangered flank added to a front attack had wrought its usual result.

Now, as I infer, Hurlbut moved from camp thinking to establish himself in the gap between Stuart and Prentiss, first clearing it of invaders; but seeing himself too late, he halted opportunely, and deployed his brigades at an obtuse angle with one another, putting a battery in the angle and one on each flank. With the two fronts, southerly and southwesterly, he flattered himself his retired flanks were safe.

The Third Brigade on the southerly front was the first attacked. The shock took place in an uncleared grove; and we can imagine how the fierce contention moiled it as no wind of strength had ever done. Half an hour thus, and the Confederates were shaken off.

Then the First Brigade took its turn; while advancing "doubled on the centre" a column moved forward aimed apparently at the angle of the formation. The spectacle must have been rarely beautiful speeding across the open field, but the rain of fire poured upon it was too much, and it melted away; after which the brigades refilled their cartridge-boxes and took breath. In the same pause Prentiss passed to Hurlbut's right with a part of his division rallied, prolonging the line in the direction of McClernand. Thereupon the Confederates repeated their attack, and were repulsed, but came again, and then again.

Meantime, Colonel Veatch had planted his brigade (Hurlbut's Second) at McClernand's left, where it nobly

supported that officer.[1] Still the gap between Veatch and Prentiss was fearfully wide and bare, the advanced ground having been swept clean of defenders; and of the whole army there was none to fill it but W. H. L. Wallace, to whom we must now look.

The Second Division belonged to General Charles F. Smith. In his absence—dying at the Cherry house in Savannah—General W. H. L. Wallace commanded it. Its field return, April 5th, gives a total of eight thousand seven hundred and eight officers and men. It was, in fact, the next largest division of the army; yet when one seeks to get at the part it bore in the battle, he must do some signal groping through the official reports. General W. H. L. Wallace fell mortally wounded; when we ask of the circumstances of the casualty, we rise pained and astonished at the meagreness of detail. General MacArthur, who succeeded him in the command, does not so much as mention the name of the brave unfortunate. Colonel Tuttle, to whom the division fell, when MacArthur was wounded, has this to say: "In passing through the cross-fire General Wallace fell mortally wounded." He does not give the place of the occurrence or so much as a suggestion of the hour. Fortunately a beautiful monument erected on the field by his grateful state (Illinois) marks the fatal spot, and will forever commemorate his soldierly virtues.

Let me now try and make an orderly story of what befell the Second Division.

General W. H. L. Wallace, in his camp on the road to Crump's from Pittsburg Landing, received Prentiss's message announcing the enemy present in force about seven-thirty o'clock. His horse was at his tent door

[1] General McClernand, in his official report, says he was unsupported on his left. He was mistaken; at least the weight of testimony is against him.

ready saddled.[1] Accepting the notice as a request for help, he lost no time getting his brigades (Tuttle's, MacArthur's, and Sweeny's) under arms and moving out with them.

The march continued to a point beyond General Hurlbut's headquarters.[2]

The sight of greatest frequency on this advance had a moral effect according to the nature of those beholding it. The roads, the woods, the fields were grewsome with officers and men in flight; whereat the timid grew weaker and the strong stronger.

There is no trouble determining that General W. H. L. Wallace's position was central of the new line; or, more particularly, Prentiss held the ground at his left, with Hurlbut beyond Prentiss, and Stuart beyond Hurlbut, leaving Veatch and McClernand next him on the right, and Sherman beyond McClernand.[3] It was, indeed, the very gap in which he was wanted. How the good soldier came to establish himself there, whether upon his own initiative or after consultation, may not be said. Only this much is certain, with the Second Division in the theretofore empty interval the second battle front of the staggering Army of the Tennessee was continuous from Sherman to Stuart, including McClernand, Veatch, Wallace, Prentiss, and Hurlbut, in order from the right.

As it is now to be seen what became of this second line, I think it well to come to the help of the reader with diagram No. 2. In comparing it with diagram No. 1 he should remember it is barely nine o'clock—that with the Second Division in position, the last of the reserves is employed—that courage, common-sense,

[1] Badeau's *Life of Grant*, p. 56.
[2] Colonel Woods, in *War Records*, series 1, vol. x., p. 151.
[3] Colonel Shaw, in *War Records*, series 1, vol. x, p. 153.

DIAGRAM NO. 2

and tacit understanding have voluntarily done the work of an intelligent commanding general—lastly, that General Grant and his staff are descending the gangplank of the *Tigress* down at the Landing, having just arrived from Savannah.

The object now clearly in the purpose of every Union officer engaged, capable of thought, and not to be lost to mind by the reader, is staying the enemy until night or Buell comes. In view of this limitation, and studying the present front offered, it really seemed as if the army were safe—indeed, that it stood a chance of victory. Let us see.

General Johnston was not slow in comprehending the new situation, and, in appreciation of the heavy work it demanded, he, too, entered upon a rearrangement which I find very difficult to set down except in general terms. As well as I can make out, however, he called Breckinridge up with his reserves, consisting then of two brigades, giving him a place on the Confederate right in co-operation with Chalmers and Jackson. He also summoned all remaining of Polk's corps, and distributed them; and of the chief commanders, Polk, with three brigades, had left-centre of the attack, with Pond and Cleburne on his left, and Stewart and Gibson at his right. Then the order was completed—Stephens on the right of Gibson, then Gladden, then Jackson and Chalmers — all these latter with brigades.

What of command fell to the other corps commanders, Hardee and Bragg, I cannot make out. They seem to have been free-lances, ranging at pleasure, but with one duty in common—driving forward every organization on their side.

So, as a main point, we are now to see and think of everything of the Army of the Tennessee in one connected line, and opposite them everything of fighting aspect belonging to the Confederates—Johnston leading the right wing, Beauregard directing the left, and somewhere under them the division commanders, Clark, Stewart, Cheatham, Ruggles, and Withers.

It is nine-thirty o'clock and the crisis of the battle.

General Grant's was not a mind to be easily shaken or stunned—a statement amply proved in course of his remarkable career—yet the signs he met at the Landing the morning in question, must have been a surprise and a trial. The fugitives so often spoken of were already gathering under the bluff, an unreasoning rabble of

wild men from every command, without arms, and momentarily increasing in number. The way to the summit took him through their midst. There is nothing to show that he stopped to speak to them, or, as did Nelson in the afternoon, that he ramped about cursing and threatening them. In his *Memoirs* he apologizes for their misconduct. Nevertheless, their appearance there at that early hour was appalling.

He was suffering with a lame leg got from a fall of his horse the Friday preceding, and going was painful. Where he betook himself first I cannot say. We hear of him from Prentiss, who says he left with him an order to hold the position he then occupied at all hazards; and there was never an order more faithfully observed. We hear of him also from Sherman; so, in likelihood, he must have visited every one of the division commanders. He made no changes with them. It was too late for that, and he was sensible enough to know it. We hear of him next from General Buell, who had a conference with him on the *Tigress*, and speaks of him as calm, and considering the offensive for the next day. The trend of the battle, however, was adverse, and he doubtless recognized the fact.

The struggle that ensued, with General Grant a participant, was in many respects so like a second battle—the first one having terminated in favor of the Confederates—that I venture to treat it as such. Then, to stimulate the imagination, and help to a realization of the contest, its horrors and characteristics, its unlikenesses to anything of the battle kind of previous enactment in this country or elsewhere, I think it in place to submit a few descriptive generalities in group.

Beginning at nine o'clock, the new engagement endured quite six hours—not continuously or all along the front at the same time, but at short intervals, breaking

out, as it were, in spots—although there was not a moment of the time in which the firing entirely ceased. This will be understood, perhaps, when I say that at one place in the line the Confederates were repulsed, and there was silence while they rallied and reformed; while at another place, the Unionists, dislodged from one position, fell back to another, and while they rallied and reformed there was silence on their part.

The exchange of fire was not merely of infantry, but artillery as well. The spells were few and brief in which there was no pounding by batteries. Above the shallow arcs described by Minié balls whistling through the brush and under the low limbs of trees—above them, up in the air, shells crossed one another, and, bursting, rained iron fragments upon the earth below; and against them all places were alike, with refuge in none.

The men of the South relieved their fever of the fight by shrill yelps—I use the word for description, not in derision—as distinguishable from cheers or hurrahs; while on the part of their foes the resistance, even the dying, was in grim silence.

It was not an opportunity for cavalry; the natural obstructions were too many. Charges were attempted, but unsuccessfully. Even Forrest failed, and Clanton, John Morgan, Wharton, Lindsay, and Phil Thompson all prudently held back. The *sabreurs* of the North, with like good sense, heard the combats at a distance.

Of horses, the carcasses discovered when, after the fighting, the field had to be cleansed, were mostly of the batteries, with a percentage belonging to field and staff officers. The number burned or buried was one of the astonishing features.

There is a particular in connection with the battle of Shiloh which trained European soldiers cannot be brought to understand. They have been taught the

necessity of manœuvre in bodies. Here tactics was so limited it may almost be said there was no tactics. Deployment was a preliminary; advances were rarely in column; retreats were rushes to the rear, just as charges were rushes forward. This because few of the combatants were *au fait* in drill. In fact, whole regiments were unable to load by the manual, and had the crudest idea of alignment by guides right, left, or centre. Hurrying down a hollow, tearing across a swamp, squeezing through thickets, of what account was touch of the elbow? The parade line gone—broken into squads—not infrequently operating single-handed—there was but one cohesive principle of possible practice—to watch the flag and stay by it. One referring to Kinglake's account of Inkerman and Balaklava is struck by the order and machine-like regularity of the movement described. On every page there are flashes of splendors in the battle to cover its horrors. At Shiloh there was nothing on either side to relieve the butchery but heroism.

So it happened that long before the six hours were over the two armies as a general thing degenerated into mere fighting swarms, with only the flags to give them unity. Individuals found it impossible to distinguish their rightful companies. Regiments lost their brigades; brigades passed indifferently or not observing to near divisions. In the frightful *mêlée* officers, separated from their men, took command without question of others unknown to them. With bodies that kept together intact the confusion and involvment were such that not unfrequently it was troublesome to discern the right front or decide in what direction to fire.

Such, I say, are some of the features of this battle, making it forever incomprehensible to foreigners of

military training, and an unmitigated hell to the memories of all who happily came out of it alive.

These remarks may seem like digression; nevertheless, I think they prepare us to go on to the end of the day, the question being not, Could the Army of the Tennessee win, but could it keep the field until Buell came?[1]

How best to proceed from this point with the narrative is a problem. The objects—clearness and justice—must govern; so at least it seems to me. Wherefore, since the battle on the part of the Unionists was in the beginning engagements by divisions acting separately, and as it continued such to the close, notwithstanding the presence of General Grant, I will accept the suggestion and be ruled by it.

The Fifth Division—General Sherman

At nine o'clock, the lines being reformed and the struggle about to begin anew everywhere, General Sherman was still master of the position occupied by him in the morning. Cleburne had been repulsed. Pond stood inactive, though in view, beyond Shiloh Run. McDowell, of Sherman's right brigade, faced Pond, and also kept the bluff overlooking Owl Creek and the bridge crossing it on the road from Pittsburg Landing. Sherman lent his presence for the most part to Buckland in the vicinity of the old church.

I have difficulty defining McClernand's position at this juncture relatively to Sherman; but as the former

[1] That such was the question with General Grant returned from the front—accounting for his presence on the steamboat when met by General Buell—is settled, I think, by the note he hurried to the Commanding Officer, "Advance Forces, Buell's Army near Pittsburg Landing," telling him, among other things, "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, *it will be more to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us.*"—Quoted in *Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston*, p. 603.

says in his report that before his left, consisting of his Third Brigade, could form for support of Sherman the enemy was pressing upon it five regiments deep, the inference is that at the moment of collision his division had not advanced, but was somewhere to Sherman's rear—probably at his left, Veatch being still on the march. The interval between Buckland and McClernand, of unknown depth, I take to have been the scene of the struggle from which Hindman had been borne the worse of a shell.

This period, I also think, was one of rest for Sherman, except for the annoyance from skirmishers and sharp-shooters in the thickets of the little creek in his front, and the iterative handiwork of battery-men in the enthusiasm of first practice.

It was at this time General Sherman did a thing of pertinency to myself. Riding to Captain Behr, of the Morton (Indiana) battery, he ordered him to send two of his guns to take care of the bridge over Owl Creek, saying, in explanation that the bridge must be held at all hazards, as General Lew Wallace was coming up from Crump's Landing to cross the creek there. Behr thereupon detached Lieutenant Bieler with a section of the battery for the duty. Bieler took post at the bridge supported by two companies of infantry, and kept it, successfully resisting attack, until McDowell on the bluff retired. The lieutenant made his escape with difficulty, bringing off one gun.[1]

[1] The action of General Sherman given in the text is upon the authority of Lieutenant Bieler, for many years past a worthy citizen of Indianapolis. His account in writing is in my possession. The pertinency is to the controversy which arose as to the order put in my hand at Stoney Lonesome, eleven-thirty o'clock, by Captain Baxter, directing me to march to the right of the army. General Sherman expected me to join him by the very road I took in starting; from which it would appear he does not concur in the opinion expressed by General Grant that under an order to join the right

The comparative tranquillity along Sherman's front lasted until about ten o'clock. By that time McClernand had been forced rearward some hundreds of yards, and, nothing then interposing, the enemy got artillery behind Buckland's left flank. To stay longer was to be cut off, seeing which Sherman ordered the two brigades back into a second position. They had but few minutes to go upon. Then, Behr being killed and his guns taken, another retirement ensued. This brought Sherman and McClernand into direct connection, and thenceforward they acted in concert. Hour after hour passed, the two holding the line with desperate tenacity and varying fortune. Here Sherman, besides having several horses killed under him, received his second hurt —in the shoulder—and he was never more conspicuously great. General Grant well says in his *Memoirs*: "A casualty to Sherman that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this!"

About four o'clock, Sherman, in concert with McClernand, selected a last line of defence, covering the bridge over Snake Creek by which my division was then coming. There at bay the remains of the Fifth Division rested for the evening and the night.

The First Division—General McClernand

Observing the enemy forging around its flanks, General McClernand ordered his Third Brigade, after its

of the army I should have first marched to Pittsburg Landing. On the contrary, Sherman's judgment was in direct support of mine; and I confess to finding great comfort in the fact.

Lieutenant Bieler's statement is corroborated in part by Colonel McDowell; only the latter speaks of but one of Behr's guns commanding the bridge, a twelve-pounder howitzer.—*War Records*, series 1, vol. x., p. 254.

disastrous charge, to fall back again—this time presumably upon the division in line of battle not far from the general's headquarters. The fierceness of the general attack, wing and wing, that came next may be judged by what happened to the batteries.

Burrow's, in the centre, was quickly a total loss. The captain and several of his officers were wounded and seventy horses killed.

McAllister's had to be withdrawn, one piece abandoned, no horses to take it off. McAllister himself was four times wounded.

Schwartz's, less a caisson, had to be brought away by hand.

Out-flanked on his right, McClernand again went to the rear, leaving one regiment to cut its way through a close environment. Another battery — Timony's— then went into action, losing four guns.

Stiffening up here, at sight of the enemy checked, McClernand ordered a charge. But again out-flanked, right and left, he again went back, this time making connection with Sherman. Once more he turned upon his persecutors, and drove them with fearful slaughter. Two of his regiments, the Eleventh and Twentieth Illinois, even captured a battery.

Useless valor!

Ammunition failed several of the regiments, and presently another position to the rear had to be sought; and there, in a breathing spell, the command resupplied itself with cartridges. Another fight, and, under cover of the fragments of batteries left him, the obstinate Illinoisan retired to a sixth position, where, besides repulsing the infantry in his front, he repelled a charge of cavalry.

It was then four-thirty o'clock.

All through this weary time, though as little as pos-

sible is said of it by General McClernand, he was supported on his left by Colonel Veatch and on his right by General Sherman. He does not mention whether they participated in his last successful charge.

Suddenly, in the seventh stand, a new enemy came down on the division now frightfully reduced in number—one not anticipated, and against which resistance was of little use. A multitude mixed of fugitive soldiery, teamsters, and wagon-trains, long pent-up in that part of the field somewhere, now broke loose, and in its mad rush for safety and the Landing struck the left and Veatch's regiments, shattering them, and leaving but a nucleus on which to reform.

Another retirement, the eight and last! And night and rain; no help for the wounded, and sleep, who could?

Second Division—W. H. L. Wallace

The Second Division, standing between Prentiss and Veatch, the latter at McClernand's left, is to be thought of as materially shorn of its reported strength. Less the entire Second Brigade, Brigadier-General MacArthur, ordered early to the support of Stuart and the Eighty-first Ohio and the Thirteenth Missouri, its total in line was five thousand three hundred and seventy-five officers and men. Of these the First Brigade (Tuttle's), on the left, was the first to be attacked.

Deliberate choice could scarcely have bettered the position into which this brigade had been accidently dropped. It was on rising ground, hardly a hill, masked by a thicket. In front spread an open field practically not unlike the glacis of a regular fortification. Everything approaching by the field could be seen perfectly from the thicket. To add to the strength of the position, behind it full length ran a road sunk by the wash-

ing of rains to a depth of one and two feet, sometimes three. A man lying in the road could load and fire without exposure except of the head while firing. In short, a ditch carefully designed had not been more serviceable for defence than this sunken roadway. The cotton bales at New Orleans—saying they were used by General Jackson—were not nearly so effective, since the artillery, of which a hurricane was here brought to bear, would have knocked them into the air like so many old hats.

The roadway, it is to be further said, extended beyond the left of the First Brigade, and that portion of it was occupied by fragments of four of Prentiss's regiments, not exceeding five hundred men.[1]

I have been at care in the description of this position because of what was done in it; more particularly because in my judgment it was the spot on which the fury of the general onslaught spent itself—because the hours lost to the Confederates there were of more value to their Cause than the blood they spilled, as if it were water—*the hours gone, Buell had come.* Afterwards, in the tearful humor of sorrow, they devised a name for the place—"The Hornet's Nest."

And now to beget a proper appreciation of the work of W. H. L. Wallace's Second Division, and its First Brigade in especial, I think it best to cross to the Confederates and follow the attack; we will in that way have a chance of seeing who the assailants were, how they behaved, what befell them, and at the same time of measuring the worth of the achievement of the assailed. I know nothing more honorable, nothing greater, in fact, than going down in the bitter waters of defeat holding victory overhead.

[1] The Twenty-first Missouri, the Eighteenth Missouri, the Twelfth Michigan, and the Eighteenth Wisconsin.

There had been an agreement, we are told, between Bragg and Polk parcelling the command between them; Polk taking the left centre and Bragg the right centre.[1] This brought Bragg in front of W. H. L. Wallace; and by his direction A. P. Stewart, in command of Hindman's brigade and his own, was the first to make trial of what lay behind the thicket masking the sunken road on the low hill-top.[2]

These were the brigades that had so successfully dealt with Prentiss's right in the first engagement. Inspired, confident, they now raised their flags, and their yell, and set on. Not a man of them reached the thicket, though they tried heroically and often. Bragg was urgent, but he asked the impossible. Where whole regiments had failed, what could dazed fragments do?

Then Bragg turned to the First Arkansas, and the Fourth, Thirteenth, and Nineteenth Louisiana—Gibson's brigade—Gibson supported by three colonels all of whom afterwards became brigadiers of note [3]—Gibson himself chivalrous as a Paladin. In the open field, plied with musketry and shrapnel and canister, they all stopped, seeing no enemy, and scorched, as it were, by an inner fire of the earth. To stay stopped there was to perish to a man. Back they went, Gibson with them. He asked for artillery. Bragg replied, ordering another charge. Again the brigades set on. This time they reached the foot of the hill; a few died on the hill-side. Again they formed and charged—in vain. Allen, of the Fourth Louisiana, after the third trial, rode to Bragg for artillery, and to ask if the assault

[1] *Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston*, p. 604.

[2] Stewart's brigade consisted of the Fourth Tennessee, the Fifth Tennessee, the Thirty-third Tennessee, the Thirteenth Arkansas, and Stanford's battery.

[3] *Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston*, p. 605.

must be repeated. Bragg told him, pitilessly, that he wanted no faltering; and as might have been expected, the fourth rush was the most persistent and terrible of all, but equally useless. At last, heroism having done everything vainly except exhaust itself, both of the assaulting brigades stood at the farther side of the field beaten to a stand-still and counting their losses.

An hour—two hours—three thus—hours literally of horror heaped on horror's head!

Meantime, Ruggles, of Bragg's First Division, clearer of brain than his chief, by dint of hard riding assembled all the field-guns that could be reached—eleven batteries in all [1]—and with them in irresistible concentration enfiladed the remains of Prentiss's division on its right flank, forcing it out of position; and when it was gone Wallace's First Brigade, resting in its part of the sunken road, was left bare of support on that side.

In the mean time, also, General Polk, having thrown Veatch and McClernand out of his path, turned a part of his command to the right, striking fair and full upon W. H. L. Wallace's right flank. For Wallace then there was nothing but retreat. His Third Brigade (Sweeny's) acted promptly; but unable to get the order in time to the First (Tuttle's), he was compelled to abandon it. The Confederates had by that time so nearly enclosed him that the escape of the First Brigade was through a deadly cross-fire. Following at the rear of the retreating line, Wallace was struck, and fell from his horse insensible. He died next day.

From this on to the close the story of W. H. L. Wallace's First Brigade is inseparable from that of Prentiss's remnants, to which we must now give attention.

[1] Ruggles's report, in *War Records*, series 1, vol. x., p. 472.

Sixth Division—Prentiss

By two-thirty o'clock all the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee—Sherman, McClernand, Veatch—were retiring slowly to new positions Parthian-like.

At that hour W. H. L. Wallace was lying where he had fallen, and his Third Brigade had disappeared from the firing-line.

Over on the left Hurlbut was holding Stephen, Cheatham, Gladden, and Breckinridge stiffly off, while Stuart and MacArthur were making a good front against Jackson and Chalmers almost in sight of Pittsburg Landing. One company of Clanton's Confederate horsemen, passing by Stuart's left flank, had actually watered their mounts in the Tennessee River.

By this time also the gun-boats had shifted to the eastern bank of the river far as they could get without going aground, and were throwing shells of the dimensions of mess-kettles westwardly over the heads of friends and foes indiscriminately—shooting apparently at the sun then visibly in decline.

Buell had come, and, after consultation, was with Grant on the latter's boat waiting for Nelson, who was still on the farther side of the river, which he had yet to cross, with steamboats to do the ferriage—always a slow process, but in this instance slower of the impatience begot of the emergency.

All the right bent back almost to Tilghman's Creek in the northeast corner of the field; all the left bent back to a point not three-quarters of a mile from the Landing at the south; there was left a corner projecting towards the southwest, in the angle of which lay the sturdy keepers of the sunken road—Tuttle's brigade, the First of W. H. L. Wallace's division, the remains of Prentiss's division on Tuttle's left, and two regiments of Lauman's

brigade of Hurlbut's division, the Thirty-first and the Forty-fourth Indiana, on Prentiss's left; so it must be apparent, I think, if, in this situation, that corner is not held fast, neither night nor Buell can save the Army of the Tennessee. In perfect consciousness of the frightful possibilities, General Grant has ordered Colonel Webster, of his staff, to haul up all the siege-guns at the Landing, brought in anticipation of a need at Corinth, and plant them in battery on the bluff. There, behind those guns, Grant, the imperturbable, will make a last stand.

When General Hurlbut took position, helping make up the new line of battle, Prentiss, it has been said, rallied his division, and, passing to the front again, established it on Hurlbut's right. The word division should not be taken too literally. It is a curious fact that the brave leader had with him at the time but four regiments, and, as his division was scarcely a skeleton, so were the regiments. That is, the Twenty-first Missouri had 60 muskets, the Eighteenth Missouri 147, the Twelfth Michigan 109, the Eighteenth Wisconsin 174 —altogether not five hundred men.[1] To this number one must subjoin Peabody's brigade in the line reduced to sixty muskets, and the two batteries, Hickenlooper's Fifth Ohio and Munch's First Minnesota. Prentiss had the co-operation also of the Eighth Iowa, Colonel Geddes; of Sweeny's brigade, W. H. L. Wallace's division, that crossed over and formed on Prentiss's right, not entirely filling the interval existing there. As this regiment acted with Prentiss, sharing with him in his

[1] This statement seems incredible; and so it would be, indeed, were it not that I have the figures on the authority of Major D. W. Reed, Historian of the Shiloh Battle Association, whom I regard better informed of the battle and all its incidents, first and last, than any person living.

fight and in his ultimate surrender, I think it proper to count it his.

To tell now what the Sixth Division—calling it such—did in repelling Ruggles and Gibson in their repeated rushes upon the defenders in the sunken road would be repetition.

But now—two-thirty o'clock—comes an incident of appalling consequence to Prentiss. Hurlbut had shifted Lauman across to his left, taking the Indiana regiment away and exposing Prentiss's flank. This was the time Ruggles took to assemble the eleven batteries; then, when they were in position and all ready, he flung their united fire upon Prentiss at the point of his junction with Tuttle, enfilading his line, Geddes included, from right to left. No one unless he has been in a cyclone, the air above him filled and darkened with stones, fencing, the fragments of trees, and the débris of collapsed houses, can form an idea, even the faintest, of the violence of the tempest thus let loose. It was an iron sleet to drive an iron wall in. It had not been so terrible blown from the front; but, sweeping the road endwise, it was not in human nature to stand in the way of its fury. Hickenlooper and Munch, his associate, and Stone and Richards, of the two Missouri batteries, all on the rise in rear of Prentiss and Tuttle, answered with becoming vigor; nevertheless, Prentiss's skeleton regiments arose from their cover in the hollow of the road, now no longer a cover, and ran out of it; at the same time the Confederates, rushing, swung them round until they brought up back to back with Tuttle's brigade and not more than a hundred and fifty yards between them. Then Bragg, seeing the opportunity, called to Ruggles and Gibson, by that time reformed, and despatched them headlong and yelling over the reddened field of their discomfiture.

Four o'clock—five o'clock—still the mill in the corner kept grinding, still Bragg and his thousands lost precious time hammering at it.

At three o'clock Hurlbut retired his division, leaving all who chose free to close in upon Prentiss.

At four Breckinridge, Cheatham, and Jackson filled the space between the Hornet's Nest and the Landing; and there, happily, they too stayed. General Johnston was dead, and his mantle was not to his successor's taste.

At five-thirty o'clock Prentiss surrendered, leaving Tuttle's men still in the road subject to fire from three directions. Presently their ammunition failed and they were themselves exhausted. It was time for them to give up. Sacrifice of such lives had been a hideous crime. Colonel Shaw, of the Fourteenth Iowa, last of the brigade to surrender, yielded his sword at fifteen minutes of six o'clock.[1]

The army was then safe. Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio stood deployed in front of Webster's battery on the height above the Landing, and others were following. Beauregard was withdrawing his army to Shiloh Church for the night—and the day unwon was done.

The Fourth Division—Hurlbut

We have seen the part of the Fourth Division in the first engagement; that at its conclusion Cheatham,

[1] Colonel Shaw is said to have told of the ceremony of his surrender. "We were firing front and rear. The smoke was suffocating, but through it, coming towards me, I presently made out a man dressed in gray—an officer, I thought. Stopping six or eight feet from me, he saluted with his sword, and, dropping the point, said, in a most unexcited way, 'Colonel, somebody must surrender, and I don't think it's me.' The words brought me to myself. 'I think you are right. Wait a moment,' I replied, and, ordering my men to cease firing, gave up my sword."

whom fortune had selected as Hurlbut's antagonist, had the worst of his repeated charges. Indeed, so decided were the repulses that General Johnston, in the reformation for the second engagement, drew upon his reserves under General Breckinridge, whom, with the brigades of Bowen and Statham, he posted between Chalmers and Jackson on the extreme right next to the river.

To appreciate the struggle which then took place, one must have an idea of the relative positions of the opposing forces.

Hurlbut's line, drawn back almost at a right angle to what I have called the corner held by his regiments, the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Indiana, lay on the crest of a ridge partly wooded, partly open. In his front the ground sloped unevenly into a hollow, across which, seventy-five or eighty yards away, arose another ridge covering Breckinridge and his brigades, the while he manœuvred them into line with Chalmers and Bowen. The two ridges kept a semblance of parallelism trending towards the river. With musketry and three batteries — my Minnesingers of Chicago among them—Hurlbut swept the Confederate height as with brooms of fire. It had been the scene of Cheatham's repulses, and was not easier of occupation now; yet, the offensive being with Breckinridge, it had to be crossed.

There was trouble in getting the Confederate warriors to the crest of their ridge—great trouble. Indeed, the battle went lame there a long time.[1] Harris, of Ten-

[1] The author of *The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston* had much to say of this crisis of the battle, all so dramatically interesting that I presume to make extracts from the book:

"It was in this condition of things that Breckinridge rode up to General Johnston, and, in his preoccupation, not observing Governor Harris, said, 'General, I have a Tennessee regiment that won't fight.' Harris broke in energetically, 'General Breckinridge, show

nessee, and General Johnston himself had to come and add their persuasive influences to Breckinridge's. At last a start was made; after which the two ridges smoked and shook with the roar and trample of the combat.

It was not enough to hold the height; the Confederates had now to go down into the hollow and up the opposite slope. No one knew the value of moments then as did General Johnston. The afternoon was going, Buell was coming. He spurred his horse in among the halting men, and, tapping the bayonets familiarly with his hand, called out: "I will lead you. Come on!"

me that regiment.' Breckinridge courteously and apologetically indicated the command, and General Johnston said, 'Let the governor go to them.' Governor Harris went, and with some difficulty put the regiment in line of battle on the hill. After some delay, the wavering still increasing, General Johnston directed that the line be got ready for a charge. Breckinridge soon returned, and said he feared he could not get the brigade to make the charge. General Johnston replied to him, cheerfully, 'Oh yes, general, I think you can.' Breckinridge . . . told him he had tried and failed. 'Then I will help you,' said General Johnston. 'We can get them to make the charge.' Turning to Governor Harris, who had come back to report that the Tennessee regiment was in line, he requested him to return and encourage this regiment, then some distance to his right but under his eye, and to aid in getting them to charge. Harris galloped to the right, and, breaking in among the soldiers with a sharp harangue, dismounted and led them afoot, pistol in hand, up to their alignment, and in the charge when it was made.

"In the mean time, Breckinridge, with his fine voice and manly bearing, was appealing to the soldiers, aided by his son, Cabell, and a very gallant staff. It was a goodly company; and in the charge Breckinridge, leading and towering above them all, was the only one who escaped unscathed. . . . Cabell Breckinridge, then a mere boy, rode close by his father during all this stirring scene.

"General Johnston rode out in front, and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup. . . . His presence was full of inspiration. . . . He sat his beautiful thoroughbred bay, 'Fire-eater,' with easy command. . . . His words were few. He touched their bayonets with significant gesture. . . . When he reached the centre of the line he turned. 'I will lead you!' he said, and moved towards the enemy. . . . Right up the steep they went."

With that he turned his horse down the hillock. The firing ceased; and with a yell that drowned the sputter of musketry and the fast booming of batteries, the regiments took to a run and streamed after him. Breckinridge, not far away, caught the cue from his chief; and as if there was not enough in his voice and magnificent presence to stimulate all who were of his following to the daring the crisis required, next him rode his son, a mere boy, at the sight of whom the dullest soul in the seething movement knew how much of interest more than life the father had in the risk he was braving.

Three o'clock now.

All this time Chalmers had been slowly thrusting his right round Stuart between him and the river; and Stuart, seeing retreat to the Landing about cut off, hurried a messenger to tell Hurlbut of his situation, and that he (Hurlbut) would be flanked in a few minutes. "Then," says Hurlbut, "it was necessary for me to decide at once to abandon either the right or left." Deciding promptly, he yielded the ridge to the advancing Confederates and retired his whole line. This without notice to Prentiss and Tuttle; so they were left alone in the sunken road.

Hurlbut, capable and obstinately brave, would have continued the fight in positions at the rear, as McClernand and Sherman were doing; often as he looked over his shoulder, however, it was to see the enemy at his left in masses pouring eagerly forward to get between him and the Landing. A rally, as he saw it then, meant a vain, profitless sacrifice of the men, and he followed them, preferring—what had become for him and them the better part—to be counted out of the struggle, that last humiliation of a strong spirit in battle.

Strange to say now, it fell to the Sixth Division, disrupted and in retreat though it was, to inflict upon the

Confederates the deadliest of imaginable injuries. A soldier, loath, doubtless, to show his back to the foe, turned and, shooting at random, mortally wounded General Albert Sidney Johnston.

There came then immediately an observable lull in the battle—in the sounds, in the general movement. While in the mire and watery depths beyond Snake Creek I noticed and wondered at it. A sentimentalist might say it was the voluntary, poetic tribute of an army to its fallen leader. Not so. Beauregard, risen to first in command, was halting everything of his, preliminary to a return to Corinth. Military talent may not be denied General Beauregard; he was simply in control of a body composed of men whom he did not understand. In that lull Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio crossed the river.

I do not care to dwell upon the Army of the Tennessee or its condition, crowded for the night on the bluffs and under them at Pittsburg Landing. That is a subject to be left to such as delight in great disasters and find bread and wine in wholesale horrors.

LVII

John, the horse—Brown's battery—Thurber—General Wallace in battle—An artillery duel—General Grant in the field—No orders—The struggle at Tilghman's Creek—Whittlesey—Brown out of ammunition—Colonel Stuart—The drummer-boys—Woods and the Seventy-sixth Ohio—The dead in the field—The deserted camp.

JOHN, the good horse, had shared the night with me close by my sheltering tree. He was wet through and through, and, like myself, more than willing to be in motion.

"Ah, well the gallant brute I knew!"

The rain had quit, but, chilled and dissatisfied, I confess myself in a very unjoyous spirit. Indeed, I would willingly have shuffled off what was before me, could it have been done leaving a good taste in my mouth. A cup of coffee, home-made, sweet and sparkling brown, would have helped me, but I was far away and too anxious to wait for a creature comfort of any kind. So, allowing the officers of my staff and the orderlies to have their "beauty nap" out—I smile at the irony of the expression now—I rode first thing to the point on the brow of the hill to which I had guided the Ninth Indiana battery in the night. The company were at their guns, First Lieutenant George Brown in command.

Afterwhile the mist arose out of the hollow of the creek (Tilghman's) before us, and the murk of the night with it, and through the cold, gray light of the cloudy dawn not yet fairly come we could see faintly across to

the opposite height—or, rather, to the scumbled mass of trees covering the height. I judged it about five o'clock.

"That will do," I said to Brown.

"I take it to be about four hundred yards," he answered.

"Very well. Try it at that."

He went to each gun, aiming it himself. Then at his word the six all spoke in volley—and the damp stillness overhanging the spreading battle-field far and near was broken. They were the first guns fired by either side that 7th of April, the second day of the battle at Shiloh.

The lieutenant and I waited. Three—five minutes passed—and they were minutes of suspense.

"They are slow coming to time," said Brown.

"They may not be there," I suggested.

The words were hardly out of my mouth when, presto! the hill-top on the other side of the hollow, trees and all, were shut out by a curtain ghostly white, and the face of the height on our side turned red and black with flying earth. The enemy had aimed too low.

"They are there," I said.

"Yes, but they haven't the range," Brown answered, with a chuckle.

There came a roar then of a battery to our right a short distance.

"That's Thurber."

And Brown answered. "A smart fellow! He waited for the rebels to tell him where to fire."

"Eleven pieces to six. You ought to knock them out soon."

Brown nodded and became busy, for the duel was on; and I left him to look after the brigades.

The light being by that time clear as might be expected of a cloudy morning, I could see the position

into which I had brought the division.[1] The First Brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith, stood formed in a field open and large enough to accommodate it. The line of the regiments extended north and south, or nearly so. At the right there were a fence and a road pointing to the west. Beyond the road and another fence, the Second Brigade, Colonel John M. Thayer's, extended the line of formation. I had the fences thrown down, and rode to Colonel Whittlesey, in command of the Third Brigade. Thayer's brigade and Whittlesey's were in a field also open and on its west side parallel with the hollow of Tilghman's Creek.

Fires had been kindled and cooking was going on despite the noisy interchange of the guns and the ills of the rainy night. As I was returning from Thurber, whom I found too busy to pay attention to me further than to touch his cap, a soldier of the First Nebraska asked me to breakfast with his mess. The hospitality was accepted with thanks; and, dismounting, I shared his bacon and coffee. I have yet a vivid recollection of the deliciousness of the fare, for I had gone without supper the day before and was hungry.

All this time the artillery duel continued without interruption. When I returned to the field occupied by Colonel Smith, he had shifted his central regiment to the rear of the one on the right—this to get it out of the

[1] The following is a description of him as he appeared one memorable morning.—S. E. W., 1905.

"I shall never forget the splendid picture the man and scene presented. The sun was barely rising of a cold, frosty morning. General Wallace was a princely figure, particularly in the saddle, and he rode a handsome blooded roan stallion, a single-stepper that was the pride of the division. As he came riding up, his military accoutrements flashing in the red light of the rising sun, and the charger moving as though to the sound of music, he presented a sight that is not seen more than once in a lifetime."—*General John M. Thayer*, of Nebraska.

line of fire from the Confederate battery, Brown's being to the front two or three hundred yards in the same enclosure.

I had, of course, to wait for orders; and, to be found easily, I betook myself to the road to Crump's, passing just in rear of the division. Any person seeking me from Pittsburg Landing must come by that road.

The waiting was not long. Presently General Grant came towards me, with one orderly at his back. I rode to meet him.

"Good-morning," he said, pulling rein.

He spoke in an ordinary tone, cheerful and wholly free from excitement. From his look and manner no one could have inferred that he had been beaten in a great battle only the day before. If he had studied to be undramatic, he could not have succeeded better.

I saluted and returned his greeting.

"You are ready?" and, understanding him to have reference to advancing with the division, I replied, "Yes, sir—ready."

The cannonading and musketry had then become general; all to the south the air was alive with sounds signifying battle.

General Grant said next, "Well, ride with me."

We passed into the field close behind the First Brigade. There, looking to the right, he could see into the other field and get the direction of the alignment by the colors. He studied the view for a moment, then turned his horse, facing to the west, and said, waving his hand, "Move out that way."

"That is west," I remarked.

"Yes," he returned.

Beyond that there was no exchange of words—no gossip, no allusion to the affair of yesterday, much less an explanation of it. In fact, from anything said

by him I could not have guessed there had been a previous battle.

General Grant left me. When he had gone some yards, I galloped after him.

"Pardon me, general," I said, "but is there any special formation you would like me to take in attacking?"

He replied, "No, I leave that to your discretion."

"I will be supported, of course?"

"I will see to that," he said.[1]

I would like in passing to observe, though not in the way of complaint or accusation, that this conversation turned out, before the day was over, to be chiefly remarkable for what General Grant did not tell me. Thus, he did not tell me of the ground over which I had to go with my division. It may be he knew nothing of it. He did not tell me by whom I was to be supported. He gave me no hint of the condition of the divisions engaged the day before, or of the order of battle now—things that would have been of great help to me in understanding my relations to it. Above all, he did not tell me the Army of the Ohio was on the field, commander and all. Why he withheld *that*, when there was every reason for communicating it to me, I have never had explained.

This last point is really so extraordinary it may excite wonder. In my behalf, however, the reader is besought to remember that I had been at Crump's, out of communication with the rest of the army; that I had come up in the night and gone into position without an opportunity to inform myself of the situation—indeed, that with exception of Sergeant Kaufman and a few wanderers through the night, all probably as igno-

[1] The conversation took place under fire, a circumstance that probably made it briefer than it would have been.

rant as myself, General Grant and his orderly were the only persons I had met.

My principal concern, as will be perceived from the inquiry addressed to General Grant, had reference to the support I was to have in moving out as directed by him. His assurance that he would see to it was sufficient, and I set about the duty before me cheerfully, but with a resolution to be cautious and circumspect.

My first step was to ride to my brigade commanders. I found them ready and waiting, and advised them of the order just received. We would move, I told them, by *echelon* of regiments, a manœuvre in which it was all-important that the intervals be strictly kept; that the left regiment of the first brigade must be recognized as the guide for the division, governing in the matter of direction; if it halted, the other regiments were to advance rapidly as possible and align upon it. I directed them also to deploy the flank companies of each regiment forward as skirmishers; that if batteries were to be attacked it should be by skirmishers instructed to shoot at the horses rather than the men. This because, in my opinion, the cannon had never been cast of value equal to the life of one good soldier. The final direction I emphasized—that at halts under fire line-officers and men were to be ordered to lie down, while field-officers should stand behind their commands dismounted.

The hollow in our front was really a deep gorge having in its bottom Tilghman's Creek fringed with brush and swampy. With a determined enemy on the opposite hill it had been a terrible road to go by in an assault. Fortunately, Brown and Thurber silenced the battery against which they had been pitted while I was advising with the brigade commanders. The still-

ness that fell upon the height was ample notice of the lucky circumstance, and I gave the word forward.

It was received in silence and as silently executed. The outgoing of the skirmishers reminded me of a flushing in the woods of a flock of pheasants—it was so instantaneous, so whirring-like. In my theory they were the antennæ of feelers of the division in motion; and hardly had they disappeared down the hill, plunging into the gorge, when Smith's left regiment, the Eleventh Indiana, started forward, followed precisely as in drill by all the other regiments, one by one. In the north field, behind Thayer's brigade, I watched the movement. It was an exciting and beautiful performance all through from flank to flank, arms at right-shoulder shift, no man hanging back, and the colors imparting warmth and splendor to the misty gray of the morning.

This was not later than six-thirty o'clock.

Down the hill into the hollow and across it, splashing into the swollen creek, crashing through the brush, the perfect order lost because it could not be helped, the regiments went; while Brown and Thurber, in their places, waited, if the need were, to cover the passage with their guns.

Then, shifting to the rear of the Eleventh Indiana, I took its trail; for if the height we were seeking was kept by the enemy, it would hear from him first. Next the Eleventh Indiana was the Eighth Missouri. Together they had gone up a like hill at Donelson. Would they have to repeat that operation?

Contrary to expectation, and to my great delight, the gorge was passed and the hill-top gained without the firing of a shot.[1] I wondered at the remissness of the Confederates. What had become of them?

[1] The map of the battle-field of Shiloh filed with the Association of the Army of the Tennessee by General Sherman contains an

On the brow of the hill we found a gun dismounted and the carriage of a caisson upset and badly splintered. A wounded man lying near was picked up, and we learned from him that the battery belonged to a Captain Ketchum,[1] supported by a brigade under a Colonel Pond.[2]

On the hill, the commands all up, it was necessary to halt and reform, and while that was in progress I looked for the enemy, wondering what had become of him. The glass brought the woods on the thither side of a broad, open field then in my front into view, and I observed a flitting of men in the edge of the wood. Colonel Pond had wisely fallen back, and I might look for him in position there. While studying how best to get at him, his battery opened upon us; whereupon I sent a hurry order to Thurber and Brown.

I had word then from Colonel Whittlesey. His division had been brought to a halt by Snake Creek, making room to the left a necessity unless I would permit him to break to the rear of the Second Brigade. Rather than that I moved all the brigades by the left flank, and without loss.

The shifting concluded, one of the two companies from each regiment out as skirmishers was brought in, and the colonels of brigade ordered, when next we advanced, to drop their centre regiments to the rear as

error so singular that it cannot be passed unnoticed. By that map the right of Sherman's division is represented as on the height west of Tilghman's Creek, the height now taken by my division, being the same from which my artillery dislodged the enemy.

[1] Ketchum held his position with remarkable pluck considering the odds against him. But at length Lieutenant Brown took to firing solid shot into the tree-tops, and the falling limbs, it is said, proved too much for the captain. He hastened to get from under them.

[2] Colonel Preston Pond commanded a brigade of Brigadier-General Ruggles's.

reserves. Then, Whittlesey having reported his front free of obstruction, I advanced the whole line to the edge of the field where, halted and lying down, the men were partially screened from view by a grove of scattered trees. Over on the right, where the woods were closer, they were perfectly screened.

The halt was while waiting for the support promised me by General Grant. To take notice of his earliest appearance, I rode to the front of the Eleventh Indiana a short distance. The whole field lay then under view. Its general level was broken by shallow depressions, in appearance suggestive of choppy waves on a lake. The little hills left after the cotton season pitted its face. A farm-house, with its usual accessories, arose midway, but somewhat to the left of what would be our line of advance.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, I visited Whittlesey to get a look at the muddy sea of Snake Creek, and satisfied myself it could be relied upon to take care of my right flank—that it was physically impossible for the enemy to establish themselves in the backwater and undergrowth. Observing, then, that the woods occupied by the Confederates on the other side of the field did not reach to the creek by many hundreds of yards, it seemed possible to get on their flank, force them out of position, and possibly help myself to a lot of prisoners. All the project required was to swing the Second and Third brigades to the left, pivoted on the First. Making no doubt of Sherman's appearance with his division on my left in time for the manœuvre, I set about it at once. Whittlesey advanced promptly.

I returned then and took stand again in front of the Eleventh Indiana. The action off in the south was still vociferous. It seemed creeping into the west, which was forward; whereat my impatience turned to anxiety.

Where was the support? Who was holding it back? And in the time Whittlesey was moving.

It was in that moment a round-shot tore past me travelling on a line lower than the horn of my saddle, and with a sound half swish, half roar, more vicious even than that of a rocket let loose. My horse swerved; yet I heard a noise behind me as if some one were pounding a sand-pile with a maul—a dull, heavy noise, a thud—and, turning involuntarily, I was in time to see an arm, torn from the shoulder of a soldier and stiffened like a stick, its fingers all outspread, revolving end over end in the air. It was our first casualty.

The batteries now came up. Brown I retained on the left. Thurber retook position between Thayer and Whittlesey. Still the question, where was the support? I saw the chances of a swing upon the enemy's flank growing smaller and solemnly less. Colonel Pond, if not stone blind, must divine the venture at his flank and send for support on his side.

Finally, to save Whittlesey, I ordered a movement forward, resolving to halt the division when abreast of the farm-house. Every step was then under fire, which happily did little damage on account of the range shifting with the movement.

And now we were up to the farm-house and halted again, Whittlesey and all; and, to the great relief of the regiments, Brown found a position to suit him on the descending side of a swale out in the open. His first shot drew the fire of the enemy, and instantly the duel of the morning was resumed.

All this while waiting, as I supposed, for Sherman. I looked at my watch, and was astonished—it was nearly ten o'clock!

All the while, also, the fighting went on out of my view in the south, and it seemed to be taking place in

advance of me. Looking in that direction, I saw at the far end of the field men in ranks crossing a road at double-quick. Could they be the support I was expecting? What were they doing there so far off? Directly a flag appeared; it passed quickly, but I had time to see it was not the flower and perfection of all flags. I hurried to Brown. As I drew nigh the envelope of smoke which was about his battery in blinding volume, a horse, large-boned and stalwart and stripped of harness, stalked out of it as if to meet me. It came slowly and stopped squarely in my way, holding its head up. The whole lower jaw had been shot off, and hung dangling by a stringlike piece of skin. I have never in my life had an appeal for help from a brute so distinct and touching as then. Even yet I sicken at the recollection. Speaking to an orderly, I surged by the creature and escaped the crack of the pistol-shot that was the merciful answer to the mute petition.

Brown promptly wheeled his guns at the distant procession. We both knew it was reinforcements hurrying to strengthen Pond's threatened flank; and it occurred to me, when it had joined him, what if he were to turn the table and let loose at my flank? The nervous anxiety with which I watched the flags flitting across the road, each representative of a regiment, may be imagined. I watched and counted them—one—three—five—Heavens, would they never quit coming?—eight, the last one. And, thinking of my nine regiments, I drew a long breath.

To this time our battle had been so light it scarcely deserved the name. This was now to change. The opposition was piling up in my front.

Ten o'clock—ay, and thirty minutes!

Then Brown's guns ceased talking; and, coming to me,

he could not hide his chagrin while reporting his ammunition-boxes empty. I ordered him out of the fight, and to the Landing for a resupply.[1] Sending for Thurber, it was amazing how soon the young fellow took up the duel. Indeed, there was scarcely an intermission in the exchange of missiles.

Still no sign of the support!

Seeing a commotion on the part of the enemy in the edge of the woods, I suspected an attempt to charge Thurber in preparation.

There was a grove projecting into the field towards us from the opposite side, which, if occupied, would give me command of the ground from a certain point to the battery; and into it I sent the First Brigade, warning Colonel Smith to look out. Hardly was he in possession, when, sure enough, a column of horsemen in company front moved out of the woods into the open. I had never seen a cavalry charge in real action prior to this one; and having no apprehension for the safety of the battery, I watched the outcome with peculiar interest, almost as a disinterested spectator. The adventurers advanced loosely and, I thought, timidly. From a walk they broke into a trot, and, as I judged, were about to pass into a gallop, when suddenly they were splattered with a fire from the strip of woods at their left; it was not a volley, nevertheless the column wavered, then lost their impetus and alignment—stopped—became a

[1] To resupply himself, as ordered, Brown went to the Landing, where, finding it impossible to get near the ordnance-boat with his battery, he returned to the open field from which he had gone out in the morning. Then, unhitching his horses, he mounted men on them, and in that way each rider carrying a box before him on his horse, he at length secured what he wanted. By that time, however, it was too late to rejoin the division that day. The incident may help the reader to a just conception of the demoralization that prevailed at the Landing all through Monday, the second day of the battle.

mob and turned about, each man striving to get back into the woods first, leaving the line of their flight spotted here and there with objects which might be men or horses or both. There were great laughter and cheering on our side. Thurber, in exuberance of spirit, stayed the working of his guns, while his men mounting the carriages hurrahed as if crazy.

A body of Confederate infantry advanced from the woods next as if to take up the attempt of the cavalry; but, becoming a target for Thurber, and at length struck by a cross-fire from Smith, they retired, though in good order and with slight loss.

At last the support for which I waited appeared. To this day, however, I do not know who composed it or by whom it was commanded—whether by Sherman or McClernand.[1]

I remember being struck by its orderly and handsome appearance. It came out of the woods, a silent line of battle extending southward to the full limit of the field, and derived brilliance from its gleaming bayonets and great number of regimental colors fluttering over its ranks. The spectacle was one to excite admiration and confidence, and I lost not a moment in ordering my own division forward.

The line of advance of the support was slightly diagonal, and, to accommodate my friends, I adopted it, though still adhering to the *echelon* left in front.

Again the enemy disappointed me. Moved, doubtless, by the brave showing we offered him, he yielded the woods to us without opposition, except of skirmishers.

We were brought then into a second field larger than

[1] In my official report, as first sent into headquarters, I spoke of the support as Sherman's. The paper was returned to me for correction, and with information simply that *it was not Sherman's.*

the first, its surface marked by wider and deeper undulations. As my First Brigade entered it, the Confederates were passing into a woods opposite, moving in excellent order by the right of companies. In places I could see them halt in the edge of the wood and wheel into line. Nor that only. The forest on their side of the field traversed our whole front—by which I mean the front of my division and that of the supporting force on the left.

Then I saw what had become of the regiments so vigorously shelled by Lieutenant Brown. Having leisurely taken position in Pond's rear, when ready they had called him to them. I could but admire the strategy. And now, indeed, our work was become serious, face to face, regiment against regiment—we in the open, the enemy in the woods, ours to attack.

The ground by which we were to pass lay before me outspread like a map. It, too, had been a cotton-field. The soil, of stiff, red clay, had the adhesive properties of wet snow; besides being stiff and sticky, it was slippery as soap. In general conformation the surface dipped thitherward to a crooked runlet in the centre. Willow bushes, leaved in the fresh green of early spring, fringed the benched banks of the little stream, and here and there I saw a tree. I swept the ruddy terrain for advantages, and found but one—the undulations of the ground in its opposite rise. An advancing line would find degrees of protection in the hollow places, and skirmishers perfect cover. So did this last idea impress me that I hurried staff-officers to the chiefs of brigade directing them to double the skirmishers already out. A finer opportunity might never arise to try what virtue there might be attacking in open order.

From the field I turned to the division. Whittlesey had in some way lost his position in the advance—or,

rather, two of his regiments were at the moment hurrying forward to regain their places. With that exception the movement was flawless — was beautiful and inspiring.

I glanced next to the neighbors on the left. They, too, were doing well—only had the power been mine the interval between us had been diminished. In this moment, when my attention and whole soul, in fact, were absorbed, a stranger rode up behind me and asked:

"Are you General Wallace?"

I looked to him, and noticed about five hundred men standing halted in files of four and at order arms. I also noticed four or five stands of colors. What could so small a body be doing with so many colors?[1]

"Yes, I am General Wallace. What do you want?"

He struck his breast with a gauntleted hand, melodramatically, and replied:

"I am Colonel Dan Stuart, of Chicago. Show me where to go in."

"To whose command do you belong, colonel?"

"General Sherman's."

"Then why don't you report to him?"

"I can't find him."

"Well," I said, "see those people over there on the left? They are his. He no doubt needs you, and I don't like to interfere."

The colonel faced about and called his five hundred to attention. "Stay a moment," I continued. "If you don't find General Sherman, come back to me, and I'll see you get in."

"I'll do it."

[1] Many of these colors represented, as I afterwards found out, mere fragments of regiments, or such of the brave as chose or could be induced to stand by their colors through another day of battle.

And with that he marched away.

Without halting, without wavering, silently and in perfect order—Whittlesey having recovered his place in the advance—the three brigades marched down the easy dip to the runlet. The crossing there occasioned a momentary delay as the regiments one by one reached it.

The first collision took place between the skirmishers. Those of the enemy, in much thinner deployment than ours, had been mere specks on the red face of the grassless slope; now they began to acknowledge and resent the pressure upon them; after which the actions of the irregular fighters were antics in appearance, and would have been amusing had not the rattle of the shooting and the thin, white puffs of pale-blue smoke told of a seriousness even to death in the lively business.

Thus the way up the slope was cleared—up, as I judged, to within seventy-five yards of the woods. There our irregulars took the ground, hugging it close.

And then, the regiments having crossed the little branch and its fringed banks, and restored their alignments almost without pausing, commenced going up the slope. That was the moment the enemy chose to break his silence. A great outburst of musketry, deepened by the hoarse voices of a battery, ran along the edge of the woods. I sat looking at the foremost regiments of the First Brigade—the old regiment, its *personnel* only a little less dear to me than its honor—and breathed easier seeing it move on and up, followed as bravely by its associates, the Twenty-fourth Indiana and the Eighth Missouri. In my heart I was saying all manner of encomiastic things, when one of my officers cried out:

"Hello! Look yonder!"

"Where?"

"To the left. Look at them!"

It was the *supports*—so, knowing no officer or state or number to name them by, I must continue calling them. The fire running around the edge of the woods had come to them, and they had halted or been allowed to halt. Better in such cases go on, though a few steps; in those few steps the startled soldiery has a chance to call its *morale* back.

Now their line at the moment was nearly in prolongation of mine, trending somewhat south of west, and I could see plainly to its farthest flag. A few of the brave among them were returning the fire. The many, however, offered me a curious illustration of the influence of flags upon men in battle. Each one here was a projecting forward point from which the ranks bent backward like scallops. I could see the officers trying to hold their men fast; yet the scallops deepened until it looked as if a cord reaching from the flags was all that held the files together arm and arm, allowing them to bend but not break. Then, all at once, as if some one had cut the cord, I saw a mob fleeing to the rear, carrying the colors along with it. The woods swallowed the shameful spectacle, and I was recalled to the care of my own.

To leave it to be inferred that I viewed this affair with indifference would be very misleading. I saw intuitively all the ugliness of the situation it imposed—especially the consequences to my own command, which, though under fire, was advancing with encouraging precision. The First Brigade had passed the rise to within a third of the distance to the woods, and as yet it had not replied to the enemy; but going on would now invite a rush at its left flank. I shrank from the thought of retreat—never *that* until I had to! There was but one thing else in the least promising. An aide left me, spurring to Smith with an order to halt, for he was not

a man to halt without an order. The same to Thayer and Whittlesey—each to stop where he was, as it would be less difficult using their regiments on the right or left of Smith—easier, for that matter, to make totally new dispositions according to emergencies.

And then, seeing the enemy showed no disposition to follow up their success, I took hope that my late neighbors might rally and return. If they did not, General Grant, upon a representation of my predicament, might be induced to send me assistance.

It was now high noon.

Over in the south the battle was still in progress.

I could see my skirmishers up within range of the enemy and firing, and parts of the brigades as the undulations permitted.

Half an hour passed, spent in anxious watching for the return of the support. At last, rallied and reformed, out of the woods they came, more welcome than ever.

It was my game then to push everything I had, and with all energy, against the enemy; this to help the helpers at my left, and in return for the occupation they would give the foe in their front. Within five minutes the whole division was again in motion, with orders to go into line upon the left regiment halted for the purpose—all save the reserves.

During the manœuvre white puffs in the air above the field bespoke the activity of the artillerymen opposing us; but there was no faltering on our side. In the time, also, some horsemen thought to charge the right flank of the First Nebraska. A single volley from the Twenty-third Indiana, next in the *echelon*, put an inglorious stop to the cavaliers. The leader in the dash was in his shirt-sleeves, which struck me as a travesty upon the white plume of Henry of Navarre at Ivry; and, with

my staff, I laughed heartily at the vigorous flapping of the sleeves in the retreat.

One by one, then, the regiments marched up into line, and, fixing bayonets, lay down.

In the mean time, the skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel Gerber, of the Twenty-fourth Indiana, in front of the First Brigade, had crept up near enough to open upon the horses of the battery, presumably Ketchum's. In this bold push Gerber was killed. A number of others not less brave shared his fate or were wounded. The sacrifices were not in vain, for the guns were hastily withdrawn; and then, Whittlesey's last regiment having completed the line, I ordered a general advance. Up rose all the flags, and up the men, and forward—a glorious sight I may never see again!

It was not possible to do this without hurt to somebody; and soon little groups of two and three drew out from the rear rank of this or that regiment. I saw them start slowly down the slope bearing burdens; at the same time yet other groups went up from the willows of the branch to meet those coming down, and in these I recognized surgeons and their assistants hastening to meet the wounded. It is a merciful rule of battle, the outgrowth of modern times, that only the dead must be left where they fall.

The brigades reached the level of the woods, and, passing over the skirmishers, joined their fire to that of the Confederates. I have never heard musketry such as then arose—and it lasted so—minutes and minutes—and listening to it my mouth grew fever-dry. At length I noticed a perceptible advance, meaning a gain of ground—but at what awful expense!

With my staff, then, and still on the trail of the Eleventh Indiana—for on their left lay the danger of a mishap—I crossed the little branch and was half-way

up the slope, moving rapidly when I heard a noise strangely like the cheering of children.

"What on earth can that be?" I asked, drawing rein.

We all looked back.

Then Captain Ross said, "They are our drummers."

I had set out in the three years' service with my old regiment having boys for drummers. The bandsmen understood that in engagements they were to accompany the surgeons as assistants; but these little fellows, the oldest not more than fifteen—it had not occurred to me, or to Colonel McGinnis, to order specially for them. Having procured guns somewhere, and cartridge-belts well filled—the guns too tall for many of them and the belts a world too roomy—here they were.

"What will you have done with them?" Ross inquired.

"Let them alone," I said. "We can't be bothered with them now. And, besides, if they are determined on it, they will give us the slip and get in anyway."

Next day I heard of them actually on the firing-line, and also that they came safely through.

It was well enough I declined to take on extra care; for, facing frontward and looking casually over at our friends of the support, then little more than half-way across their part of the field, I saw they were in grievous straits; that the imaginary cord binding them to their standards had been cut again, and, as before, they were seeking the woods from which they had so newly come out, reminding me of blackbirds in their migratory fall flight.

I can talk of the circumstance lightly now; but there was nothing light in it then. And when I beheld the enemy rousing from his concealment, and with triumphant yells preparing to set out in pursuit, I trembled for my division. If, when started, he should stop and

left wheel, alas for its flank. Indeed, there was sudden strain on my best wits, with result that an aide went at top speed to bring Smith to a halt, while another rode as for dear life to fetch Woods's Seventy-sixth Ohio up out of the reserve. The regiment came on the run, and, almost before the Confederates, beginning to issue from the woods, could look my way, it was lying down in a line at right angles with the First Brigade, then fighting at a halt.

Nor was that all. In awful dread of having to call the division back, I sent Thurber across the branch to find a position convenient for covering a retreat.

And now the enemy started forward, yelping. I looked at them, then at the woods behind us in which by that time my supporting force had been lost. Nothing more was to be expected from that force—and, in fact, I saw nothing more of it. Then—at the last moment, it seemed—from a corner of the field in the south a body not before observed began to file out of the forest. Who was it? Friend or foe?

Shortly the strangers gave me sight of their flag, at which my pulse gave a great jump; for through the glass I could see the stars in the dark-blue union, with the familiar colors of the morning about them.

The Confederates swept down until past Woods and his Seventy-sixth, their left flank in easy range. That was my time, and I should have had the Ohioans on their feet and firing. Few men, however, can always think to do or say the right thing at the right moment; and I confess to having forgotten everything else, so intent was I watching the up-coming of the strangers.

They were but a regiment; yet at sight of them the enemy halted, about-faced, and returned to his position in the woods. There he struck out with a fire so lively that the new-comers halted and showed signs of distress.

Then an officer rode swiftly round their left flank and stopped when in front of them, his back to the enemy. What he said I could not hear, but from the motions of the men he was putting them through the manual of arms—this notwithstanding some of them were dropping in the ranks. Taken all in all, *that* I think was the most audacious thing that came under my observation during the war. The effect was magical. The colonel returned to his post in the rear, and the regiment, steadied as if on parade, advanced in face of the fire pouring upon them and actually entered the wood.

On my part, then, no time was lost pressing the division forward; and while the order was in delivery I despatched an orderly to the colonel of the unknown regiment with my compliments, and asking his name. "August Willich, of the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers," was the reply brought me.

"Willich—August Willich?" I repeated, it being impossible for me to recall him as of the Army of the Tennessee. Again the orderly went to Willich, asking him this time to be good enough to give me the division to which he belonged. He answered, "McCook's division of the Army of the Ohio, Major-General Don Carlos Buell commanding."

"The Army of the Ohio!" I exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment. And I thought swiftly: "How long has it been on the ground? Was the fighting heard in the south theirs? Why was not word of their arrival given me?" Smothering my wonder, I hastened to make the most of the news. To each chief of brigade I had it reported that the whole Army of the Ohio was in the battle, forty thousand strong, and the victory assured; that the fact must be got to their men, with an appeal not to allow themselves to be outdone now; that there

would be great glory in whipping the Confederates, and we must have our share in it.

I do not know to how many the information got or in what words; I did notice, however, a freshening of the firing. The remnant of a Michigan regiment had come to me from General McClernand. Leaving it with Willich, I returned Woods to his place in the reserve behind the Third Brigade and sent for Thurber and his battery.

As I recollect, it was then one o'clock and some minutes.

On our side, as I thought it out, the plan of battle was to relieve so much of the Army of the Tennessee as had been engaged the day before and throw the stress of the fighting upon the Army of the Ohio and my command. Willich had no doubt been sent me by General McCook, then next on my left. In short, I could no longer see a reason for not allowing the division to go forward with all its might. Accordingly, an order to force the fighting was sent to each brigade commander.

At first the progress was slow; even inch by inch I passed into the woods behind the Second Brigade. They were thick and dark, and darker for the smoke that caught in the foliage and hung there—so dark that neither side could see the other. And seriously to hinder the advance there were patches of underbrush so thick men had to push themselves through by main strength, making it impossible to observe their alignment. At places we had difficulty in forcing our horses forward. Not a little of the fighting, consequently, was purely Indian in fashion—here behind trees and logs, there hand to hand. What with shooting and yelling, the noise was deafening. Men loaded and fired without aim—or rather at the sounds coming from what

they thought their front. Single combats were frequent. In the obscurity about them, individuals came upon one another face to face unexpectedly, and fell to with clubbed guns, having no time to fix bayonets. Of necessity the wounded and the dead were alike left where they fell. In going through the thickets, those of us on horses had to be careful not to ride upon unfortunates.

One would think that being a soldier would not change nature; that lying upon the ground hurt and bleeding, possibly *in extremis*, a man's thought and speech would take something from his condition. Not so. The passion of combat does not cool instantaneously; very frequently it is the actuation in death. Coming upon the wounded, I would stop and speak to them, for my sympathy was real and without regard for uniform. "Where are you hurt? What can we do for you?"

I cannot recall a single case of whimpering or complaining, or of prayer. The answers of my own men were mostly of this sort:

"Heigh, cap! They're on the run, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, give 'em hell."

Sometimes the reply would be:

"Never mind me, general. 'Tend to business. Whoop 'em up!"

Sentiment for the moment was out, and of solemnity there was not a trace. They were characteristics reserved for the hospital.

Of the three lines of action, allowing one for each brigade, Whittlesey's proved the least difficult. The Twentieth Ohio, Colonel M. L. Force, and the Seventy-eighth Ohio, Colonel M. D. Leggett, comprised his firing-line, with which it was plain fighting, though over broken ground. Ketchum's battery gave them their greatest

annoyance, and I had finally to send Thurber to settle it. Of the Seventy-sixth Ohio, Colonel Charles R. Woods, Whittlesey's reserve regiment, I made free use as occasion required. In the woods in front of Thayer the resistance was determined and bloody. He had set out with the Fifty-eighth Ohio, Colonel Bausenwein, in reserve, but called it into the general line early; the other regiments being the First Nebraska, Colonel W. D. McCord, and the Twenty-third Indiana, Colonel W. C. Sanderson.

In the heat of the struggle in the woods, the First Nebraska and the Fifty-eighth Ohio exhausted their ammunition, and were compelled to retire for a resupply. I ordered the Seventy-sixth Ohio into their places; and so promptly did Woods come up that there was no observable cessation of the fire. Upon their return I transferred him to the support of Colonel Willich, on the extreme left.

The First Brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith, was composed of the Twenty-fourth Indiana, Colonel Alvin P. Hovey; the Eleventh Indiana, Colonel George McGinnis; and the Eighth Missouri, Lieutenant-Colonel James Peckham, the latter in reserve.

It was in front of this brigade the severest fighting occurred. While pressing Colonel McGinnis by direct attack, the enemy suddenly assailed him in flank. With great presence of mind his lieutenant-colonel, Isaac C. Elston, wheeled the left wing of the regiment backward and maintained the struggle without retirement of the colors until Colonel Willich succeeded in making the connection and shaking the assailants off.

Two o'clock came, then three o'clock—and in all that time the woods smoked and flamed without intermission; and, listening to the sounds, it did not seem possible that a man could come out of the infernal con-

tact alive to tell of it. At last, however, I could discern a relenting of the fury; at the same time a quickening of the advance on our side told me of a giving-way by the Confederates. A little later their yell ceased, the firing grew sporadic, and my whole line strode forward, cheering for the first time.

Meanwhile, Whittlesey, by gradually advancing his regiments, had been inadvertently giving direction to the division; insomuch that, at the moment the Confederates quickened their retirement, it was swinging ahead its front several degrees south of west. In its course it soon crossed a beaten road, which I have since thought must have been the thoroughfare from Pittsburg Landing to Purdy. There, while I was taking breath in the road, General Grant came to me attended simply as in the morning. Much I doubt if anything of the kind could have been more laconic than the interview that then took place between us. There was no salutation in words; but on his part, instead, the remark:

"You are getting along very well; but you have swung round too far to the left, and are likely to get in the way of the general advance. To avoid that make a half-wheel to the right here, and then move on." [1]

With that he turned and trotted hastily back the way he came.

In this visit General Grant's manner made a deep impression upon me; and as he rode away I could not help thinking that when he had come to me in the morning, though he had lost a battle, no one could have been quieter than he; now, though the winner of a battle,

[1] Alluding to this change of direction in my official report, I notice the inference is left that it was upon my own judgment. This was an unintentional mistake, for which I beg pardon of the shade of my great superior.

he was as quiet as in the morning. The truth is, I had not acquaintance with him enough to know that this imperturbability under all circumstances was one of his many remarkable characteristics.

Then I observed cheering as distinct from the Confederate yell, and that it was at my left rear; whereupon I construed General Grant's present order as meaning that my division was leading in the battle. The reader may take it for granted that the intelligence was not in the least discomforting.

The half-swing to the right was promptly made, giving me a bearing slightly north of west. The manœuvre accomplished, I had the skirmishers pushed forward again in double strength, and directly they struck the Confederate skirmishers, who sullenly gave back.

From the road in which General Grant came to me the ground in places was cumbered with the aftermath of a great battle, conspicuously dead men and horses; and of the men, to appearances there were as many in butternut as in blue. I had time barely to notice that once or twice we came to places where the evidences of the fight were more profusely strewn over the ground; these I took to be positions our people had taken up in their retreat.

It was now after four o'clock.

By-and-by we came to a camp.[1] The tents were standing, but their contents lay in heaps out in the streets. Every one of them had been plundered. Whose the camp was I did not know, and I saw no one of whom to

[1] Within our lines there was a drinking-tent, on which was written "Paradise." It was taken by the Confederates in the first day's fight, and the victors wrote beneath its name, "Lost." By Beauregard's order all camp furniture was left intact, as he expected to possess the whole field in the morrow's struggle. The Union army recovered their ground by the second day's battle; the pleasure tent was retaken, and to the two names was added the word "Regained."

ask. It was entirely deserted. I heard of dead men in the tents, but saw none.

Through the streets the Confederate skirmishers were pushed without stop. The shadows were lengthening and day fading out in the sky when I rode through the camp after the Second Brigade. The firing had almost ceased over on the left, and of the battle an occasional crackle in my front was the principal reminder. Then I knew my division was leading the army.

We swept down a slope beyond the camp to a boggy brook.[1] Strewn over the surface of the slope clear down to the brook there were dead men, among whom my horse picked his way with reluctance. A sickly smell tainted the air; whether it rose from the bodies or the bloody sod, or was a sulphurous residuum of battle-smoke, I could not tell. In my haste to get rid of it, I plunged inadvertently into a swamp that tried all John's great strength.

Up a hill west of the brook we clambered, and found ourselves in a parklike forest, level and unobstructed. Night was falling. Even the belated skirmishers of the enemy had disappeared, and I knew the battle was over —at least for the night. Still, we slowly felt our way forward. When, at last, I ordered a halt, it was nearly night.[2]

What next?

My men needed rest, shelter, and a warm meal, and I thought of the empty tents of the camp behind us; yet to-morrow there would be pursuit—that of course —and, as I was farthest out, why should not the duty be intrusted to me? Besides that, I was unwilling to retire a step without an order. In the end I sent an officer with a report to General Grant. To

[1] Shiloh Run. [2] A tablet now marks the place of the halt.

my great disappointment the officer returned with a direction for me to retire the division to the line the army had occupied Sunday morning.

About midnight a man aroused me from sleep. There was an angry dispute going on about the tents, he said. Our men were in possession, but some others had come up and claimed them. He wanted to know what should be done.

"Who are the claimants?" I asked.

"They say they are of Sherman's division."

"And this is Sherman's camp?"

"They say so."

"Very well, let them have it." [1]

[1] Touching Sherman's report, it will be observed that he does not claim to have recaptured his camps.

LVIII

No pursuit—Arrival of General Halleck—The meeting—At Shiloh Run—The book on tactics—Beauregard—General Grant after Shiloh — Halleck commander - in - chief — The visit of Halleck's orderlies—The criticism.

THE pursuit anticipated was not undertaken; exactly why I did not know. Since coming to a better understanding of the situation, however, it has been my surmise that after the battle General Grant was as much under General Halleck's order not to do anything as before it.

On April 11th, or thereabouts, a report spread through both armies that General Halleck had arrived. I waited a few days for the great man to settle in headquarters; then I summoned courage to call upon him. I found him in the midst of staff-officers, clerks, and orderlies. Everything appurtenant — tents, furniture, men, and horses—looked enviably fresh and new.

I took him to be several degrees on the western side of the meridian of life. He asked no questions of me, but indulged in very positive speech of the great things he would now give me to see. Indeed, what he said would in any other person have been boastful; but I excused him. The Army of the Tennessee, to which he knew I belonged, had been somewhat unfortunate, and doubtless he thought I needed reinspiring.

There were two points in his manner which insisted upon notice — a sideways carriage of the head and a habit of looking at people with eyes wide open, staring,

dull, fishy even, more than owlish. The effect was of talking to somebody over my shoulder.

Having by permission selected a place for encampment beyond Shiloh Run, I had the entire properties of the division brought from Crump's; after which I waited developments, knowing to what the new general was bound to address himself first thing—that is, the taking of Corinth.

Meanwhile, as will presently be seen, having plenty of occupation in my camp, I went about but little. One day news was brought me of the joinder of the Army of the Mississippi, General John Pope commanding. It was said to be thirty thousand strong, and of prestige, the conquest of Island No. 10, a Confederate stronghold in the Mississippi River, being to its credit. I began then to see a basis for General Halleck's oracular utterances.

Drilling the division and the routine work incident to taking care of it took up the day. As to the nights, I fell into the old habit of making them my own and doing the work most agreeable to me.

It was in that camp I began the composition of a book of tactics. I had seen a repeating rifle — afterwards known as the Henry Repeating Rifle—and it set my imagination going. I jumped to the conclusion that the government would make haste to supply the whole national army with it, and then farewell to Scott, Casey, and Hardee, and their rank behind rank and elbow to elbow—then, of imperious necessity, the opposite principle of open order.[1]

[1] In the system of tactics here spoken of I made bold to replace the company unit of four by a three. Working out the description of a manœuvre, as it were, to-night, in the morning I would have a company of the old regiment (the Eleventh Indiana) brought to my tent door—this to test the correctness of the description and

The book was a diversion, of course, but it was not the only one. I mixed the work with devising problems *apropos* the taking of Corinth and what to do after the taking.

In these endeavors the point was to see how nearly I could limn out in advance the plan of operations General Halleck would put into practice; for, admitting him a most exalted master of strategy—a thing I was perfectly willing to do, having then nothing to the contrary to go upon—I was sure to have a measure of the merits of my own invention.

The drawback to my efforts, as I soon discovered,

the mechanical accuracy of the movement. In the latter particular the results were wonderful.

A second improvement provided a corporal as one of every doubled three, over which he was to have special charge in action. All commands being by bugle, though he might engage in firing, it was the corporal's duty to listen for the calls and see to their instant execution. By such means I conceived it possible to minimize the difficulty (in the old system, the impossibility) of controlling a command extended miles out over hills, down hollows, or in the densest wood.

I put the last touches upon the book (which had grown to several hundred pages) shortly after the close of the war, and submitted it, under the title of *Light Infantry Tactics*, to Secretary Stanton for formal adoption. He ordered a board to consider it and report. The adjutant-general selected for the duty a colonel of artillery, a colonel of engineers, and a second lieutenant just out of the Academy. Neither of the senior members had drilled a company of infantry since his graduation, forty or fifty years before. One night during the session there came a knock at my door—I was in Washington at the time—and the lieutenant entered. He came, he said, to tell me privately that his associates of the board had agreed not to report upon the book, but suggest a postponement of its consideration. "The descriptions are plain, the manœuvres simple, and the illustrative diagrams perfect; yet," he said, "they cannot comprehend them, and won't listen to me. I'm too much of a boy." And, instead of a report for or against, they did move a postponement.

I have the MS. yet; and sometimes, when a young military friend comes to see me, I take it out to show him. At such times it serves me to base an argument upon it as an antidote for idleness and *ennui*.

was ignorance of the topography in the vicinity of Corinth; but, presuming a sensible people would not be at labor and expense building roads through impassable districts, I at last finished a scheme which I confessed to myself the best I could devise.

I am not at all confident that the scheme thus worked out will interest the civilian reader; with soldiers, however, it may be different, and they, too, have rights—among them that of being amused. So I will venture upon giving it generalized.

Beauregard, I said, has not to exceed fifty thousand men, while Halleck has one hundred and twenty thousand, organized into three armies.

Pittsburg Landing is Halleck's base, Corinth his objective, with only twenty miles between. Now—

Halleck will give himself one week in which to fortify the Landing; in the same week he will fill the country clear to Beauregard's outer works with scouts, and from them and loyal citizens acquainted with the region of operation he will get all the topography he can need.

Advancing then, Halleck will use the Army of the Tennessee to guard his communications; after which there will be left him Buell's Army of the Ohio and Pope's Army of the Mississippi, a left hand and a right with which to strike.

It took General Albert Sidney Johnston three days to get within striking distance of the Army of the Tennessee in front of Pittsburg Landing. General Halleck, having more leisure on his hands, will allow himself five days in which to get to Corinth, *and take it*—ample time.

Rations being cooked and in haversack, Halleck will have no *impedimenta* except ordnance in wagons, and when he sets out it will be with an order of combined movement so arranged and timed that if battle is offered him anywhere this side of Corinth he can accept it.

Having reached the distance convenient for the *coup de main*, on which side of Corinth will Halleck reach out? And I said on the south side certainly, for there lie Beauregard's communications and his line of retreat.

The country north of Corinth Halleck will leave open, knowing Beauregard dare not attempt escape in that direction.

Of the getting into position, I drew diagrams 1 and 2.

The reduction of Corinth, the town, would be a most barren conclusion; to make the operation a success at all in rivalry with Grant's achievement at Donelson, Halleck must take Beauregard, and Beauregard's army, or a great part of it, and all the stores there.

Thus I amused myself trying to anticipate the new commander. We will presently see how nearly I succeeded.

After a lapse which, as I now remember it, was considerably beyond the week I had given General Halleck for preparation, an order appeared having a look of

DIAGRAM 1
THE THREE ARMIES
ARRIVED IN FRONT OF CORINTH

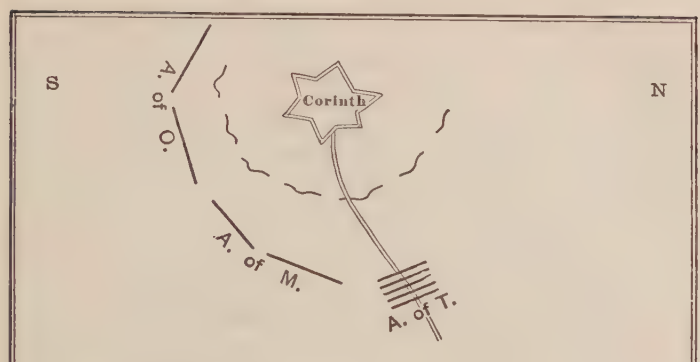


DIAGRAM 2
THE THREE ARMIES IN POSITION AND DEPLOYED FOR ATTACK

getting ready to move. To the surprise of many, command of the Army of the Tennessee was taken from General Grant and given to General Thomas, transferred for the purpose from the Army of the Ohio. It also created a reserve composed of General McClernand's division and mine.

Somebody had to be in the reserve; nor could I say that selection for the duty argued any lack of confidence in those selected; yet I knew at once that the operation against Corinth would be barren of honor so far as I was concerned—that General McClernand was likely to smother me. But, I thought, if my disposal was unpleasant, how about General Grant? He was not merely deposed, but actually left without command of any kind. He had been greatly successful — the Cause was his debtor—and I could not forget that to him I owed my last promotion.

My feeling on the subject was heightened by a circumstance. Passing to my camp one day, I saw a tent out by itself. A man stood in the door. His seemed a

familiar figure, and, looking a second time, I recognized General Grant, and rode to him. Bringing a camp-stool, he invited me to sit. The conversation was chiefly remarkable in that he made no allusion to his treatment by General Halleck—neither by voice, look, nor manner did he betray any resentment. That very silence on his part touched me the more keenly.

The week I had given General Halleck for preparation spent itself without movement. A second week, and still no awakening—and much I wondered.

Towards the latter part of the month, as I now recollect, an order was put in my hand which had much significance. It was from General McClernand, my immediate chief, in substance directing me to follow the general movement and take position on the main road midway between Corinth and Pittsburg Landing, where my duty would be twofold—to assist in guarding the right of the army during its forward operations and keep the road from the Landing to the front free of incursions by the enemy. Upon suggesting that I had no cavalry with which to patrol the country, I was relieved from the first service.

Then, shortly, I was notified to move a mile beyond General Sherman in my front, halt the division, and throw up breastworks.

Then, as I recall it, McClernand came, and, advancing a mile beyond me, halted and threw up breastworks.

Then somebody else passed McClernand a mile and halted, and threw up breastworks. And so it continued a mile a day until Pea Ridge was taken within our lines. There I halted and went into camp—a very beautiful and convenient site from which to perform the part assigned me in the historical siege of Corinth.

By that time General Halleck's plan of operations underwent complete development; after which, with lit-

tle else to do, I measured my scheme by his, and was amazed to find myself out in every particular.[1] His plan I figured out:

With one hundred and twenty thousand men he was moving against fifty thousand,[2] whose recent defeats more than neutralized their advantage of fortifications.

He was moving at the rate of a mile a day, throwing up works at every halt. That is, he gained a mile every day to go into besiegement every night. At the end he would have spent a month doing what General Johnston had done in three days.

Beginning his approaches twenty miles from the town, and confining them entirely to one side, he left the enemy free to choose which of the other three sides it would be best to retire by when the time came, and what all to take away with him.

Finally he placed his armies, all three, under a peremptory order not to bring on an engagement. "It is better," he instructed them, "to retreat than to fight."

The disgust excited, when these points became public, was very general, and much freedom was used in expressing it. I managed for the most part to be silent—important at all times, but never more so, as I well knew, than in the army.

One day, however, I opened my mouth and let my opinions fly; this, too, under circumstances so discreditable to my good sense that I hesitate writing them. In fact, I would not do so were the exposure less essential to a just explanation of the evil time soon to overtake me. I make no apology for my foolishness,

[1] When, in his *Memoirs*, General Grant speaks of General Halleck's movement against Corinth, calling it a siege from the start to the close, it is difficult deciding whether the writer was serious or ironic.

[2] General Beauregard's force soon dwindled to about twenty-five thousand.

except the very general one that it is not in nature for any man to be always good and always wise.

My camp, it should be remembered, was supposed to be about half-way from Pittsburg Landing to the constantly shifting front. Off the road on the north side some fifty yards were my headquarters, the tents looking whiter, cooler, and more inviting to passers-by because of the shade thrown over them from a number of large oak-trees. Men in uniform and men in plain clothes, going to and fro, very soon commenced making it convenient to stop with me about noon; and I, being hospitably inclined, took to inviting them to share my luncheon, which, in a short time, thanks to an excellent field-cook, grew exceptionally popular; insomuch that, as the siege progressed, the fire in my kitchen rarely went out in the daytime.

Once a passenger from the front stopped and told me about General Pope's battle of Farmington, of occurrence the day before. The person was a good story-teller, and fed me some points that set the gorge rising within me. One treated of a suspicion, of rapid spread, that Beauregard was leisurely evacuating Corinth. According to another, Pope's object in fighting was to see how much truth there might be in the suspicion. "He was doing the Johnnies up in fine style"—so the narrative proceeded—"he had them on the run—in a few minutes his men would have gone over the outworks, when up rode an officer from General Halleck with an order of the iron-crusted kind to stop and go back. And Pope drew his men off, leaving Beauregard much obliged to him."

Now, speaking narrowly, it was none of my business what Beauregard did so he let the road in my trust alone, yet I resented the interference with Pope; and every little while the report of a gun at the front would roll

sullenly over my peaceful camp, keeping the irrational irritation alive.

There had been about time enough after lunch for the coffee to cool in the kitchen, when three officers rode to the door, dismounted, gave the reins to an orderly, and came in. In school-girl parlance they were nice young gentlemen. Their uniforms, though spotted with a few splashes of mud, had the freshness of the tailor-shop; their buttons sparkled; their sword-hilts shone with gold-wash as yet unoxidized; their shoulder-knots, clean-shaven chins, natty waists, and irreproachable "set-up" were impressively suggestive of the Academy.

Though strangers, I received them kindly; and, suspecting the honor of their call was on account of the good appetite usually picked up in a ride from the Landing, I asked them to try my biscuit and coffee.

They ate heartily, and tipped the cook till he smiled from ear to ear; then they returned to me, and I tempted them with some good rye whiskey from a cut-glass decanter, and cigars of the brand Grant loved best. Unfortunately for me, one of them, while lighting up, asked me how the siege was progressing.

The question, though natural as could be, was like a spark on loose powder in a magazine. I went off in a flash.

It is not necessary, I imagine, to give so much as an outline of what I said. In the pages foregoing there is certainly enough to indicate what it would be. To ridicule General Halleck's plan of operations was to ridicule the man himself; and that was what I did. When under headway I saw the folly, and tried to stop. In vain—I had become a loaded car with broken brakes rushing on a down-grade.

My guests heard me through in polite silence, but

with astonishment thinly veiled. When at last I finished, they arose, thanked me, took each another cigar, and shook my hand with cordial pressure. I saw them out of the door and into their saddles. I saw them ride away; and, as they were going, suddenly, "Good Heavens," I said, through my gnashing teeth, "those fellows are of Halleck's staff, just from St. Louis! They will go straight and tell him all I have told them!"

The consequences rose before me in an electric glare. I had made an enemy, and he was in high place and going higher.

My only hope was that the visitors might not be Halleck's. With a ray of wit, the only one that came to me, I called to the orderly on duty.

"Simpson," I said, "you see the three men going up the hill yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get your horse and go after them. Don't let them see you are shadowing them; but keep on till they stop. Then come back and tell me with whom they stop. You understand?"

He touched his cap. "Yes, sir."

Presently I heard the feet of a galloping horse.

Simpson returned in the night and reported: "I followed the men as you directed until they stopped at headquarters. An orderly led their horses off, and I saw them go into General Halleck's marquee. Leaving my horse out of sight, I asked the sentinel at the door who the new-comers were. He didn't know their names, but they were members of the general's staff from St. Louis."

The mischief was done! And yet—the thought gave me hope—the man might be great enough not to take offence at my folly, or I might be too small to arrest his attention. Anyhow, look out!

LIX

The evacuation of Corinth—The removal of all stores—The camp at Raleigh—The destruction of the Memphis & Ohio Railroad—The appearance of contrabands—A motley following—Colonel Slack—Richardson and Knox edit the Memphis *Avalanche*—The stay in Memphis—A pleasant sequel.

CORINTH was not captured; it was abandoned to us. At dawn of May 30th we marched into its deserted works, getting nothing—nothing—not a sick prisoner, not a rusty bayonet, not a bite of bacon—nothing but an empty town and some Quaker guns. The strategic advantages remained to us, because, with all his leisure, it was not possible for General Beauregard to destroy or take them away.

The outcome as respects the commanders was singularly in contrast. I will state it, for among my readers there may be a philosopher skilful in wringing the moral out of every incident.

President Davis, in a gust of passion, relieved Beauregard, giving his command to General Bragg, and no officer of prominence on either side of the war went down with less of sympathy. He was a military engineer merely; and what shall be said in extenuation of the moral nature of a man who in the beginning of a great civil war, countrymen against countrymen, brother against brother, could advocate raising the black flag to prevent recruiting in the North?[1]

[1] Lossing's *Civil War in America*, vol. ii., p. 29, foot-note.

Under date of June 4th, General Halleck telegraphed Secretary Stanton:

"General Pope, with 40,000 [men], is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stands of arms captured.[1] Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. . . . The result is all I could possibly desire."

Very glowing periods truly, but with not a word of truth in them; nevertheless, his cold bosom unwontedly thrilled, Secretary Stanton summoned General Halleck to Washington and installed him commander of the armies of the Union.

In the interval between the evacuation of Corinth and the summons to Washington, General Halleck settled down in the Symmington house, in the suburbs of the town, and, not knowing what better to do, busied himself in hastily dissipating his magnificent army, sending detachments of it here and there, apparently without object.

My division was among the first to be sent away, and I imagined punishment discernible in the order. Just two days after he had the town in hand, General Halleck, through General McClernand, ordered me to march by way of Purdy in the direction of Bolivar, where I was to secure the railroad bridge across the Hutchie River.

It was proposed that my command should live off the

[1] In 1865, the war being over, General Pope resented the liberty taken with him by General Halleck. In correspondence with that officer he denied sending up any such report, and demanded its production. The demand was evaded. — *War Records*, series 1, vol. x., part ii., pp. 635, 636. In corroboration of General Pope, General Beauregard broadly averred in a published statement that General Halleck's telegram contained as many lies as lines.—*Ibid.*, p. 671.

country. But knowing what that meant to discipline, and the misery foraging always brings to the innocent and helpless, I thought better of the policy. My commissary — there were few better than Major Pope — quietly loaded a wagon-train for me with rations enough to serve in a slow march to the sea.

At Bolivar, which we reached without incident, a second order overtook me by virtue of which the column continued on through Somerville to Raleigh, a station ten miles out of the city of Memphis. At Raleigh I was to go into camp indefinitely and take care of the Memphis & Ohio Railroad.

If, in this march, General Halleck really intended anything punitive, he was much mistaken. June in West Tennessee, which I was to traverse, is a hot month, and now the disagreeability was increased by a drought that scorched the land and spoiled the water in the streams. I preferred the limpid fluid in the cool wells of the landowners along the wayside, and kept an officer ahead of the advance-guard to notify them of the army coming, with request that tubs and barrels be at the gates already filled at the time the march-by took place. This proved an excellent test of the partialities of the inhabitants. The women were especially demonstrative, whether they were for or against us. Occasionally the notice met with quick and peremptory refusals. These, however, were as quickly silenced by a gentle suggestion of what happened to Egypt in the days of the locusts—only locusts bent on ruin were not to be compared to thirsty Yankees.

As we got on down in the country the colored people were sights to see. They brought the water and filled the barrels. Yankees had no terror for them. Such grinning, such ejaculations, such God-speeds in rich old plantation vernacular the regiments were unused to,

and they received them with jokes, and cheers, and such hearty good-will that the sullen gentry on the verandas ought to have been ashamed of their prejudices.

By-and-by the demonstrations ceased having anything of comedy in them; they became serious and inconvenient. Multiplying into droves, the "friend and brother" followed the column, and all through the night kept the pickets and corporals of the guard busy. The road we travelled was to him a gold-paved highway to freedom. With a word I could have had at my heels an army the most pied, trusting, and helpless ever seen. Never before, never since, have I had such an opportunity to become a Moses.

Of course, all this was not a little because we were the first of the Union army seen in that part of the country; that very circumstance called for a degree of caution which in an ordinary situation had been absurd. Having no cavalry, we kept closed up with the rigidness of battle order. Flankers dived into the woods on the way. We bivouacked in expectation of alarm, and my camps were always as compact and formal as if Forrest or Morgan was just over the hill yonder. Guard duty was the perfection of the art. I did not intend, whatever else happened, to be surprised.

At last we came to Raleigh. A lover of the rural would have been charmed with the place. It was merely a townless railway station adjoining a beautiful plantation, sunny as sun, spring-time, and green meadows could make it. A weary soldier could not have been led to a retirement more restful, and I wondered if General Halleck was thinking of a sanitarium when he sent me thither.

I lost no time in posting myself with respect to the railway of which, as I fancied, it was the intention to make me general superintendent. Two companies,

sent out on the line, returned with report that the bridges were destroyed, the culverts blown up, rails, cross-ties, and switches gone—in short, that there was nothing of a railroad left except the bed. This the people in the neighborhood of the station confirmed. The Confederates, they said, had run the sundries south, rolling stock included; and thereupon I needed nothing more to know my occupation gone. Having a suspicion then that I might not again be thought of at headquarters—at least for some time—I established a complete system of outposts, and directed that the division be made as comfortable as possible.

The fates, however, ordered otherwise. Early in the morning of the third day of duty at Raleigh, a courier from Memphis, fast travelling, drew rein at my tent door. The official document he delivered into my hand proved to be from Colonel Slack, an old Indiana acquaintance.

For better understanding, it should be said that in a battle of tin-clad gunboats and rams, fought by Colonel Ellet, the Confederates, under Commodore Montgomery, had been badly whipped, leaving Memphis at our mercy. So, the morning in question, Colonel Slack was in charge of the city with but two regiments of infantry.

The envelope was overwritten "Gallop," a direction to the courier indicative of seriousness; and when the heart of the document was reached I stood informed that General Forrest was out a few miles, with five or six thousand cavalry and some artillery, proposing a raid. In view of the need of help, Colonel Slack hoped my orders would allow me to move the division in before night.

Staying only to call in my out-lines and pickets, I put the division on the road, and by mid-afternoon paid my respects to Colonel Slack, and with him posted

the brigades and arranged generally to give Colonel Forrest a warm reception. Doubtless the wary rough-rider had word of the reinforcements in the city, for he did not disturb us. But next day General Halleck, still at Corinth, telegraphed me peremptorily, wanting to know what I was doing in Memphis. I returned answer, giving him verbatim a copy of Colonel Slack's note, and it must have been satisfactory, as I heard nothing more upon the subject.

Command of the city fell to me by virtue of rank. It proved singularly free of trouble and barren of incident, due doubtless to the constrained absence of the fire-eating element. Indeed, I now recall but two incidents worth the mention.

One was the applause extorted from the secession ladies on the balconies of the river-front of the old Gayosa House by a dress-parade of the Eleventh Indiana. The circumstance may appear trivial now, but it made Colonel McGinnis and me very happy, and was certainly productive of good. The ceremony gained popularity, and spectators who came to sneer at the Yankee soldier departed in serious mood. They saw how Donelson had been won and Shiloh saved, and through the mist of their prejudices they might have discerned a prophecy in the excellence of the performance.

An officer of the provost-guard reported a movement afoot to attack and destroy the office of a city newspaper—if I recollect rightly, the *Avalanche*. He gave me a copy of the paper of issue that morning, and I read an editorial scurrilously abusive of President Lincoln. Here was ample excuse for a large riot, but I could not afford to have it, and asked the officer to see the leaders, whoever they were, and tell them to keep quiet; that I would take the affair in hand.

Only the evening before I had entertained two men of national renown as correspondents—Knox, of the New York *Tribune*, and Richardson, of the New York *Herald*. I sent for them, with request that they come promptly; and when they were come I told them of the insolence of the *Avalanche*, and asked if they would edit the paper a few days, the hotter the better. They agreed to have the leaders ready by midnight.

Then, sending for the proprietor, who proved to be the editor also, I told him of my intention to take possession of his office and press. He protested, of course, and demanded why. I explained, and, to satisfy him that I meant no petty punishment, said: "The editorial department is all I want. The general management, including the financial, shall remain with you."

"It will ruin me!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself.

"No," I replied, "it will make you rich."

"But my patrons—my patrons—what will they say?"

He calmed down, asking if I had his successors selected.

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

I gave him their names.

"When do you want the office?"

"I will send an officer to take possession right away."

Next morning — Heavens, what an eruption! The town read the paper and shook with the laughter of the soldiers and their friends, while the air above it was blue with articulated wrath of the enemy. I leave the amazement of the patrons here and there in the country south to be imagined. Knox and Richardson soon sought other fields; the successor they left behind them was of their kind, however, and they turned their sonorous bugles over to him.

The conclusion of the affair came after the war was over, and may as well be given now. While at the old St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, five cards were brought up to me. Shuffling them, I found one with a name underwritten—"Memphis *Avalanche*."

I said, "He's come for satisfaction."

Sooner over the better is my motto in all such cases. I asked the party up. In front of them, upon opening the door, were two servants, who, instead of pistols, came in bearing cigars and champagne. Introductions followed, and then explanations. He of the *Avalanche* was orator. I may not give his speech in full. In substance it was a reversion to the ouster in Memphis, with his everlasting thanks. It had made him a fortune.

Returning to my narrative, in the latter part of June General Grant appeared in Memphis, flying, as I supposed, from the snubbing of General Halleck. As he established his headquarters in the city, I was superseded in command.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that upon entering the service I had left a lucrative partnership in the law. Twelve months had passed, and Mr. Wilson was clamoring for a settlement of the business. Seeing no indication of a movement by General Halleck, it seemed a fair opportunity to go home, and I obtained a furlough for two weeks.

LX

Relieved from command—Two months at home—Ordered to Kentucky by Morton—Colonel of the Sixty-sixth Indiana—Henry W. Wadsworth—Buell at Nashville—The advance of Kirby Smith—Garrett Davis.

EVERY life has its ups and downs. There is a difference, however; some, once down, stay down. Now suddenly somebody in the dark gave me a push, and I fell, and fell so far that I could almost see bottom. Who did it? It took me a long time to find out. My task at present, however, is to tell how it happened.

I had no difficulty in the settlement with Mr. Wilson. Then, before the first week of my furlough expired, I received a telegram from Governor Morton, saying he would like to see me in Indianapolis. I responded immediately. Recruiting, he told me, had fallen off seriously in certain districts of the state, and he would be greatly obliged if I allowed him to make some appointments for me to speak. The need was particularly great in the first district.

The proposition was distasteful to me; and, thinking to get away from it, I begged him to call somebody else from the field.

"There is nothing doing there," he said.

Thereat I did a thing foolishly indiscreet.

"No, nothing on the field," I returned; "but they are very busy at headquarters, where I fear I have enemies. The division is very dear to me. If I lose it, I will never get it back."

The governor then brought out a telegram from Secretary Stanton ordering me to report to Governor Morton. It required no Solomon to tell that this was the very thing lying big in my fear—I stood actually relieved of my command. The division was no longer mine.

"I did not ask for this, governor. Did you?"

"Yes."

"It was an unwarranted liberty with me, sir. I will make the speeches for you rather than do nothing, but you have laid me on the shelf."

"I can get you back again."

"You are influential, I know, but not where that power lies."

"Who is the man?"

"General Halleck."

The governor flinched and looked away.

"Make the appointments," I said. "It must be understood, however, that I am through when done with the first district."

"They are already made. You will begin at Evansville."

The style was that of a superior, and, seeing myself subject to his order, I left him with ill grace.

"Send me the appointments, if you please. I will begin at Evansville. Good-day."

We were never friends again; or, rather, our friendship parted then and there with its cordiality. I resented the liberty he had taken with me; he resented my resentment. Let the disinterested judge between us.

I completed my task in the first district; and, if I did no good, it was not from lack of zeal and energy on my part. Having done my best, I returned home to find my worst anticipations realized. The Third Division

had been broken up. Only the officers of my staff remained to me. Then, almost immediately, the post brought me a formal order from Secretary Stanton to wait at Crawfordsville for orders.

The mischief was done. I was on the shelf; but for how long? I mailed a copy of the order to Governor Morton. Perhaps he might be magnanimous enough to intercede for me. He had only to speak a friendly word to Mr. Lincoln. Sorry to say the word was never spoken.

Saying to myself, philosophically as I could, there is no star of peace above the horizon; the men of the South, though ever so much in the wrong, are brave and resourceful; the war will last long and I be needed yet —saying this, I resolved on patience. One friend I was sure of—the Kankakee River. Pitching my Heiman tent on its bank in the royal festoonery of its vines and the shade of birch and maples old and gigantic enough to put Virgil's spreading beeches to shame, I hunted and fished through July and on until August was in the wane. Then a call came to me; and, strange to say, the voice was the voice of Governor Morton. Would I be good enough to call and see him?

The need must be pressing, I said to myself; and, putting up my gun and rods, I hastened to Indianapolis.

This is what the governor had to offer.

"Bragg," he said, "has broken loose from Chattanooga. Buell he has left at one side in Nashville. There is nobody between him and Louisville. Indiana is threatened; and you know it is better that Kentucky suffer than Indiana. She helped precipitate the misery."

To that I nodded assent.

He continued: "I have five regiments organized, except that their colonels are not yet selected. I want to send them all into Kentucky in the quickest time

possible. General Morris has agreed to take one. Dumont will take another. Reynolds and Love will each do the same. Now"—he turned to me, confidently—"will you take one? The appointments will be provisional, of course."

The proposition surprised me. I doubted if the officers named—Morris, Dumont, Reynolds, and Love[1]—would do as he said.

Then I thought of my rank. Colonels, I knew, were becoming generals every day, but I had yet to hear of generals dropping back into colonels. And then—the governor was right—the emergency was peremptory, and emergencies always beget opportunities to be of service. Then came the idea: this will take me off the shelf and into the field. Anything to get back into the field! I made haste to answer:

"Yes, I will take one of the regiments. Where are they?"

"The Sixty-sixth is in camp at Jeffersonville."

"Let it be the Sixty-sixth, then. Is it mustered in?"

"No."

"That is bad. We will have to wait."

"For what?"

"A mustering-officer."

The governor looked vexed.

"But Bragg will not wait," he said. "Do the work yourself."

"Easily said, governor; but consider where I may land. In going with the regiment I violate an order—"

"What order?"

"That one I am now under—which holds me to Crawfordsville. And if now I violate the regulations, what is to save me?"

[1] These gentlemen were excellent officers, but not one of them took a regiment as the governor expected.

"Well, we can't wait. I will have Secretary Stanton legalize what you do."

By that time I had become as anxious as the governor. Anything to get back into active service! And when he asked me if I could go at once, I answered: "Yes, right away. Give me your instructions. I must have somebody between me and General Halleck."

"I will send the instructions after you." [1]

"Very well."

We shook hands, and, taking the first train, I landed in Jeffersonville the day of the interview. Colonel Ross, of my staff, accompanied me.

A sturdier set of young men than those of the Sixty-sixth Indiana I never had to do with, but so green—indeed, it looked positively sinful to take them into the field. That they were such excellent raw material made it all the worse.[2] Fortunately the muster-rolls were already completed; so I mustered, uniformed, and armed the regiment all in the one day. Nor did I stop with that. Crossing the Ohio River, I drew it up about midnight in the street in front of the residence of General Boyle, then in command of Louisville and the military district of Kentucky.

As my interview with General Boyle may amuse the reader, I give it with some detail. He was living quite democratically, so to speak. I found no impediment in the shape of an orderly or sentinel between the curb of the sidewalk and his door. An old colored man answered my knock, and, with some misgivings, undertook to get the general into the parlor.

"General Wallace—Lew Wallace?" Boyle asked, upon entering.

[1] The instructions were never sent.

[2] The Sixty-sixth Indiana, though unfortunate at Richmond, Kentucky, made for itself an enviable record in subsequent battles.

He was in night-gear, slippers on. Evidently the excitement, so red-hot in the executive office in Indianapolis, had not jumped over Louisville.

"Yes," I replied. "Come to report."

"I don't understand quite."

"Well, I have the Sixth-sixth Indiana infantry at your door, general, and, as its colonel, I ask orders."

"Orders? I—you— If you are Major-General Wallace, I can't give you an order. You rank me."

Then, seeing an explanation necessary, I said, seriously: "Just now I am colonel of the Sixty-sixth Indiana. Governor Morton sent me over here with it to help you take care of Bragg, said to be at large in your state. Other regiments are coming. Have no scruples about rank. I laid mine aside yesterday, and am a volunteer on special business."

As he still appeared incredulous, I invited him to the door, saying, "Perhaps the regiment will corroborate me."

"No, no," he said, laughing and shaking the skirt of his night-shirt. "The window here looks out on the street."

The long, dark, silent line of men standing at rest impressed him.

"Well—if it must be so," he said, at length, "I'll give you an order. Wait till I write."

The paper, when delivered, proved to be a *special*, directing me to proceed with the regiment to Lexington, Kentucky. In parting with me, General Boyle said, "I still have hopes that General Buell will overtake Bragg and whip him."

I had not reduced the camp to condition next day before a second order from General Boyle was put in my hand, placing me in command of Lexington and of all the troops there. In a ride round I took in my new

charge, six regiments of infantry in all, four of them of Indiana. The colonels I quickly notified of my relation to them, and they seemed much gratified, particularly when told that the Confederates might shortly be looking us up.

As the most natural of things, I said to myself, returning from these visits:

"Day before yesterday I was on a shelf pinned down tight; now, what will the chief of all the armies say when he hears of the business I am doing? Will he call me to account?"

Then I took the second floor of the Phœnix Hotel and fixed my headquarters there, first turning the Sixty-sixth Indiana over to Colonel Ross, of my staff, than whom I knew no one more competent to set it up.

My greatest need at the moment was an adjutant-general. While casting about for some one to fill the position, Mr. Henry W. Wadsworth, member of Congress from the Maysville district, came in to see me—it was during recess of the national legislature—and I offered him the place. He accepted; and it may be doubted if in all Kentucky a fitter civilian could have been found. He knew the state thoroughly, its people, its public men, its geography; besides which he had talent of the highest order and was universally known. Figuratively speaking, Colonel Wadsworth threw off his congressional coat, and with me plunged into the exciting business in hand, his whole soul awake and never a man more loyal.

Hardly had I got my raw command in running condition when I received a third order from General Boyle, to understand which resort must be had to events then current.

General Halleck began the dispersal of his army after the evacuation of Corinth by sending General Buell to

Chattanooga, requiring him to repair the railroad from Corinth as he marched. This so retarded Buell that Bragg, Beauregard's successor, reached Chattanooga first. Then the two leaders from the opposite sides of the Tennessee River sat watching each other. Bragg, the first to get ready, at length determined to take the offensive. As a preliminary step he despatched Colonel John H. Morgan into Kentucky and General Forrest into Tennessee to break up General Buell's lines of supply. Both those officers were very successful. Then General E. Kirby Smith marched from Knoxville across the Cumberland Mountains and isolated General George W. Morgan, a Union officer of ability, in post at Cumberland Gap. Buell retired to Nashville; whereupon Bragg crossed the Tennessee River, intending recovery of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The scheme was comprehensive and boldly undertaken; insomuch that when Bragg, with eyes fixed upon Louisville and Cincinnati, left both Buell and Morgan behind him, Oliver P. Morton was not the only governor of a state north of the Ohio River to shiver at the prospect. Withal, however, General Morgan, at Cumberland Gap, more than divided the solicitude excited by the situation. And when now I read General Boyle's third order, containing a direction for me to prepare the force at Lexington and march it to Morgan's relief, I touched my cap to the worthiness of the motive but doubted the soundness of the judgment at the bottom of it.

"Metcalfe is down the road with a regiment of cavalry; Jacob, at Nicholasville, has nineteen hundred more; but"—I was presenting the case to Wadsworth—"but neither of them is reporting to me. Then I have no artillery; worst of all, I have no supply train, and cannot get one. To succeed I must go swiftly. How

can I do that, and, with infantry, forage for subsistence. Say, then, I at last reach Cumberland Gap without supplies. My thousands of mouths must consume the little Morgan has. No," I said, "if the reports we get are half true, my game is defensive." I pulled down the map, and, pointing to Kentucky River, said: "As I see the situation, this river is our line of defence. We must close the locks and drown the fords and make its passage difficult as possible."

"But what will you do with your order?" Wadsworth asked.

"Go through the motions of preparation and wait. The enemy is coming; he will be in our front within a week and furnish me a sufficient explanation for not doing what General Boyle has in mind."

General John H. Morgan owned an extensive tobacco warehouse in the city. Knowing that by that time he must be familiar with the fortunes of war, the evil as well as the good, I stuffed it full of able-bodied contrabands, intending, if the need were, to use them as laborers. To do them justice, they were willing to earn their rations.

We seized all boats, closed the locks of the river, and stationed guards over them and the fords.

Four guns were discovered at the Cincinnati station, and brought down for forwarding to Cumberland Gap. I took possession of them, impressed horses and harness, found an artilleryman in one of the regiments, gave him a detail of men, and—had a battery with ammunition.

Two more regiments of infantry, undrilled, arrived from somewhere north, and Lexington began to assume a martial air.

Meantime fugitives in increasing numbers came in from the south. From the word they brought it was possible to reduce the operation of the enemy to some-

thing like the fact. General Kirby Smith had not stopped at Cumberland Gap. He seemed to regard Morgan as his, to be picked up at leisure. He was advancing north by the direct road to New London, and had about twenty thousand men.[1] Lexington was his first objective, because from it he could reach out for Cincinnati, Frankfort, or Louisville, as circumstances might favor.

Meantime the loyal Kentuckians of the region poured into the city in organized companies. They were all willing to fight, and accepted service, not murmuring at the kind. Among them were the Goodloes, Gratzes, one or two of the Ashland Clays, and Cassius M. Clay, a commissioned general. I call to mind also Garrett Davis, then United States Senator, and that he brought in a body of his neighbors. In reply to a question, I told him there was but one duty open for him; his age I feared was against him.

"Never mind the age," he said. "What is the duty?"

I took him to the map and pointed to a lock. "That needs strengthening of the guard."

"I didn't come looking for feather-beds," he returned, "but I will be there before morning."

My plan of conduct, it should now be said, was to avoid fighting. To set eight raw regiments in a field against General Kirby Smith's twenty thousand veterans, or to allow them to be come upon by him, would, in my view, have been inexcusable. There was not a moment in which I lost sight of the fact that the defeat or capture of my force, small as it was, would have been equivalent to a surrender of Cincinnati, which I could not help regarding a vastly richer prize to the Confederates than Frankfort or Louisville—richer in con-

[1] The best opinion placed the number of the enemy at twenty-one thousand.

vertible war material, richer in money, richer in moral effect. Yet some risk had to be taken in view of the collision imminent between Buell and Bragg. In other words, could I keep Bragg deprived of Smith's thousands, greater service to Buell could not be rendered. Reducing the game on my part, then, to the fewest words, my intention was to keep out of Kirby Smith's reach by retreating upon Cincinnati. By leaving the care of Frankfort to Metcalfe and Jacob, with their cavalry, the probabilities were that Smith would divide his force, making my part of the programme proportionately lighter.

Wadsworth, through friends down the road, kept me advised of General Kirby Smith. One day a courier, hitching his horse in front of the hotel, bolted into headquarters.

"Metcalfe," he said, "at a place beyond Richmond called Big Hill, has been attacked and whipped by the enemy under a Colonel Scott. Scott," he further said, "is now not far from Richmond on the other side of the river, and has a thousand or twelve hundred men—possibly two thousand."

Now, of all things, I wanted most to get rid of Scott; for in the retreat to Cincinnati harassment by him was to be dreaded most. A plan presented itself of a likely look. At Big Hill, Scott was by marches two and a half days in advance of his infantry supports. By thrusting Colonel Jacob, lying at Nicholasville, behind him, and moving down the road myself with my regiments, it was possible, the co-operation going well, to catch the Confederate between us and capture or disperse his command. All that was required of Colonel Jacob was an easy night march. Wadsworth approved the venture; and, as it was then about ten o'clock in the morning, I hurried an explanatory note to the colonel urging him to do his

part. "As you come up the road," I said, "I will be going down it to meet you. Only hold Scott till I come."

The column started, making a brave display. My horse was at the door ready for me, and I was writing a note directing Colonel Charles Anderson, at the moment bringing a regiment down from Cincinnati, to remain and take charge of Lexington during my absence, when I heard the clatter of hoofs in the street below, and the jingle of swords. Looking from a window, I saw four general officers whom I recognized—Nelson, Manson, Cruft, and Jackson.

They all came up into my quarters together. After salutations and hand-shaking, General Nelson drew out a despatch and gave it to me, saying: "It interests you. Read it."[1]

It was an order from General Don Carlos Buell, in every way regular, appointing Nelson to command of all the troops at Lexington. Of course, I submitted; Boyle's order to me was not to be weighed against Buell's order to Nelson. So, in all good-nature, I sat with him and explained the situation, telling him of the movement in progress, its object, and what I hoped from it—of the enemy, where he was at that hour, and his strength—of everything, in short, that might be useful to him as a new commander. To be perfectly candid, I expected him to tell me to go on with the operation begun. That, however, was not in his nature.

Then I was taken with a quick and sincere concern for the young soldiers on the march by my order. Nelson had shown no interest in the venture engaging them, neither had he seemed in the least appreciative of its danger; seeing which, I impulsively offered him my services. He curtly declined the offer.

[1] A few weeks later Nelson was killed in Louisville by General Davis, of Indiana.

Wadsworth spoke up, and said, sharply, "Let us go."

When half-way down the stairs, I stopped him. "Hold on. I've forgotten something—a point of honor."

"What is it?"

"I brought the Sixty-sixth Indiana here. I am its colonel."

"You are right."

We returned to Nelson, and I told him my connection with the regiment. "In a sense," I said, "we are in the presence of the enemy. I ought to stay and see the regiment through."

Nelson walked the floor a moment, then replied, with a perceptible softening of manner: "I see your point. But I have three brigadiers with me. They are sufficient. I will see that the regiment is taken care of."

"Very well," I returned. "Colonel Ross, at present in charge of the Sixty-sixth, is of my staff, and aide. Be good enough to have him relieved. I want him to accompany me."

"It shall be done."

At the head of the stairs, as I passed down, I heard the direction—"Manson, follow the regiments; hold them at some place over the river and wait for me. Cruft, go with Manson."

A number of the officers of my staff had by that time joined me in Lexington. Assembling them, I parted with Colonel Wadsworth at the station and took a train for Cincinnati. There was nothing for me to do, it seemed, except go back to Crawfordsville, resume the shelf I had vacated, and make myself comfortable.

In passing, I may be permitted to say that General Nelson ought not to be condemned hastily. It may be doubted if he had ever read Chesterfield on the

social amenities; nevertheless, that he had brigadier-generals enough for the command is an argument on his side; besides which, I ranked him—a circumstance that might have proved inconvenient to him if not embarrassing.

LXI

General Nelson's defeat — The defence of Cincinnati — Thomas Saunders—Headquarters at the Burnet House—Mayor Hatch—Martial law proclaimed (September 2, 1862)—Fortifications behind Covington—The "Squirrel Hunters"—Seventy-two thousand men for defence—Buchanan Read.

I WAS finding my rank a serious obstruction to getting back into active service; still, rather than return to doing nothing when so much was to be done, I intended, upon reaching Cincinnati, to tender my services to General H. G. Wright, commanding Ohio as a military department. He was not in the city, nor could anybody tell me where he had gone. His absence may have been a saving clause to him, for he, too, was my junior.

I thought then of going to Memphis. A personal appeal to General Grant might bring me something. Often as this occurred to me, however, another idea called it down. What if General Halleck should ask me again what I was doing in Memphis? And I confess a proper answer did not spring to my mind as readily as a lark rises to meet the morning.

The prospect was dispiriting. I was at my wit's end; and, on the second day in Cincinnati, was making some trifling purchases preparatory to going home when a telegram was given me. I read it a second time, then ordered one of my officers to go across the river and have a locomotive fired up to take me to Lexington in the quickest possible time. General Wright, I told him, had requested that I come to that city—reasons urgent.

That was the whole of the telegram; yet I knew the occasion of it instinctively. General Nelson had allowed his regiments to linger on the other side of the Kentucky River; Kirby Smith had attacked them, and they were defeated.[1] What General Wright wanted with me I could not guess; yet I lost no time going—not a minute. My party filled the cab, and we fairly flew.

At Paris, General Wright, still at Lexington, met me with another telegram. This time he requested that I take command of the troops at Cincinnati and of those arriving there.[2]

I read the despatch between the lines, and saw on the instant that it was to be taken as confirmation of my fears. I thought of the regiments as I had seen them last, looking so martial in the march out of Lexington. They *were* to have been the defence of Cincinnati; but now—no use repining—now, how could Cincinnati be saved? That was the live question.

I ordered the locomotive to a turn-table, and, while the reversal was being had, gentlemen of my staff were reading the telegram. Hardly had we got under way when one of them addressed me.

"Do you mean to accept this request?"

"Yes."

"You are not bound to."

"No."

"There is nothing at Cincinnati with which to make a defence—not a soldier, not a gun, not a fort. To try must end in failure."[3]

[1] The battle, commonly called of Richmond, took place August 30, 1862.

[2] This telegram was dated September 1, 1862.—*War Records*, series 1, vol. xvi., p. 470.

[3] The staff-officer was but a little out of the way. There were, under Colonel Burbank, two or three companies of regulars and four hundred armed men of independent companies at Newport Bar-

The speaker's associates all agreed with him. One of them—the one I held in greatest regard, because I knew the sincerity of his love for me[1]—ventured upon a reminder of my enemies.

When they were through, I replied: "What you say of the present defencelessness of Cincinnati, gentlemen, is too true; and for that reason General Wright's request puts me in a difficult situation. Still, to leave the city to the enemy without an effort to save it would be cowardly; besides that, there is a resource you do not see. I will try it, be the outcome what it may. Should I fail, there will be somebody to divide the consequences with me. What that resource is I will tell you tonight."

There were many more words to the debate, for it lasted almost to Covington; but I give its substance.

My acquaintance in Cincinnati was limited, but it was enough for me to know Mr. Thomas Saunders, landlord of the Burnet House. Besides being a very prince of good-fellows, and well to do, Saunders's loyalty was of the kind that stopped at nothing in his power. I gave him General Wright's telegram to read, and he said, "I see; now what can I do?"

And I said, "Give me your Lady's Ordinary for headquarters."

Within an hour the spacious room was transformed and in my possession. The city pursued its business dreamless of anything in the air out of the usual, and I

racks; and in Cincinnati only three independent companies, which, as it afterwards turned out, served most usefully as rallying-centres for as many regiments. At least one of the three was the old organization somewhat celebrated as the "Guthrie Grays." In addition to these, down the Lexington pike were two regiments, the Ninety-ninth and Forty-fifth Ohio, which, by retreating to Covington, could be made available for the defence.

[1] Colonel James R. Ross, aide-de-camp.

had time without interruption to write a proclamation, which I read to my staff.

"You now have my plan," I told them. "Cincinnati has two hundred thousand inhabitants, and they ought to be able to defend themselves. They can, and I believe they will do it. What they want is direction. Say, however, I am mistaken, that the city is lacking in the right spirit. Behind it are the great states of Ohio and Indiana; the two together have a push the force of which is unknown, because it has never been tried. I mean to try it. If General Kirby Smith will give me one week in which to get ready, I believe we can all lie back and laugh at him."

They saw the scheme, and lent themselves to it with enthusiasm. Only one of them asked, "Without soldiers, how can you enforce that proclamation?"

In reply, I wrote a note to the Hon. George Hatch, mayor of the city, requesting him to do me the favor to come to the Burnet House. The business, I told him, was in the line of his official duties and of the utmost importance. He came, and, after introducing myself, I gave him General Wright's telegram. He had not heard of the battle, and was astonished. I had been told he sympathized with the South, and that might have been; yet, be it said to his credit, no man could have been truer to his trust or more prompt in action.

"You are to put us in a state of defence, are you? How are you going about it? Have you a plan?" he asked, returning the telegram.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"It is to make the city defend itself."

"Very good, but how? We have no arms."

"Governor Tod and Governor Morton must furnish arms. And as to your people, hear this proclamation

which I propose publishing in the morning papers. You will observe it applies to Covington and Newport."

The proclamation was in these words, and he read them deliberately, taking a chair:

"PROCLAMATION

"The undersigned, by order of Major-General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport.

"It is but fair to inform the citizens that an active, daring, and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war; yet the cities must be defended, and their inhabitants must assist in the preparation.

"Patriotism, duty, honor, self-preservation call them to the labor, and it must be performed equally by all classes.

"First: All business must be suspended at nine o'clock to-day. Every business house must be closed.

"Second: Under the direction of the mayor, the citizens must, within an hour after the suspension of business (10 o'clock A.M.), assemble in convenient public places for orders. As soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work.

"This labor ought to be that of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes it will be so. Anyhow, it must be done.

"The willing shall be properly credited; the unwilling promptly visited. The principle adopted is, citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle.

"Third: The ferry-boats will cease plying the river after 4 o'clock A.M. until further orders.

"Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities; but until they can be relieved by the military the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.

"LEWIS WALLACE,
"Major-General Commanding.

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, *September* 2, 1862."

The reading finished, the mayor gave the paper back.

"This is martial law," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"You suspend all business?"

"Yes, and all civil authority as well."

"And then what?"

"Every able-bodied man to work or to fight. I give him his choice. Those who say fight we will organize into companies and regiments; to the others we will give spades and picks and set them to digging on the hills in front of Covington and Newport. Think of the earth ten thousand men can move in one day! Then, if the Confederates give us a week, we can get half of Indiana and half of Ohio behind the breastworks."

Mr. Hatch arose and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Simply lend your police to enforce the proclamation."

"You may have them."

Seeing the happy turn, I said, "No, I want you to control and direct them."

"Very well. If it is in the power of men, your proclamation shall be enforced. I will see to it personally."

"That is better in every way." And I thanked him, saying, "Only don't forget how precious every minute is."

My success with Mayor Hatch gave me confidence, and I dictated letters to Governors Tod and Morton giving them the situation, with what I was proposing, and asking for arms and all the armed men they could induce to come and lend me their services.

"In the nakedness of Cincinnati," I said, "this is the only hope of saving her from capture, contribution in money, or fire." Then, the same night, I had conferences with the editors and proprietors of the daily newspapers. They all admitted the danger, and, taking my proclamation, agreed to support it; and they did, not one of them faltering.

I doubt if any people were ever taken off their feet like those of the three cities, especially Cincinnati, next morning. The war had been a horror to them, read of as so distant it could not be brought to their doors. Now, suddenly, here it was, and with demands that did not stop with a mere appropriation of their time and a blockade of their business—it actually ordered them to go to work in unaccustomed ways or take arms and be ready to fight. Actually the demands reached to their lives. Let one try to imagine the consternation of the citizen about to open his shop at being tapped on the shoulder by a policeman and told all business was suspended. And what of consolation was there when, to his angry insistence why, he was informed the enemy was coming. What enemy? The rebels. Dwelling in a land of peace and plenty, he had been accustomed to cream for his coffee and hot rolls for breakfast; now the milkman was shut out and the baker shut in. Nor was it contributive to good-humor, if he were a travelling man, to hear at the station: "No train out to-day. Everybody is held up."

"Everybody?"

"Yes, even the bridegroom and the undertaker—all alike."

Next day the result pleased me. Thousands appeared at the police stations, not daunted, but anxious to be told what to do. One spirit possessed them. The drilled companies assembled in their armories and organized themselves into regiments; the air throbbed until the beat of drums and unnumbered flags on the house-tops and suddenly flung from the windows freshened the beauty of the sunshine. The women were alike taken with the spirit; before the day expired every ward had its club of them determined to do what they could for the common defence.

While Mayor Hatch organized the masses willing to work, I called the surveyors and civil engineers of the city into school at my headquarters.

"What do you know about military engineering?"

"Nothing."

"You have seen a rifle-pit?"

"No."

"You know on which side of a breastwork the ditch belongs?"

"No."

And I lectured them about running staked lines to the best advantage and digging rifle-pits and breastworks. Getting a map of the country in the great bend half encircling Newport and Covington on the south side of the Ohio River, I instructed them to run lines and mark them with stakes across the bend, for that next day they would be followed by an army of workingmen. Out on the Lexington pike crowning the long hill beyond Covington there stood a half-finished bastioned fort begun by General O. M. Mitchell, and named after him. That I adopted as starting-point, from which, in the afternoon, my civil engineers, turned military for the occasion, began their tasks according to instructions.

I remembered being asked: "What about fields and door-yards?" And I answered: "Use them regardful of necessity. The government must stand for damages —only do as little as possible."

The second morning after issuance of the proclamation, thanks to Mayor Hatch and his policemen, I was able to send a working party of quite fifteen thousand men, under protection of the three regiments of Cincinnatians, across the river, provisioned for the day and supplied with ploughs, picks, shovels, and scrapers obtained from the hardware-stores. This, it should be understood,

was no wild picnic; the multitude went to work, having first selected their own superintendents.

On horseback at the foot of Vine Street I watched the passage of the river—a sight full of cheer and animation. It was then I saw that the ferry-boats, fast as they were driven, skilfully as they were managed, did not meet the requirements of a condition so extraordinary. Besides being too slow, they were insufficient in point of accommodation. Returning to headquarters, I obtained the names of three of the foremost builders in the city and made an appointment for them to meet me in the evening.[1]

I asked them, at the meeting, if they had ever seen a pontoon bridge. They had not; neither did they know anything of the principles of construction of such a bridge. From my trunk I brought down a work on military engineering, and, showing a plate, wanted to know how long it would take them to supply me with such a means of communication stretched across the river from Cincinnati to Covington. They took a few minutes for consultation, then said, if I furnished them a steamboat they would furnish me such a bridge within forty-eight hours.[2]

"Why," said I, in astonishment, "you can't build the boats in that time."

"No, but we will go up into the Licking River and fetch down coal-barges, which, with the help of a steamboat, we will tie and anchor and make into a bridge for you twenty-five feet in width from shore to shore."

The quartermaster honored my requisitions for material, and within the forty-eight hours—my recollection

[1] I am sorry to have lost the names of the three enterprising citizens.

[2] The pontoon bridge at Paducah, Kentucky, under regular engineers, was three months building.

is thirty hours—the enormous structure was reported ready and a city regiment crossed in platoon front.

In the mean time my appeals to Governors Tod and Morton began to be productive. Tod, it is to be said, was not as prepared for the emergency as Morton. I suppose it had never occurred to him that Ohio, rich, populous, and powerful, could be converted into a seat of war. Now, however, he awoke. At his word, wired throughout the state, its people loaded the trains on every road of connection with Cincinnati, bringing with them the best weapons they had, though but horse-pistols of Revolutionary model.[1] It happened, also, that Mr. Miles Greenwood had in his foundry at Cincinnati ten Napoleon guns in readiness for the field. These the governor turned over to me. Morton, on the other hand, in the beginning of the war, had established an arsenal in Indianapolis. In furtherance of his policy of defending Indiana in Kentucky, he now sent me all he had of ordnance.[2] Besides which his people along the Ohio border came down in thousands. Between Indianapolis and Cincinnati his trains had right of way at all hours on every railroad.

I make now a statement that will no doubt be sur-

[1] I remember a Scotchman who appeared with a claymore inherited from a Highland forefather.

[2] In the chamber of the city council there was—I do not know if it is there now—a full-length portrait of Governor Morton, ordered by the council and painted by T. Buchanan Read. It was the council's tribute to the governor as "the Savior of Cincinnati." I think to excuse myself for taking exceptions to the object of the picture as stated. In the first place, Governor Morton did no more towards making the defence of the city practicable than Governor Tod. In the next place, he took no part whatever in the military operations—I mean, in person. Once, while the enemy was lying in camp before Covington, he visited me at my headquarters there, but left within fifteen minutes without a suggestion or remark of pertinence to the work in progress. He had come sight-seeing merely.

prising. The morning reports that came up to me every day were, of course, informal, yet they were intelligible. That of the sixth day (the fifth subsequent to the issuance of the proclamation) showed seventy-two thousand present for the defence of Cincinnati and its neighboring cities. Of these, fully sixty thousand were irregulars. Such a gathering, if only on account of its numbers, begets a multitude of inquiries.

The irregulars, so called, were in most part from Ohio, but with a supporting force indefinitely large from Indiana. Coming with pistols, shot-guns, sporting-rifles—in short, all the arms usual to the unwarlike citizen—we called them "Squirrel Hunters."[1] Arriving by rail singly and in small groups, with now and then a home-guard company, all at their own expense, how could so many be received, fed, organized, and disposed of in so brief a time?

Fortunately there was in Cincinnati an army paymaster, Major Malcolm McDowell. Besides being possessed of an aptitude for handling men in masses, he had an energy not to be tired. By my appointment the major took hold of the crowds rushing in, had them received at the stations, formed there, if not already organized, and then marched to the old market-house that used to stand where the Probasco Fountain now offers an angelic presence in bronze. There the patriotic women welcomed the recruits and plied them with baskets of sandwiches and a river of coffee that did not cease flowing day nor night. Then, upon notice from Major McDowell, I distributed the newcomers to the best of my judgment; nor can I remember an instance of murmur from any of them.

Seventy-two thousand men! What did I do with

[1] The name given them by Major McDowell.

them? Fifty-five thousand of the best-armed, including the Cincinnati regiments, I posted behind the breastworks and rifle-pits, which by that time were complete and stretching almost continuously from bank to bank of the great bend of the Ohio River centring on Covington and Newport.[1] With these were the garrisons of Fort Mitchell and its three supporting works down on the Lexington pike drawn from the regulars at Newport Barracks.[2] About fifteen thousand were stationed as guards at fordable places above and below Cincinnati, for the river was in its lowest stage. To keep in communication with these guards, to patrol the river night and day, and to assist in holding the fords, I had impressed sixteen steamboats, and, organizing them into a flotilla, put it in command of an old river captain, John Duble by name, as perfect a type of his class as the time afforded. While but a commodore by grace, he was of the stuff admirals are made of. Duble defended his boats with bales of hay securely lashed in place, and for each of them he had two six-pounder brass pieces and ammunition in plenty. With him sailed the residue of my force, about two thousand or twenty-five hundred in number.

Now it must not be thought I did all this work unassisted. In the few days it rushed along there came to me from all parts of the country officers of every branch of the service—engineers, artillerists, cavalrymen, captains and colonels of infantry, quartermasters, commissaries, surgeons, among them many really able men. These, fast as they reported, were assigned to duty. Without them my army, calling it such, had

[1] Included also were the regiments regularly enlisted, the number of which I cannot now remember.

[2] The making artillerists of these regulars was a happy suggestion of General Wright.

sunk into an unmanageable mob. A few of them, though I am not writing history, deserve mention because they were especially useful. Colonel Stanhope and General Green Clay Smith were with me from the beginning. General A. J. Smith, of the regular army, commanded a section of the defences, as did General Judah. So, also, General John Love, of Indianapolis, though not in the service, took charge of the works from Fort Mitchell westward to the river. About the fourth day General Gordon Granger brought in a brigade of veterans; but, after dumping them down haphazard, retired across the river to private quarters, and remained there without reporting to me. General Granger, finding my rank intolerable, employed himself trying to have me deposed, and a regular—himself, I suppose—put in my place. Of the Cincinnati contingent I should not fail to mention Colonel Neff, of the First Regiment, and Mr. Dickson, in charge of the colored brigade, as he was pleased to denominate it. Nor must I forget Mr. R. M. Corwine, a lawyer of Cincinnati, whom I appointed to command the large body doing duty at the lonesome crossing-places up and down the river. His headquarters steamer was never at anchor, and no soldier could have better performed his singular trust.

Turning from the serious for a moment, probably no officer in command at any time during the war, not excepting General Frémont, had a volunteer staff comparable to mine, whether in *personnel* or numbers.

Cincinnati in that day was the residence of many gentlemen of distinction in life—actors, poets, artists, writers, journalists, lawyers, preachers, doctors, jurists. Fast as these came to my knowledge, I appointed them aides-de-camp, requiring but two conditions: one, that they provide themselves with horses equipped for rid-

ing; the other, that each should report to me every morning ready for orders.

Conglomeration is not a classic word, but I venture to apply it to this portion of my staff, swollen soon to about one hundred and fifty members. I choose the word, moreover, because it will help the reader imagine the composition of the military family by which I presently found myself surrounded. To do them justice they executed orders promptly and with becoming intelligence. Then, at night, the day's work done, the camps on the thither side of the Kentucky cities all still—I shall never forget the assemblages in the Burnet House, in which each as called on did something in his line of distinction; now it was a story, now a song, now a recitation. It was in this way I made the acquaintance of James E. Murdoch, the actor, and Thomas Buchanan Read, painter, poet, recitationist, and, all in all, the most lovable of men.

Now, as a rule, there was nothing in the riding of these improvised horsemen in the least suggestive of the Centaur or his modern prototype, the cowboy. Once—it was on Sunday—I assembled them all to accompany me in an inspection of the works from end to end, about ten miles in all. In front of the Burnet House their sober citizen garb detracted but a little from the brave appearance they presented. On the farther side of Covington, the Lexington pike stretched out up-hill quite a mile and a quarter. There I shook the reins over John's neck and called, "Come on!" At the top of the long ascent I stopped and looked behind me. Of the whole array there were but two within call —Buchanan Read and Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, the latter said to have been old at the close of the Revolutionary War. The rest, scattered singly and in groups back as far as the edge of the town, were coming

slowly and painfully on. Of some it was reported they never got out of town. Be that as it may, I never saw my staff together again.[1]

[1] Read used to say in boyish way that was charming, "I have fallen in love with many a woman, never with but one man—Lew Wallace."—*S. E. W.*

LXII

General Wright returns to Cincinnati—Orders countermanded and reissued—Captain Worthington—General Heth's advance—Spies on both sides — Heth falls back — General Wallace thanked by Chamber of Commerce and Ohio legislature—What followed.

About September 4th—the date I give from memory—General Wright returned to Cincinnati, and by his order, as the situation was becoming critical, I transferred my headquarters to Covington. Immediately a great pressure was brought to bear upon him by certain individuals to permit them to open their shops and stores, and, yielding, he modified my proclamation according to their wishes. The bad effect became instantly apparent.[1] Men in the works, and those carrying muskets, themselves shopkeepers and in business, raised a cry—and justly, as I thought.

Among the venturous spirits of Cincinnati participating in the siege was a Mr. Worthington, an educated, pleasant-mannered young gentlemen, whom I recognized as *Captain* Worthington, because he brought me a company of well-mounted horsemen, than which nothing was more indispensable; and I gave the captain and his riders plenty of occupation.[2] Through them I first heard of the enemy coming northward by the

[1] Three days afterwards General Wright found himself compelled to ask Colonel Burbank, my successor in command of Cincinnati, to send him three thousand citizens for fatigue duty. The trenches were almost abandoned.

[2] Later on I was to meet the same Captain Worthington again under circumstances even more strange.

Lexington pike. The Colonel Scott, at whose hands Colonel Metcalfe had been whipped at Big Hill, below Richmond, still in lead of the hostile column, tried his veteran skill on Worthington's troopers, but without effect. Besides being better mounted than Scott, Worthington knew the country as men ordinarily know their door-yards, an advantage that made him slippery as an eel.

The information brought me through the captain proved reliable and encouraging. At Lexington, General Kirby Smith had divided his army into two columns. One he himself led against Frankfort, and successfully; the other, consisting of nine thousand men of all arms, he gave to a General Heth, with directions to proceed to Cincinnati. This division of forces was as I had anticipated; and now it was in General Heth and his following my interest centred.

Undoubtedly, had Heth moved with directness of purpose from Lexington, it had not been possible to have saved the city from him. Its very defenceless-ness, however, helped thwart him. In excessive confidence, he journeyed leisurely along, helping himself to cattle and horses on the way.

In the forenoon of the seventh day after the battle of Richmond, Scott and his cavalry gave place to Heth's solid column in front of Covington; and the crisis was come.

From a parapet of Fort Mitchell I saw through my glass a number of gray-coated gentry mount to the roof of a house. It was easy to surmise what that meant. My opponent was reconnoitring. Captain de ———, an excellent artillery officer, commanding the fort, trained one of the great guns upon the party and begged to fire. I forbade it. There were women and children under the roof; but, if that were not enough,

good policy, as it appeared to me, demanded that the enemy should be allowed to see from a distance all he could of what he had to go against.

General Heth, it had been reported to me, was a graduate of West Point. That he had been selected to conduct the expedition was ample evidence of his capacity.[1] I knew fairly well why, having reached his destination early in the day, he had halted instead of at once ordering an assault. The fort commanding the pike had caught his soldier's eye, and, riding to the right and left, he had taken account of the long line of freshly made yellow breastworks and the masses of people blackening the undulations behind them. It had been more than singular had he failed to be impressed as well as surprised by what he beheld. The American behind a field-work, though ever so slight, and though no soldier, had his established character for courage. And of that, doubtless, the general also paused to take account. Moreover, to attack, it was wisdom on his part first to find the weakest point; for in every fortification there is always such a point.

In expectation that the weak place would be discovered, knowing also that in such case I must, in the quickest time, get a force to the danger-point sufficient to cover it, I had a telegraph line set up the whole length of the works, with stations at every regimental and brigade headquarters. Now I wired everybody to be careful against surprise, and as a means to the end to double the pickets and look out that they were properly advanced. In the execution of this order there was a skirmish, in which I was delighted to see my raw men behave admirably. Three of them were slightly wounded; one lost a hand. These were the only cas-

[1] He afterwards charged with Pickett at Gettysburg.

ualties I heard of as a result of collision with the besiegers.

There was another incident, comparatively trifling in itself, which yet showed the spirit of the people engaged in the defence. The night of the appearance of the enemy information reached me that a detachment of Colonel Scott's had seized a grist-mill at or in the vicinity of a small town known, I think, as Florence, and was operating it for food supply. By my order Captain Worthington made a détour at night to Scott's rear, ran the Southern millers off, and burned the property, returning without a man lost.

Two days passed during which Heth lay in his camp apparently idle. Meantime two citizens of Lawrenceburg, on the river below Cincinnati, at my suggestion passed behind him and came up from the rear as if from Lexington. Riding boldly into his camp, at headquarters they represented themselves in search of a couple of runaway negroes.[1] The pretence worked like a charm. To find the fugitives they were given all privileges within the lines. They failed, of course; nevertheless, they brought me a statement of the force in my front by regiments and batteries, the cavalry inclusive, the whole footing up, as said, about nine thousand men.

Meantime, also, there were alarms without number; and always in such instances the getting under arms was prompt and really beautiful to see.

Another day, the second of the siege. Farmers bringing hay in from the country presented themselves, asking permission to pass through with their wagons. It was suspicious, but, being consulted, I advised that they be let come. Their report as spies, I thought, could do

[1] The men were selected by Colonel Ben. Spooner, of Lawrenceburg, at my suggestion.

us no harm. During the second night, also, there was heliographing with lamps in the windows of houses across the river in Cincinnati. That, too, I allowed, with conclusions that General Heth was by no means as idle as he would have me believe; neither was he friendless.

All that second day my people, in momentary expectation of an attack somewhere, remained under arms; but it passed without incident—in fact, without a shot fired. Could General Heth be waiting for reinforcements? Where was General Buell?

In the evening a friend came to see me.

"I am from Mr. ———'s house over in the city," he said, "and have some interesting news for you."

"Well, what?"

"A consultation was held there this afternoon, ending in an agreement to telegraph Secretary Stanton to appoint General Granger or General A. J. Smith in your place. It's a dirty piece of business. What do you want us to do to stop it?"

I thanked my informant, but said: "Nothing. Let the gentlemen go on. The secretary knows the enemy is here; he knows, too, that this is not the time to do the swapping proposed. And, besides, I haven't time to engage in a squabble."

My friend departed angry to the soles of his boots, and swearing.

Nevertheless, the information was disturbing. It had been an almost sleepless week for me, and I confess to a hope cherished in secret that if Cincinnati were saved, a command would be made up for me out of regiments of enlisted men that had been arriving. But now the hope grew sick, and I perceived my position was so very uncertain that almost any kind of a *pull* would be enough to bring me down. If General Wright were

lending himself to the plot, I might look for my *congé* at any moment.[1]

During the night of the 11th, unrest was noticed in the enemy's camp, and reported to me. Either he was making ready to give us work in the morning or getting together and pulling up for departure.

At all events, the hours were of sharp anxiety—that I also confess. For ever since the completion of the bridge I had been subject to a dread only a little less frequent in the day than in the night, when all was still. If Heth rushed the works with all his might, and my citizen soldiery fell into a panic, each of them would betake himself to the bridge, and then what wholesale drowning there might be! Often as the idea, black with horror, came to me, I thought of the passage of the Beresina by the French retreating from Russia.

I make no disguise of my satisfaction—joy might be the better word—when at daybreak a messenger galloped in to tell me the enemy was gone. In doubt of the fact, I ordered the camp beaten up; but it was so. My people were eager to pursue; in fear, however, of a ruse to entice us out of our intrenchments, I restrained them; and not until the afternoon did I suggest to General Wright that he permit me to select some of my best organizations, supported by General Granger's brigade of veterans, and go down the Lexington pike, not so much to fight as to make sure that the retreat was final. The request was declined; and I am not disposed to question the wisdom of the decision.

The retreat assured, the necessities for keeping the people from their business were gone, and the day suc-

[1] I have reason to believe, from what I afterwards heard, that General Wright was approached in the business, but peremptorily declined to have anything to do with it.

ceeding, in the forenoon, the city regiments—four, as I now recollect—were formed into column and marched across the river to the market square, where they were formally thanked and relieved from duty.[1] It was a splendid triumphal march, with music and banners, through a multitude apparently innumerable on the streets and crowding every vantage-point of sight on roof, window, and sidewalk. The soldiers were proud, as they had reason to be; so were the friends and families who welcomed them; so was I. Indeed, that was one of the gladdest days of my life.

There can be no question, I think, that my services were fully appreciated except in Washington and the executive office in Indianapolis. Acknowledgments poured in upon me from every quarter save the two, silencing my detractors, especially such of them as had made light of the danger and my methods of meeting it and the other set who had sought to displace me.

The city council held a meeting and passed the following resolutions, no one dissenting:

"City Clerk's Office, Cincinnati,
"*October* 18, 1862.

"*Major-General Lew Wallace:*

"Sir,—At a meeting of the City Council of the City of Cincinnati, on the 17th instant, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: *Whereas*, The danger that threatened Cincinnati is now removed; and believing that this community is largely indebted to Major-General Lewis Wallace for his untiring energy in organizing the forces and completing the preparations for defence, therefore, *Resolved*, That the City Council of the City of Cincinnati bear cheerful testimony to the energy and ability displayed by Major-General Lewis Wallace in the difficult

[1] That day, the 12th, the "Squirrel Hunters" were ordered to return home, but it was several days before they were all picked up.

duty to which he was assigned, and hereby tender him our gratitude, and desire to express to him our high appreciation of him as a soldier and a gentleman. *Resolved*, That the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be placed upon the records of the City, and a copy forwarded to General Wallace."

This is attested, as usual, under the hand and official seal of the city clerk, George M. Casey.

In March following I received at the hands of Governor Tod joint resolutions of the legislature of Ohio:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that the thanks of the people of this State are due and are hereby tendered through their General Assembly to Major-General Lew Wallace for the signal service he has rendered to the country at large in connection with the army during the present war; and especially for the promptness, energy, and skill exhibited by him in organizing forces, planning the defence, and executing the movements of soldiers and citizens under his command at Cincinnati in August and September last, which prevented the rebel forces under Kirby Smith from desecrating the free soil of our noble State. *Resolved*, That he [Governor Tod] be, and he is hereby requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Major-General Lew Wallace.

(Signed) "James R. Hubbell,
"Speaker of the House of Representatives.
"P. Hitchcock,
"Pro tem. President of the Senate.

"Dated *March* 4, 1863."

The correctness of the copy is certified by W. W. Armstrong, secretary of state.

In a communication, September 6th, General Wright was pleased to say officially:

"The general commanding also instructs me to say that the zeal and energy you displayed at a time when the

city was almost without defence has gone far towards providing for its security, and that you will, by taking the immediate command of the forces at Covington and its vicinity and promptly organizing them for action, accomplish what yet remains to be done to that end.

(Signed) "N. H. McLean,
"Asst. Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff."[1]

These are proofs of service too plain to need comment or interpretation. Perhaps, however, a better idea of the value of the service can be gained from an incident.

Some time after the war—two or three years possibly—I happened to be again at the Burnet House, and was informed that General Heth was also a guest. I sought him out, and invited him into the basement, where, in that day, private conversations were generally conducted with the bar in sight. He was a frank, candid, quiet gentleman, and, "the great unpleasantness" over, neither of us could see why a discussion of the "siege of Cincinnati" should not be enjoyed.

Among other things I asked him if he believed he could have taken the city.

"Yes," he answered.

"Why didn't you?"

"My column was in motion to attack," he replied, "when I received an order from General Kirby Smith to rejoin him in haste, as Bragg was retreating from Kentucky. But for that I would have got in behind you at a place on the west which you had left undefended and unguarded."

"It was a narrow neck between the river and the foot of the large hill on the south and right, was it not?"

"Yes, that was the place."

I replied, "Perhaps it was well enough you did not

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xvi., p. 491.

try it, for it was the next best defended section of the whole line. Across the river, in easy range at the foot of Race Street, I had four guns in a lunette covered with tarpaulins. The gunners were in an empty warehouse at the top of the level. Below the bridge there were also six gun-boats, each with two six-pound brass pieces, giving me sixteen guns available against you. Besides that, within an hour I could have covered the hills on your right hand with fifty thousand sharp-shooters. It was just the place for my irregulars to show their handicraft."

Further on in the conversation the general said, lightly: "I knew what you were doing in Cincinnati and the Kentucky towns. My men were going in and out all the time."

"As farmers and market-men?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I knew it, but offered no hinderance, believing, if they told you the truth, it would make an impression upon you." And I retorted by giving his regiments, guns, and cavalry, and telling of the men sent down from Lawrenceburg. He looked curiously a moment, then broke into a hearty laugh, saying:

"I recollect those fellows. They searched everywhere for their runaway negroes. I even invited them to dine with me."

Continuing the conversation, I asked, "Now, if you had taken Cincinnati, tell me, won't you, what you would have done with it?"

"I will answer Yankee-like," he returned, good-naturedly. "What do you think Cincinnati worth?"

"In money?"

"Yes."

"Probably five millions."

"More than that," he said.

"Well, say ten millions."

"It is a great city," he replied—"a great city, and rich, and the people think a great deal of it. And if I had proposed to its authorities to sack it from end to end or that they should redeem it with fifteen millions, or such a matter, which do you think they would have preferred?"

General Heth did not say so directly, but left me to infer a purpose to impose a heavy contribution upon the city had he taken it.

It is to be said here that every point in the scheme for the defence of Cincinnati had been mine, inaugurated before General Wright could return to the city, and without consultation with him or any gentleman of his staff. And now, the defence being a decided and almost bloodless success, what recognition was I to receive for the part I had borne in it? True, with respect to the department in Washington, I was supposed to be at home waiting for orders; and that I was not, therein lay a chance to hold me for violation of orders. Far from thought of such a thing, I even flattered myself that of the twelve or fifteen regiments of regularly enlisted men—the exact number has escaped me—then in camp behind Covington and Newport, a division would be created for me to take to the field, whither I was so desirous of going.

Let us see what happened. The surprise may be as great to the reader as it was to me; fortunately for him, he cannot be as much mortified.[1]

[1] For General Wright I have nothing but compliment. Seldom, as I see it now, is an officer put in a situation more trying than fell to him. Between the opposing cries of Louisville and Cincinnati for help, and conflicting judgment and demands of the governors of Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, and the appeals from his decisions by official gentlemen high in the confidence of President Lincoln—between these the prospect of being ground to dust was never so promising. Yet the result proved him the good soldier and excellent man he certainly was.

LXIII

Ordered to Columbus—Camp Chase—State of camp and men—Paid off—Ordered to Minnesota to fight Indians—The stay in Columbus—Murdock's readings for the Sanitary Commission.

When the war fairly opened and prisoners began to be taken in numbers, a system of parole was tacitly recognized by both parties. The paroled soldiers became non-combatants; and then the question what to do with them arose.

In the West a camp was established for them at Columbus, Ohio, and the name of the secretary of the treasury given it. In course of time Camp Chase grew in population until, at the period of which I am writing, a census—if I may use the term, no other being so good—showed an accumulation of between five and six thousand. I am speaking, it should be observed, of paroled Union soldiers.

The quarters in Camp Chase—barracks would be a term of very improper application here—consisted of wooden shacks originally well enough for a few. But, as the increase went on, the accommodations grew scantier and scantier, until at length thousands were thrust in to occupy what had been intended for hundreds. We are in the habit of speaking and thinking of Andersonville as the acme of horrors; it may have been so, indeed, but of this I am certain, Camp Chase was next it, the difference being that Andersonville was a Confederate hell for the confinement of enemies taken in arms, while Camp Chase was a hell operated by the

old government for friends and sworn supporters—its own children.

The unfortunates billeted there were of every state loyal to the Union. Orphanage is a condition that excites sympathy — here the condition was far worse—here the wretched inmates were wholly without relation except as they found it in one another. They were all outside the pale of sympathy. On the part of soldiers a certain suspicion attached to one taken prisoner; they wanted to know the circumstances under which the taking took place, and until satisfied on the point kept a stern grip upon their condolences. Then as to the rest of the world, the government included, the paroled men in Camp Chase were *non est*, as much so in fact as if they had not been born. Among them there were many officers, captains, lieutenants, but, being without right of command, and none of them strong enough by nature to assume the right, the camp was allowed to take care of itself; insomuch that many men, well-bred and intelligent, instead of trying what virtue there might be in government, by-and-by accepted the doom of the lost and forgotten, and sank into indifference. They ceased to have communication with relatives and friends. Day after day they met as one can imagine the inmates of some of Dante's circles meeting—not for society, but to make comparison of wretchedness. By-and-by, also, they became objects of dread. Columbus, the city, but a few miles away, the dome of its capitol almost in sight, slept uneasily thinking of them. Even the charitable, good men, good women, always ready to share of their store with a Boy in Blue, shunned the camp as if it were a nest of pestilences dangerous to be looked at in the distance. At stated intervals a commissary sent wagons with rations down to the miserables, and the food was dumped out without requisition,

there being nobody of authority to sign the necessary paper. As for the quartermaster, he acted upon the theory that the men must eat, but it mattered not if they went naked. Of course, they died, scores of them; in want of medical attention, they died of the diseases always incident to crowded quarters and an absence of the simplest hygienic preventives—fire, fresh air, and sweet water.

This, I know, will be a surprising revelation to many of my readers; nor can I say who was responsible for it. That great soul, august in its loneliness, and full of jest because not to jest was to yield to the awful burdens it upbore, Abraham Lincoln could not have known the conditions existing in Camp Chase. Neither could such a camp have endured a day in the vicinity of the capitol in which Oliver P. Morton was in the habit of raising his voice and having his will. I speak of it now, not from hearsay, but personal knowledge, as will presently appear.

About September 18th, while yet in command of the army at Covington and Newport, I received a telegram from General Halleck—I speak from memory as to the person—ordering me to proceed to Columbus, Ohio, immediately. Arrived there, it said, you will take command of the paroled prisoners in Camp Chase, organize, pay, and clothe them, and when that is done secure transportation, and with them go to Minnesota for the purpose of quieting the Indian outbreak in that state.[1]

[1] There is no record of the events to which I now proceed unless newspapers of the time be so accounted. The date I fix by reference to an order issued by General Wright, September 19th, directed to General Green Clay Smith, as follows: "General A. J. Smith has been appointed to succeed General Wallace in command of the forces near Covington and Newport, Kentucky. Make your reports to and receive orders from him."—*War Records*, series 1, vol. xvi., part ii., p. 529.

In reading the telegram I could hardly believe my eyes. It is needless to dwell, I think, upon the effect produced, or to say how sorely my pride was wounded. The good words showered upon me from all sides in connection with the siege of Cincinnati only intensified my disappointment and whetted the edge of the mortification. That the order was intended deliberately and with malice aforethought to put me to shame seemed glaringly plain. Not impossible there was a further intent behind it to drive me out of the army. Enough that I wrestled with myself all night before finally resolving to go to Columbus on the duty prescribed. As for fighting the Indians of Minnesota, I felt sure of discovering a way to avoid such an inglorious disposition of me. I also continued to believe firmly that it was in me to be useful in the larger field if my enemies would give me a chance; and if at the same time I acknowledge a quiet determination to retain my commission, if only to disappoint them, whosoever they might be, I think every one reading will excuse me.

My staff, I have pleasure in saying, were loyal to me, although in the going to Columbus there was much of the appearance of a retreat with colors crêped. The feeling was of that nature also. With everything of military property belonging to me, I took rooms in the Neal House, registering on a day next that of the receipt of General Halleck's order.

My intention being to despatch the business before me as quickly as possible, I spent a greater part of the first night in posting myself. My predecessor in the duty had left a provost-marshal behind him. Him I sent for—a smart gentleman, cynical and somewhat inclined to profanity.

"What's the situation in Camp Chase now?" I asked.

"There are five or six thousand men there, officers

and privates," was the reply. "The exact number nobody knows. It's a herd of men, not a camp. I've not been in it lately. My life-insurance policy expired a few months ago."

"Do you mean it is dangerous?"

"I don't like," said the captain, "to deal in the incredible, so I respectfully suggest that you form your own opinion after a personal inspection. This I will say, the people of the town here are scared; even the governor has been asking for more troops, mine being the only company."

"Against the camp?"

"Against the herd there."

"Why do you say 'herd'?"

"There are beasts there."

Gradually I got the officer into the details given in the commencement of this chapter. He advised me if I went to the camp to go with an escort.

"Escort? Of what?"

"Your staff and my company."

I also interviewed the landlord; and all he gave me corroborated the provost-marshal, particularly in that the city was in a state of alarm.

"What is it afraid of?" I asked him.

"Fire."

Next morning I mounted John, and, sworded and sashed, *en règle* in every particular, I betook myself to Camp Chase, my curiosity greatly excited.

Reaching the camp, I directed my horse to the quarters of some captains whose names I had secured the night before. My appearance was a signal for commotion. A hurried survey of the shacks shocked me. They were stained a rusty black; the windows were stuffed with old hats and caps; greasy blankets did duty for doors; the roofs were of plank, and in places planks

were gone, leaving gaping crevices to skylight the dismal interior.

The men came running together; and, if they were ready to mutiny, I knew wherefore.

The officers, whom I found readily, were genteel-looking and spoken. After informing them who I was, and my business, I told them to go out and get the entire camp into line, as I wished to address the men. It was probably an hour before, with other officers whom they had picked up, they returned to tell me of a line formed.

I got, then, into the saddle again. No man—I say it dogmatically—ever had a more sullen audience than that in front of which I drew rein. They permitted me to finish the sentence—that President Lincoln had heard of their sorrowful state and sent me to organize, pay, clothe, and put them into a new camp. Of duty in Minnesota I breathed not a word; yet instantly the semblance of a line went to pieces and resolved itself into a multitude that rolled around and walled me in.

Such a sight I had never seen or imagined—men long-haired and bushy-whiskered, their faces the color of green cheese; most of them without head-covering of any kind, or coats or shoes; some in dirty cotton drawers and wrapped in old blankets in lieu of shirts. Looking down upon them—God help me speak the truth—I could see vermin crawling over their unwashed bodies, while the smell with which the mass thickened the air about me is in my nostrils as I write, it was so pungent and peculiar.

The men, while shaking their clinched hands at me, kept vociferating something I had difficulty in understanding, the clamor was so furious. When at length I did make it out, it was of this tenor, with variations: "We've heard all that before. You're a liar. Get out! —get out!"

I tried to look cool; if I succeeded it was an imposition well practised. Some officers elbowed through the jam and exerted themselves to get a hearing. I think they saved me from a rush; although I was not without a resource, since the dash of a spur in John's flank would have sent him through the roaring wall like a thunderbolt.

The scene endured. At last there was a lull, and I got in a word. "You say you've heard what I tell you before; but not from me. I'm a new man, and demand that you hear me."

Then presently I got another opportunity, and finally a hush, which I thought from partial exhaustion. "Try me," I said. "If I fail my promise, then mob me. I'm coming out here every day."

Here one of the crowd shouted, "What do you want, anyhow?" A hundred voices took up the question.

"I want you to cut your hair, wash your faces, shave, and be the gentlemen you were when you enlisted. I want to put new uniforms on your backs. I want to take you out of this hell-hole into fresh tents. I want to put money in your pockets."

"What?—say that again," cried a man, raising his hand.

"I want to put money in your pockets," I shouted back.

"Ha, boys! That's new. The other fellows never said that."

"No," I made haste to say, "because they never had the authority. I have to say and do it."

"Tell us now what we have to do," said the same man, adding, "I've eighteen months' pay due me."

In a great hush, then, seeing my advantage, I told them in a few words what to do; that is, to organize themselves into companies, choose for officers any of

the captains and lieutenants in the camp, have them make out pay-rolls, and with them come to me at the state-house in the city, and in the great hall there I would see each one paid off to the last cent.

"Now, do you understand?" I asked.

"Yes—yes."

"Well, then, open a way for me out. I must get back to town. To-morrow I'll come again."

They made way for me civilly.

It is to be said now that while still of opinion that the order under which I was acting was intended to degrade me, I was glad of it; the wretched prisoners had my sympathy, and I determined to deal justly by them.

In town again, at the solicitation of a committee of citizens asking protection, I had the provost-marshal establish a mounted picket against the camp.

Next day, with Colonel Ross, I went back, and was surrounded as before, though noticeably with less noise and no menaces. The men were told at the close of the interview that I would wait for them in the capitol.

Two days then passed. On the third, one of the pickets came in to advise me of a company on the road to town. "So," I said to myself, "the leaven is working."

In my first evening in Columbus, a paymaster quartered in the city had informed me he had money in his safe. Without further question I jumped to the conclusion that it was for use in paying off the prisoners. Now I hurried Colonel Ross to request the major to bring his funds, set tables in the hall of the state-house, and have everything ready for the company upon its arrival. To my astonishment the major begged to be excused—the money, he said, was for another purpose specially.

Meantime the company arrived and was standing halt-

ed in front of the gate. A spasm of anxiety seized me; indeed, a live coal dropped between my coat collar and naked neck had not burned me worse. Everything depended upon prompt payment, now that a test delegation—so the presence at the gate was to be viewed—had come—everything, my personal honor included. I wrote a peremptory order to the paymaster, but with no better result. This made me desperate. I *must* have that money; so I ordered Colonel Ross to put the major under arrest, take the key of the safe from him, forcibly if he must, and bring the money. Ross was the man to do what I required, even to breaking the paymaster's neck; and this time he was successful. There were apologies and an explanation of surrender to force. I think I never breathed easier, and found more life in what I breathed, than when the company at the gate marched into the state-house, and, the rolls being accepted, payment went merrily on to the end; after which there was another march to the quartermaster's for clothing. One could hardly think these, in their new uniforms, the miserables so lately threatening to mob me.

The company was returned temporarily to Camp Chase. In my view, each with money to show—some of them had full two years' pay—was a missionary to his fellow-sufferers. Indeed, so confident of success did I then become that I ordered a new camp-site selected, and tents, white, sweet, and never before used, set up for the penitents. By the middle of the next week Camp Chase stood empty of all save its vermin and the recollections of misery endured there.

So far very good. But now it was necessary for me to tell the occupants of Camp Tod—the name is from recollection—that they were to be marched to Minnesota to fight Indians, a thing not one of them had

dreamed of when he enlisted. How would they receive the news?

I remembered, when telling the mob in Camp Chase that I wanted to put money in their pockets, a man had exclaimed:

"That suits me. I will go home."

The human nature in the outburst was plain, and, somehow accepting the idea as to what would happen, I quietly ordered things to bring it about; that is, I preferred they should go home; for, to be perfectly straightforward, my own soul was in rebellion against indignities not less than the proposed service. I felt assured, moreover, that the people of Minnesota were numerous and brave enough to take care of themselves. Cincinnati had just set them an example.

As a step preliminary to action in the matter, arms and equipments for five hundred men were taken out to Camp Tod. Then, giving its denizens a day or two in which to make comparison of the life there and in Camp Chase, I visited them. It was in the morning. Pretty soon the companies were assembled — as yet regiments had not been formed—and I spoke to them from the saddle.

They were told in bluff words what was ahead of them; that they were now, by order of Major-General Halleck, to take cars for Minnesota, where there was a rebellion of Indians that had to be suppressed. The sensation was positive. Men looked at one another in mute inquiry. One of them called out:

"What of the rebellion here?"

I told him it was not for us to ask questions, but to obey orders.

"We must have done with foolishness and get down to discipline," I said next, "as the Indians had not lost their cunning with rifle and scalping-knife."

Then Colonel Elston, acting assistant adjutant-general, read a table of hours of service that would have made Cæsar's oldest legionary berate the day he was born. I named an officer of the day and an officer of the guard, and ordered the necessary details for guard duty to report immediately, as I myself would superintend the mounting and establish the lines. Everything being ready, arms were issued; after which the camp was as securely locked in as any I had ever seen.

Now for the result. Next morning, before breakfast, a courier appeared at headquarters, still in the city, with a report. The guards were gone, he said; they had left their guns against trees and in fence corners, but not a man of them could be found.

This was wholesale desertion, and, to say truth, exactly what I had anticipated. I essayed a deal of virtuous indignation, and, calling for my horse, rode at his best gait to camp. There everybody was put into line, and I abused the deserters to the best of my ability, swearing in conclusion that discipline should be observed. To make the declaration good, I ordered the guard doubled, and set drill to going.

Here I think the story of Camp Tod may be cut short. So, briefly, the next morning brought me a repetition of incident—the guard was gone, leaving their arms and accoutrements. Again I had details doubled, with the same result—no old guard for turning off in the ceremony of mounting. And again the same—and again—and again, until at length there was nobody in Camp Tod except officers and a few sick men. The rest had taken trains at stations above or below Columbus, and, with money in their pockets and good clothes to disport, were hurrying homeward. In my opinion it would be unfair to classify them as ordinary deserters.

It remained for me to make report; and I did it to Secretary Stanton, advising that the absconded prisoners be let alone for a time. Such a course, I argued, would be economical to the government, while the payrolls rendered at Columbus, together with the original muster-rolls, would always serve to identify the individuals. If they failed to join their proper colors voluntarily, public opinion might be relied upon to drive them in, or they could be easily apprehended. The report and suggestions were approved by the secretary; upon which Camp Tod ceased to be, and I was again without orders or duty.

The excitement, anxiety, and hard work of the three or four weeks thus taken up were not without relief. Columbus was then, as it is now, noted for the culture and refinement of its society, and I was not allowed to become an anchorite. Of all the enjoyable hours, however, I recall none so delightful and perfectly to my taste as a series of entertainments given in the Opera House by Thomas Buchanan Read and James Murdoch, the actor. Their audiences were jams without standing-room. Loyal souls were they, making their genius tributary to sufferers in military hospitals. Their nightly receipts were small fortunes—yet they took nothing for their services, not even expenses. I was very happy to have them for my guests at the hotel, where Rogers, the sculptor, whose home was Italy, used to join us.

All gone now—all.

LXIV

Relieved of command—Appointed on the Buell Commission to preside—Donn Piatt—Benn Pitman—Buell—Proceedings of the commission—Report.

If I did not become an all-around soldier, it was not the fault of my superior in Washington. Out of his dislike I was next led into an entirely new experience. It came about in this way.

After Columbus, as I have said, I was out of duty; and, being again taken with the old longing to get back into the field, I determined to go down and see General Grant; possibly he might be prevailed upon to give me something to do. It struck me also as good strategy were I to set out before my bad angel at headquarters could devise an interference for me. I got as far as Cairo, Illinois, in my flight when a telegram overtook me; only this time it was from General Grant, informing me of an order in waiting at Cincinnati. Thither I went, of course, and the order read:

"(Special Orders, No. 356.)

"Headquarters of the Army, Adjt.-Gen.'s Office,
"Washington, *November* 20, 1862.

"1. A Military Commission will convene at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 27th instant to investigate and report upon the operations of the army under the command of Major-General D. C. Buell, U. S. Volunteers, in Kentucky and Tennessee.

"*Detail for the Commission.*—Major-General Lewis Wal-

lace, U. S. Volunteers; Major-General Edward O. C. Ord, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General Albin Schoepf, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General N. J. T. Danna, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General Daniel Tyler, U. S. Volunteers; Major Donn Piatt, Aide-de-Camp, Judge-Advocate, and Recorder.

"The Commission will adjourn from place to place as may be deemed advisable for the convenience of taking testimony and will report an opinion in the case.

"By command of Major-General Halleck.

"E. D. Townsend,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

The duty here prescribed was only a little less acceptable than field duty; this because it would be educational, and at its conclusion I should have been a student under three officers supposedly as proficient as any of the old army—Charles F. Smith, H. W. Halleck, and Don Carlos Buell.

My connection with Smith and Halleck has been dealt with; now Buell, having the privilege of defending himself before the commission, would become a professor with daily lectures giving the movements of his army and the reasons of them. Strange, indeed, did I fail to extract some wisdom from what was to be thus heard. In my capacity as president of the commission, moreover, it would always be in my power to have things rendered explicitly.

Then, it is not to be lost sight of that the presidency of such a commission carried with it more than a compliment; it was, in fact, a declaration on the part of the upper military authority, General Halleck included, of confidence in my capacity and a growing respect for me generally.

I do not propose giving much space to this episode, for such I regard it. One curious about its details will

find them in full in the *Records of the Rebellion*, series 1, vol. xvi., part i., where they occupy seven hundred and thirty-two closely printed pages.

The commission organized in Cincinnati, and began taking testimony there; after which it became peripatetic. From Cincinnati it adjourned to Louisville, and thence to Nashville; thence back again, finishing at Cincinnati, May 6, 1863. The months were months of daily session and continuous labor. I think the record will show me always present. Without the aid of a stenographer it had been endless.[1]

One of the members, General Schoepf, was released from the investigation in middle stage. With that exception the commission continued unchanged to the end.

Major Donn Piatt, the judge-advocate, was a versatile gentleman well known in his day as a wit of the humorous school. He gave us to understand at an early period of our sessions that we were "organized to convict"; meaning, as we took him, that Secretary Stanton and General Halleck were desirous of getting rid of General Buell, and had selected us to do the work. This we did not believe; but it left Major Piatt stripped of respect. In the language of the present day, the expression was a "break" on his part—a break, however, with result that every member of the commission was thereafter upon his guard.

Confronted by any other general officer of my acquaintance, the judge-advocate would have distinguished himself, for he had ability and showed it; but dealing with General Buell his strength was of the silk-floss variety. In the atmosphere of that cold nature humor could not live and wit was a plant too weak to flower.

[1] Mr. Benn Pitman, the father of American stenography, served the commission faithfully and ably.

General Buell's status before the commission was peculiar. There was no charge against him of any kind, not even of a failure in command. We were not to investigate him, but a series of operations conducted by him. We were not a court; he was not a defendant; yet the most extraordinary features of the whole proceeding were the use he made of his privileges of appearance before us, and the lawyer-like capacity he unexpectedly developed. His examinations of witnesses, cross and original, were masterful, his arguments brief and admirably worded, and he allowed nothing to divert or excite him.

Socially he had nothing to do with any of the commission. At table he and Mrs. Buell sat by themselves. Upon notice of a session begun, he would walk in and seat himself without a bow of recognition or a good-morning; upon adjournment, he would gather his papers together, tuck his sword under his arm, and exit, his chin a little elevated, his eyes studiously to the front. He never smiled or volunteered a remark not strictly *apropos* the business in hand. The labor he performed unassisted was prodigious. Indeed, the commission had not sat its first day through until I thought I knew the reason of his unpopularity, greater with officers than with the men—it was his manner, of the kind to beget belief that all human interest was dead within him, the sympathies included.

Having said so much, I must go further. Don Carlos Buell was a very capable general. As an example of what Jomini calls "Logistico, or the Practical Art of Moving Armies," the march of his three corps by as many roads from Louisville until the enemy struck him at Perryville was a feat of its kind unparalleled during the war—I came near saying unparalleled in any war. He was brave and laborious, and, despite accusations

to the contrary, loyal. On the latter point we held our commission open to all informers; no one was found to attack him under oath. Withal, however, he was either too cautious or too rigidly methodical to be great or successful in the hour of battle. Such is the lesson taught by his operations beginning with the movement from Corinth against Chattanooga and ending with the battle of Perryville.

With me, at least, interest in the work of the commission continued to the end. The subject of investigation, of course, had much to do with this; yet there was another feature scarcely less contributive—it was the number of men of military distinction called before us as witnesses. The names of some of them will illustrate my meaning: of generals, A. D. McCook, Thomas J. Wood, George H. Thomas, Lovell H. Rousseau, Gordon Granger, Thomas L. Crittenden, W. Sooy Smith; of colonels, W. H. Lytle, A. D. Streight, John T. Welder, John F. Miller, Daniel and Edward McCook, Robert Macfeely, Gustavus A. Wood, and George D. Wagner.[1]

I cannot now recall another commission or any military court assembled during the war honored with the presence of so many officers of distinction. Of them all—and afterwards they were all yet more distinguished—none made an impression upon me like General George H. Thomas. This was not merely because of his appearance, so suggestive of a majestic lion in repose; his calm, thoughtful manner had to do with it. To hear him was to concede that here was a soldier over whom conscience exercised control vastly greater than ambition.

The opinion reported by the commission was enclosed in a big pine store-box forwarded to Washington filled

[1] The commission tried to secure the personal attendance of General Halleck, but failed.

with the testimony taken. Afterwards a congressional committee called for the opinion, but it could not be found. Somebody had purloined it. Fortunately I had a copy with which the hiatus was filled; and as I wrote the paper, it may prove interesting, aside from its historic importance. It is as follows:

"Opinion of the Commission.

"The order convening the Commission requires it to investigate and report upon the operations of the army under the command of Major-General D. C. Buell in Kentucky and Tennessee. 'It further requires the Commission to report an opinion in the case.'

"Very early in its sessions the Commission resolved to direct its investigations to the following points:

"1st. The operations of Major-General Buell in Tennessee and Kentucky.

"2d. Suffering Kentucky to be invaded by rebels under General Bragg.

"3d. The failure to relieve Munfordville.

"4th. The battle of Perryville and conduct there.

"5th. Permitting the rebels to escape without loss from Kentucky.

"6th. Inquiry and report upon other matters touching military operations above specified as in the judgment of the Commission shall be beneficial to the service.

"The first point really comprehends all the rest; but convenience required such a division of the subject.

"The sixth point, it will be perceived, is general, and was made to cover such subjects as—

"1st. General Buell's loyalty, against which there is no evidence worthy of consideration.

"2d. General Buell's policy towards the inhabitants of disaffected districts into which his policy extended. This we find to have been what is familiarly known as the conciliatory policy. Whether good or bad in its effects, General Buell deserves neither blame nor applause for it, be-

cause it was at that time understood to be the policy of the government. At least he could violate no orders on the subject, because there were none.

"2. *Suffering Kentucky to be invaded by rebels under General Bragg.*

"We find that the rebels under Bragg concentrated at Chattanooga about the 22d of July, 1862, for the purpose of invading Kentucky. Prior to that, on the 11th day of June, General Buell, with his Army of the Ohio, was ordered by General Halleck to march against Chattanooga, and take it, with the ulterior object of dislodging Kirby Smith and his rebel force from East Tennessee. We are of the opinion that General Buell had force sufficient to accomplish the object if he could have marched promptly to Chattanooga. The plan of operation, however, prescribed by General Halleck, compelled General Buell to repair the Memphis & Charleston Railroad from Corinth to Decatur, and put it in running order as a line of supply during the advance. While that road proved of comparatively little service, the work forced such delays that a prompt march upon Chattanooga was impossible. The delays thus occasioned gave Bragg time to send a numerous cavalry force to operate against General Buell's lines of supply, which were unnecessarily long. So successful were the incursions of the cavalry that no opportunity was found, after the Memphis & Charleston Railroad was completed to Decatur, to concentrate enough of the Army of the Ohio to capture Chattanooga and execute the ulterior purpose of the expedition.

"The massing of the rebel force at Chattanooga compelled a relinquishment of the design against that place; after which General Buell was required to exert all his energies to prevent the recapture of Nashville and the invasion of Kentucky. This he could have done, in our opinion, by an early concentration of his army at Sparta, MacMinnville, or Murfreesborough, with a view to active

offensive operations against Bragg the moment he debouched from the Sequalchie Valley. Instead of that, he waited until the 5th of September before concentrating at Murfreesborough, from which he retired to Nashville, thereby allowing Bragg to cross the Cumberland River without interruption. The Commission cannot justify the falling back from Murfreesborough to Nashville, but is of opinion that it was General Buell's duty from that point to have attacked the rebel army before it crossed the Cumberland, and it is the belief that had that course been pursued Bragg would have been defeated.

"3. *The failure to relieve Munfordville.*

"In the relative movements of the armies of Generals Buell and Bragg, Munfordville was important on account of its railroad bridge over Green River and its natural strength as a position for battle. Bragg moved upon it by way of Glasgow, and, not anticipating great resistance, he despatched a column in advance of his main body to take it. The column was repulsed by the garrison on the 14th of September. Bragg then moved his whole army against the post. On the 17th of September it was justifiably surrendered. The order to hold Munfordville proceeded from General Wright, commanding the Department of the Ohio, of which Kentucky formed a part. It was given in expectation that General Buell would reach the place in time to save it. General Wright seems to have had no certain information upon which to base his expectations; at the time the order was given he only knew that both Bragg and General Buell were advancing towards it. Nor was there any undertaking on General Buell's part to relieve the garrison or any preconcert of action whatever respecting it. We are of opinion, therefore, that the orders given the commander of the post should have left him discretion to fight or retire according to circumstances. As it was, the order was to hold it to the last. Had not Bragg moved so quickly on Munford-

ville he would have been attacked at Glasgow by General Buell, who was moving to the attack when the surrender took place. Defeat of the rebels at Glasgow would, of course, have saved Munfordville. While General Buell was on the march to Munfordville he heard of its surrender. Relief was then too late.

"It is our opinion, therefore, that General Buell is not responsible for the capture of the town, except so far as his failure to attack Bragg south of the Cumberland River made him responsible for the consequences of that failure.

"4. *Battle of Perryville and conduct there.*

"General Buell left Louisville about the 1st of October with a force superior, in our judgment, not only to Bragg's army, but to the armies of Bragg and Kirby Smith united. His routes were well chosen and the advance of his columns admirably regulated. His immediate object was to attack the rebels and destroy them; failing in that, he was to drive them out of Kentucky.

"Engagement was expected at Bardstown, but Bragg sullenly retired towards Perryville, at which place it would seem from his orders and instructions to corps commanders General Buell next intended to attack him on the 9th of October. Positions for the formation of the line of battle were defined in those orders.

"Accordingly, on the morning of the 8th, Gilbert, with his corps, was in position in the centre; McCook, with his corps (less Sill's division), arrived on the left about nine o'clock, and Thomas, in command of the right wing (Crittenden's corps), reached position and reported his arrival to General Buell about noon.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy poured a heavy column of attack upon McCook, effecting, in our opinion, a partial surprise. The contest, however, was obstinate and bloody, and ended by nightfall, at which time McCook's right had been turned and driven back with serious loss. The duration of the battle was about five hours.

"There can be no question about its being the duty of somebody to assist McCook. As his right had been posted not exceeding three hundred yards from Gilbert's left, and as the severest fighting was on McCook's right, we cannot see why Gilbert did not reinforce him when so requested. He should have done it if for no other reason than because McCook's discomfiture exposed his own flank. Nothing but positive orders fixing and holding him in his position can justify his failure. If such there were, they have not been heard of in the testimony. Moreover, it is clear that all General Buell's orders were in preparation for attacking the next morning, not in anticipation of being attacked that day. In this latter event, therefore, the exercise of discretion could not have been improper if the action taken had been promptly reported to headquarters, particularly as General Buell was not on the field for instant consultation. As it was, assistance did not reach McCook until about dark.

"General Buell established his headquarters about two and a half miles from the front on the Springfield road. He was not on the field or along the line during the day, and had no intelligence of the attack on McCook until four o'clock in the evening. About two o'clock a heavy and furious cannonading was heard at his headquarters, and, coming out of his tent, he said, 'There is a great waste of powder over there,' and directed General Gilbert, who was with him at the time, to send an order to the front 'to stop that useless waste of powder.' It is clear to us that General Buell did not believe a battle was in progress, and that he supposed the firing heard was from some reconnoissance. On this point it is our opinion that he should either have been on the field in person ready for emergencies and advantages, or have taken, and required to be taken, every precaution for the instant transmission of intelligence to his headquarters. As he had an organized signal corps with his army, the failure was all the more culpable. And in this connection we are of the opinion that General McCook's failure to send up instant

notice of the attack upon him in force was equally culpable.

"We find that during the greater part of the attack on McCook, Gilbert's corps was unengaged, while Thomas's wing had not so much as a demonstration made against it. We have reason to believe, also, that all Bragg's army at Perryville at the time was flung upon McCook, and that his lines of retreat by way of Harrodsburg and Danville were so exposed that after four o'clock they could have been to a degree, if not entirely, cut off if Crittenden's corps had been vigorously pushed forward for the purpose. In our judgment the opportunity slipped through General Buell's absence from the field or on account of his ignorance of the condition of the battle. We are very sure that if he could have ordered supports to McCook at an earlier hour than he did order them, the attack would have been repulsed with less loss to himself and greater to the enemy.

"5. *Permitting the rebels to escape without loss from Kentucky.*

"It cannot be said that the rebels escaped without loss from Kentucky. Besides their killed and wounded at Perryville, they were compelled to destroy a large quantity of stores which had been collected at Camp Dick Robinson.

"The morning after the battle it was very early discovered that Bragg had retreated from his positions near Perryville, and that his army had for the most part gone in the direction of Harrodsburg. Leaving all his sick and wounded and some material at Harrodsburg, and being joined by Kirby Smith, he hastened across Dick's River to Camp Dick Robinson. There he destroyed and abandoned the stores mentioned and resumed his retreat. In these movements the march of his columns was hurried; that part of it from Perryville to the river was confused and disordered. Our opinion is that, if General Buell had taken up a vigorous pursuit as soon in the morning of the

9th as the retreat was discovered, the check received by the rebels at Perryville would have been turned into rout, with all its consequences. But the manner in which they were followed to Harrodsburg can hardly be called a pursuit. General Buell should have endeavored, by energetic movement of his whole army, to crush them somewhere between Perryville and Dick's River.

"From Camp Dick Robinson, Bragg had but two roads left him by which he could hope to escape from Kentucky. Dividing his forces at Crab Orchard, one portion of them could go out by way of Cumberland Gap, the other by way of Somerset. Had General Buell intercepted him on these lines, as we think he could have done, from either Perryville or Danville, Bragg would have been compelled to give battle, with the same results, we doubt not, as if he had been defeated before crossing Dick's River.

"The evidence establishes that General Buell received information on the night of the 11th that Bragg had crossed the river at Camp Dick Robinson; yet he made no determined movement with the main body of his army until twelve o'clock in the night of the 13th. From the morning of the 9th to the night of the 11th he waited to learn whether his enemy would cross the river; that being definitely known, he lost two days before taking any decisive action. Finally, on the night of the 13th, as stated, he started Crittenden's corps through Danville towards Crab Orchard. It was then too late; Bragg, with his column and all his train, had passed the point of interception. To this delay we are compelled to attribute the escape of the rebels from Kentucky.

"LEWIS WALLACE,
"Major-General and President of Commission."[1]

The opinion given received the unanimous affirmative vote of the commission. No amendment to it was offered.

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xvi., part i., p. 8.

Whoever reads it will notice that the failure of the operation against Chattanooga is actually laid to General Halleck, who tried to break the argument in that particular by an *Indorsement*[1] wholly without proof. Be the judgment upon this *Indorsement* what it may, it is a clew, I think, to the culprit who *lost* the opinion.

It is also to be said that the return of such a finding by the commission did not help me to favor in General Halleck's eyes.

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xvi., part i., p. 12.

LXV

Again relieved—Telegrams from Halleck in Cincinnati—Morgan's raid—Called to Morton's assistance—Sherman's letter to General Wallace—Sherman's conversation with Grant—Telegram to Secretary Stanton, declining to make speeches in the campaign, September 21, 1863.

AGAIN I was without occupation, and, after a few days to parting calls in Columbus, betook myself to Crawfordsville and the Kankakee River.

Weeks passed, the fairest of the year, during which my hope fed upon itself. They were weeks crowded with events.

Hooker, defeated, was back at Centreville on the defensive. Lee followed him, and was now across the Potomac, his eyes fixed greedily upon Washington. All in the land north shuddered. Where would the invasion stop? The governor of Pennsylvania, a good man, called to arms; but his people, too incredulous to be alarmed, heard him with indifference. Fifty thousand of them at length responded, and then he had not enough general officers. There was opportunity in the need.

Down in the Southwest, also, everybody seemed busy. Grant had his hand on the gate of Vicksburg. Grierson had returned from his great raid, declaring the Confederacy but a shell. Of battles there were new ones for inscription on the flags—Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills. My reports to Washington in the mean time were frequent. The authorities there knew

my whereabouts. In short, the situation in the field and somebody's personal hostility were too much for my patience. If only to be moving, I went to Cincinnati, resolved, if unable to get to Vicksburg, to tender my services to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. It might be he would take me. This was in the latter part of June, 1863.

At Cincinnati I had an impulse of prudence. Perhaps it would be better to get permission, whether the going were to Vicksburg or Harrisburg. So from the Burnet House I telegraphed General Halleck:

"Is there any objection to my visiting Vicksburg?"

I waited a week for a reply, and, getting none, again wired the general-in-chief:

"Receiving no prohibition, I infer your assent, and will go to Vicksburg to-morrow."

This brought a reply the same day.

"No, prohibition does not give assent. You are to await orders at Cincinnati, and will not leave that place without proper permission."

This did not quell me entirely. I was not forbidden to use the telegraph, so I forwarded the following to the same authority:

"I respectfully ask leave to tender my services to the governor of Pennsylvania."

Next day[1] I had reply:

"Your application to report to the governor of Pennsylvania has been submitted to the secretary of war, and is not granted.

"HENRY W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

[1] June 27th.

I was not only debarred from service at a time very perilous to the cause, but was a prisoner with Cincinnati as bounds. Realizing the predicament, I wrote General Halleck to allow me to return to Crawfordsville, and this he graciously accorded.

It is the unexpected that happens. John Morgan, the famous Confederate brigadier and rough-rider, conceived the idea of raiding Indiana. The project was in aid of General Bragg, sorely straitened down in Tennessee. The noise of an armed progress of the sort would be heard afar, and, besides stopping the stream of reinforcing regiments in constant pour from that state, it would also compel heavy detachments of veteran troops from the front. Such was the argument; and, while yielding to it, Bragg positively interdicted a passage of the enterprise beyond the Ohio River. Yet Morgan persisted, and on July 7th actually crossed the Ohio from Brandenburg, Kentucky.

Morgan, it has been said, was lured into Indiana by promises that the display of his flag there would be the signal of rebellion by a secret organization known as "Knights of the Golden Circle." [1]

If there was a grain of fact in the report, the conduct of the raiders ruined the programme. Hardly were they on Hoosier soil before they began plundering, burning, and killing. It availed nothing that a man was a Democrat or a Knight. Sympathy at once turned to

[1] Such an organization not only existed, but reached the danger-line in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Its members held meetings in the school-houses of my own country, and drilled openly. To overawe them, I brought the seven Home Guard companies to Crawfordsville and exercised them in regimental tactics. This was in the summer of 1863.

A reliable history of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," or "Sons of Liberty," as they were sometimes called, may be found in the report of William H. Terrill, Adjutant-General of Indiana, vol. i.

disgust, and presently to rage. The columns that formed to pursue the indiscriminating ravagers were compounded without regard to politics.

General Morgan also mistook the possibilities of success in his venture. He made no allowance for the fighting character of the people. Governor Morton's telegram of alarm and appeal reached every hamlet and farm-house in the state, and within forty-eight hours sixty-five thousand men responded, with arms, ready to take the field.[1] Save at Cincinnati the uprising was without parallel.

About July 9th a telegram from Governor Morton reached me while fishing on the Kankakee. It was very urgent in terms, asking me to hasten to Indianapolis; and, knowing from former experiences that such calls were served upon me only in red-hot emergencies, I pulled up everything and reported in person the morning of the 10th.

The consternation in the city was general; strange to say, however, it was greatest in the executive office. In fact, that was the only time I ever saw the governor manifest alarm. Telling me of the raid, its unexpectedness, and the lack of preparation to meet it, he spoke with flushed face and in a voice perceptibly unsteady. Nevertheless, the "frame of mind" had not weakened the extraordinary energy which was a part of his nature.

In the course of his explanation, he said: "Morgan has only to make haste, and nothing can save Indianapolis. Bad enough that; but it is not all. In camp here we have quite six thousand Confederate prisoners, and out in the arsenal a supply of arms and ammunition to make them instantly ready for the field. Add them

[1] Adjutant-General Terrill's *Report*, vol. i., p. 178.

to the six thousand veterans now with him, and Morgan can demoralize the state."

The reason of the governor's alarm was obvious.

"In the next place," he said, continuing, "Morgan has General John Love shut up in Vernon with about a thousand of the State Legion. Last night demand was made upon Love to surrender. Love answered by a counter-demand of surrender. Fighting may be going on now, and what I want of you is that you go to his assistance."

With that he gave me a telegram from Secretary Stanton, detailing me to help in defence of the state.[1]

"Very well," I said; "I am ready. General Love came to my aid at Cincinnati. What force can you give me?"

"About four regiments."

"When can they move?"

"This afternoon."

"Then I will go to the Madison depot and wait for them. Meantime, please order the necessary cars, and rations for three days."

He promised to do so, and I left him.

Major Pope, my chief commissary, met me at the depot, and was charged with getting rations for four regiments of five hundred men each.

If a fight were progressing, time was invaluable. Noon came, but no command. A little later the supplies were delivered. Then a train of unclean cattle-cars backed into the station for me. Four o'clock, and still no soldiers. I rode to see the governor, and a curious conversation ensued:

"Night is coming, governor. Where are the regiments?"

[1] The order had been on Governor Morton's request.

And he replied, "I find I can't get more than eleven hundred men for you."

"Only eleven hundred? Old soldiers or new?"

"New—very new."

I took the insufficiency in at a thought, and asked, earnestly, "Do you want me to take eleven hundred raw men to meet Morgan's six thousand veterans?"

"If I could get you more, I would."

A suspicion crossed my mind.

"Governor," I said, "you don't want me to fight Morgan."

He was silent.

"If Morgan sets his face towards Ohio," I persisted, "you would prefer to have him pushed through Indiana rapidly as possible?"

I remember the governor's answer distinctly: "I do not want him turned this way. We are not in condition to meet him."

"Well, everything is behind him now—Hobson, with his four thousand mounted men; Hughes and his militia, almost as many."

I went to a map on the wall and put my finger upon Osgood, saying, "If you wish Morgan stopped, this or hereabout is the place for me. I can reach it by rail before he can with his tired horses, and I will take chances holding it until Hobson and Hughes come up. Shall I go to Osgood or to Vernon?"

His reply I also remember almost in its very words, it was so diplomatic:

"The first necessity is the relief of General Love."

And I said: "I think I understand you, then. First, relieve Love; then push Morgan on into Ohio—the faster the better."

With that he allowed me to take my leave.

When I got back to the station the eleven hundred

were there; so were the supplies; but there was an extra trouble—the cars were so filthy that the men refused to enter them. Colonel Gregory, one of the commanders, happened to be an old soldier, and together we finally shamed the recalcitrants out of their disgust.

The train reached Columbus about ten o'clock in the night. I stopped there for the last preparation. Calling for axes, I had the plank on the left side of each car knocked off; if we were attacked, it was of the utmost importance that the companies should all debark on the same side of the train, whether they took to their heels or stayed to fight.

A locomotive was standing on the track in our front. While the axe-men were at work on the cars, I sent for the engineer, who proved to be one of my three-months men. I shook his hand warmly, and asked if he were willing to do me a favor.

"Yes," he said, "I'll go to hell, if you say so. Only tell me how to get there."

"That's too far for one night's journey," I said. "Just run your locomotive ahead of me to Vernon."

"I'll do it."

"All right; but remember this—if you run into the enemy give three quick whistles and open the throttle and let her sing, to make believe the whole state is coming. My train will keep about a mile behind you."

We kept slowly on through the night. There were with me, as volunteer aides, United States Senator Henry S. Lane and Professor John L. Campbell, of Wabash College. Every moment, as we went, I expected the three signals from the pilot ahead; so that altogether the ride was a spicy trial of nerve to my two staff-officers.

Dawn was turning the world gray as we rolled uninterruptedly into the little town of Vernon. The first man to meet me was my soldier friend, the engineer.

"No fight to-day," he called out. "He's gone. By this time he's fifteen miles away."

A great weight rolled off me.

"Gone, you say?"

"Yes."

"In what direction?"

"East."

I hastened to the telegraph-office, and, to relieve Governor Morton, wired him:

"Morgan did not attack Love. He is now miles away, going towards Ohio. I shall wait the arrival of Generals Love and Hughes. Together we can follow safely, pushing as we have opportunity."

To hope to overtake the wily raider with infantry was idle. Once, however, I had an impulse to get up with him, and telegraphed for permission to impress wagons with which to make a forced march of twenty-five miles. The governor declined the request, satisfying me that his gratification would be complete when he heard the enemy was being vigorously entertained in Ohio.

With General Hughes and his column I carried my command to Osgood, thence to Sunman's Station, a good point from which to repulse Morgan should he, foxlike, double on his track.

After various adventures, the invader was captured on the 26th near Salineville, Columbiana County, Ohio, within a few miles of the Pennsylvania border. He had but two hundred and fifty men of the thousands with which he crossed into Indiana from Brandenburg.

The raid was false in military principle. Without losing an hour to plunder people along the route, its leader should have dashed straight at Indianapolis. The arsenal and the army of prisoners in camp would

have enabled him to do the terrorizing in aid of Bragg down in Tennessee in which lay his sole justification. As it turned out, he lost everything. He had not genius for the venture.

This flurry over, I went back to my shelf. And still, though Governor Morton would call me to his help as often as emergencies arose and when something trying was to be done, and though I always responded promptly, he kept silent about that which was deepest in my heart—a command in the field suitable to my rank.

In August I wrote General Sherman. After congratulations, I asked him to give me some duty, stating if it were under him—he was yet my junior—I would be most happy.

I have his reply in the original, and keep it carefully, a very precious souvenir. My feeling is that it should be published, not merely because of the kindly expressions to me personally, but for the character it exposes. No successful man was ever less tainted with jealousy than he; and, aside from the common-sense marking every line in the paper, no one can read it without being impressed with the writer's devotion to the Cause, in him masterful over all else, even ambition.

"Headquarters Fifteenth Army Corps,
"Camp on the Big Black, Mississippi,
"*August* 27, 1863.

"*Major-General Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville, Indiana:*

"Dear General,—I was much gratified at the receipt of your letter of August 16th, and accept the tender you make of congratulations at the success which has marked our recent campaign. I assure you that I regret exceedingly that General Grant had not carried with him throughout his entire campaign the generals with which he opened it, and Donelson was as important a beginning as the capture of Vicksburg, the end of the great design.

"General Grant is now up the river, and when he returns I will endeavor to convey to him your proper expressions of confidence without in the least compromising your delicate sense of honor. I have reasons to know that the general esteems you as possessing as large a share of high soldierly qualities as would satisfy the ambition of most men, and that he would readily aid you to regain the high position you held in the estimation of the country. If I can aid you, it will afford me real pleasure.

"We have all made mistakes, and should be generous to each other. Some men possess one quality, others another; but all can be made to subserve a great whole. General Grant possesses in an eminent degree that peculiar and high attribute of using various men to produce a common result, and, now that his character is well established, we can easily subordinate ourselves to him, with the absolute assurance of serving the common cause of our country. For my part, I would be glad that every general officer should have an appropriate command, and that all should learn from our short military career that we can only gain a permanent fame by subordinating ourselves and our peculiar notions to that of the common commander. I will not say that you have not always done this, but I do think if I were you I would not press an inquiry into the old matter of the Crump's Landing and Shiloh march, but leave that till war is over. Subsequent events may sweep that into the forgotten of the past. I would advise that as soon as possible you regain command of a division, identify yourself with it, keep as quiet as possible, and trust to opportunity for a becoming sequel to the brilliant beginning you had. I think I appreciate the feelings of gentlemen such as you and many others of our general officers; but I do say that in war there can be but one solid foundation for a lasting fame. A single occasion can give a meteor-like reputation, but real, enduring fame can result [only?] from long, patient, hard labor, study, courage, and actual experience which can only be gained by continuous service with armies in the field.

"I do not think General Grant or any officer has any unkind feeling towards you. Some one or more may have been envious of your early and brilliant career, but, as I know you must be ambitious of more lasting and real fame, I feel that with the advice of unselfish friends that end is still within your reach. There are some of our generals (necessarily chosen in haste by a distracted government) that are consumed by a gnawing desire for fame and notoriety, who are miserable if any one achieves a little more than they, but I know you are not of that class. I believe you have a proper desire to be appreciated, but probably have been a little impatient at the slow process. But now that the public mind is toned down to a pitch that will admit of waiting for the natural developments of time, I think you, too, would be willing to fall into our slower school. I have been more frank than you probably expected, but I assure you that I will gladly serve you in the best way I know how, and that is in giving you my honest, unselfish advice. Avoid all controversies, bear patiently temporary reverses, get into current events as quick as possible, and hold your horses for the last home-stretch.

"The war is not yet over. The South has still a large army; and though we have made large inroads, yet her people have an ugly, keen, and desperate spirit, and we must not presume too much. For all real, hard-working, and self-sacrificing soldiers there is still a large future. If these my ideas approximate your convictions, it will afford me great satisfaction to assist you in regaining your true place among the young and conspicuous generals of the war. With respect, your friend,

"W. T. Sherman."

This letter, when studied, made a strong impression upon me — the more so as I recalled General Sherman's own trials at the beginning of the war; how as military governor of Kentucky he had been summarily removed and declared crazy; and, remembering the

patience he had shown, his endurance of wrong, his alacrity to accept subordinate service, I could not fail seeing he had practised all he now advised.

The advice not to engage in controversy could have but one reference. On account of the discovery of an injurious indorsement by General Grant upon my official report of the battle of Shiloh, I had, in March, asked a court of inquiry, which Secretary Stanton refused on the ground that enough officers of rank to constitute the court under the Regulations could not be spared from duty. In this I again found the inconveniency of my rank. However, the demand for inquiry was still pending, and, if conceded, would lead to controversy in which all the burning disputes incident to the battle of Shiloh must be opened, and settled at least collaterally.[1] As my witnesses were living, I did not fear the consequences to myself; at the same time, there were reasons to make the business repugnant to both General Grant and General Sherman, rendering my employment by either of them an instance of extraordinary if not impossible generosity. With this in mind, regardful also of General Sherman's advice, I now addressed a note to Secretary Stanton requesting him to suspend action in the matter of the court until further communication; giving as motive of the request the possibility of satisfying General Grant upon the points involved, together with a desire to save further trouble. "Meantime," it was added, "I hope you will consider me ready and anxious to go to *any* duty."

In a second letter, dated Memphis, October 9, 1863, General Sherman informed me that he and General Grant had "had a full and frank conversation."

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. x., part i., p. 189.

"I explained to him," wrote Sherman, "the manner in which you came to open the subject to me, and that I had assured you that he, General G., entertained no unkind feelings. He went over many things, and then explained that so many new and young men had command of divisions and brigades that it would be unjust to deprive them." Speaking for himself, Sherman says: "I feel such is the case with me. It is very hard work for me to provide commands for my generals. I have now one major-general without command, and Hurlbut could not give a command to Prentiss."

So the attempt to get back to duty through General Sherman failed. Nevertheless, the delicacy with which he imparted the result was not without a soothing effect, while the concluding paragraph of his last letter went to my sympathy. "I lost my little boy here," he says—"the first death I have experienced in my family, and have been more overwhelmed by the event than I supposed possible."

My state mentally may be imagined. I had cast my last throw. What next?

The condition was one in which it would be easy for an untoward circumstance to throw me off my balance; and that was what happened. I received a note from Governor Morton informing me that I was authorized to report to him, and requesting me to do so. How had this come about? Who had taken the liberty of seeking such authority without my knowledge? And for what? I pushed inquiry at the governor, and found him the man. He had sent a telegram to Secretary Stanton, September 18th:

"General Lew Wallace's orders require him to remain at Crawfordsville. I respectfully request that they may be modified so far as to allow him to speak at such places

in this state as I may select. He can be of great assistance to me and our Cause. Please answer to-day."[1]

Secretary Stanton replied the same day:

"General Lew Wallace is hereby authorized to report to you, and is at liberty to render you assistance in any part of the state."[2]

My experiences with Governor Morton were fresh; through him I had lost my division in the Army of the Tennessee; I had served him twice, volunteering in disregard of my rank; he had seen me in degradation months and months, and sat silent when he might have saved me at the expense of a word spoken. It was too much, and I broke out in a telegram:

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, *September* 21, 1863.

"*Hon. E. M. Stanton:*

"I never authorized anybody to apply to you to grant me permission to make speeches anywhere. The armies are moving, battles being fought. I am ashamed at being made to stay at home. How much more would I be ashamed to go about making speeches? For months past I have been your respectful beggar for duty in the field; I am so yet, and shall so continue. I decline reporting to Governor Morton.

"LEWIS WALLACE, Major-General."[3]

The secretary took offence at the telegram, and, though I subsequently apologized to him, I did not report to Governor Morton.

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxx., part iii., p. 722.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 738. *Ibid.*, p. 760.

LXVI

Given a command — Turning-point in military career — Interview with Lincoln—Stanton—Townsend—The Middle Department—Reverdy Johnson—Henry Winter Davis—Garrett—Baltimore—Military rule.

At last the long wait, the feverish impatience to be recognized and get to work, the mortifications in continuous series, the brutal trampling upon my pride came to an end. I was made glad by the receipt of an order which, as it marked a turning-point in the military part of my career, is given entire:

"(General Orders No. 97.)

"War Department, Adjutant-General's Office,
"Washington, *March* 12, 1864.

"1. Major-General Lewis Wallace, U. S. Volunteers, is assigned to the command of the Eighth Army Corps, and of the Middle Department, exclusive of Fort Delaware. . . .

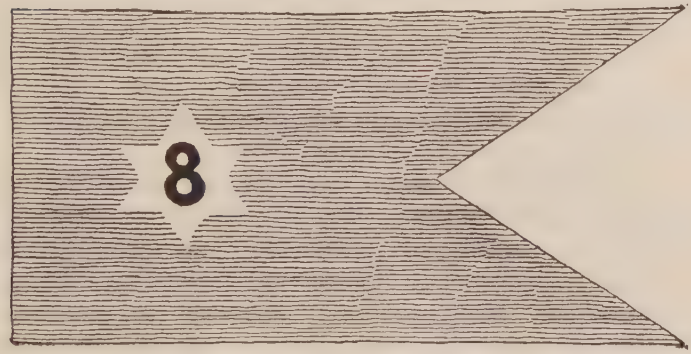
"E. D. Townsend,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."[1]

When at length I heard the particulars of how the order came about, I was all the more pleased. It was President Lincoln's own suggestion — good enough in itself. Then, when I heard that General Halleck had called upon the President, and in person protested against the assignment, there was an added sweetness

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxiii., p. 671.

to it so strong that my disappointment in not being sent to the field was at once and most agreeably allayed.

It is to be frankly admitted now that I was lamentably ignorant of the Middle Department, insomuch that I



FLAG OF THE EIGHTH ARMY CORPS

knew neither of what it was comprised nor where were its headquarters. And of the Eighth Army Corps, the shade covering the department lay in equal density over the corps. Fortunately, enlightenment upon these points lay in the War Office at Washington, and I hastened thither.

I made it my first duty in Washington to call upon President Lincoln and thank him for his kindness to me. Deeply and sincerely grateful, my expression of the feeling must have made an impression, for, coming near, he laid his large hand upon my shoulder and said, "I believed it right to give you a chance, Wallace."

I had not seen the President since the morning of the call, nearly two years before, when he told me he was about setting out for Harrison's Landing to keep McClellan from surrendering the army. Time and care had told upon him. His face was thinner and more

worn, and I thought the stoop he had brought with him from his home in Illinois more decided. Nevertheless, the smile with which he spoke and the certain indefinable cheeriness in his clear voice were winsome even more than ever, and they stayed with me. They are with me now.

He called me back from the door as I was going out.

"Ah, Wallace," he said, "I came near forgetting that there is an election nearly due over in Maryland, but don't *you* forget it. Good-bye."

Next I paid my respects to Secretary Stanton, whom I saw for the first time. When I passed into his office in the War Department unannounced, he was standing at a high desk writing. There were persons in waiting, some seated, some standing. The hush in the contracted chamber was chilling. One by one those in attendance were curtly dismissed; a performance on his part so illustrative of the secretary's manner, cold, sharp, blunt, decisive, not a moment of time lost, that the man's amazing unpopularity stood then and there explained to me. At the same time, I also saw how an intense desire to give himself to thought of great things thwarted by the continued demand of things small kept him in a state of incessant irritability—how responsibilities which he asked no man, not even Mr. Lincoln, to share, and anxieties that often embraced the whole continent had ruined a temper never of the sweetest. This much was certainly true—Mr. Stanton had not time to listen to argument or appeal, or to be amiable or courteous, and singular as it may seem, the mannerisms so offensive to the many actually made him indispensable to the President, who was his opposite in almost every point. These things I saw while in the office waiting my turn for the icy spraying of his reception. I saw them, and excused him. Grim and

insolent he might be; none the less in his abnegation of self, his indifference to applause—to everything in fact but duty, he was great, and I fell to admiring him.

The room cleared, he turned to me.

"You are—?"

"General Wallace," I said, when in front of him.

"What do you want?"

"To see you, and pay my respects."

"Well?"

"I am assigned to the Middle Department—"

"Oh yes, yes," he said, as if struck by a remembrance slow in coming, and measuring me from head to foot. "A moment—"

He rang a bell of such coarse note as to remind me of cows browsing in a Wabash River bottom. A man responded.

"Don't let anybody in."

The man bowed and withdrew.

"Come, let us sit down." And with that the secretary took me to a lounge upholstered in leather, shiny with wear.

"What do you know of the Middle Department?" he asked.

I caught sight of a massive head crowned plentifully with dark hair, clear eyes nearly black, a ruddy face whiskered long and in iron-gray; then, after putting the points away in memory, I answered him.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" he repeated.

"I am from the West."

"The department takes in Delaware, and all Maryland west to the Monocacy River, headquarters at Baltimore. You've been to Baltimore?"

"Only to pass through it."

He raised his eyes to a smoky corner of the room, and pinched his lower lip with thumb and first finger.[1]

"Well," he then said, "perhaps you will be better of knowing nobody in the city. You see, that department has been a grave-yard for commanders. Ben Butler was the first, and he lost reputation there. Schenck—Bob Schenck, of Ohio—you know him?"

"Not personally."

"Well, Schenck was the last commander, and it had been better for him had he stayed away. He is in the city now, and I advise you to see him. You have seen the President?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he tell you?"

"To come and see you."

"Was that all?"

"He also said there was an election nearly at hand in Maryland, and he did not want me to forget it."

"Nor must you." And with the words the secretary quit pinching his lip, while his face underwent a change. "It is this," he said, gravely. "The last Maryland legislature passed an act for an election looking to the abolition of slavery in the state by constitutional amendment. The President has set his heart on the abolition in that way; and mark, he don't want it to be said by anybody that the bayonet had anything to do with the election. He is a candidate for a second nomination. You understand?"

"I think so, sir. Anyhow, I want him renominated and elected."

"Have you a plan?"

"I never heard of the business before."

[1] In subsequent interviews I found this pinching a habit of the man, particularly when nonplussed.

"Well, then, it is kindness saying it will be your first trial."

He arose with that and tried the sonority of the bell; and understanding the interview ended, I departed. Stopping in the doorway to bow, I saw the secretary at the desk, his back to me. If he heard my "Good-day, sir," he made no reply, not even looking at me.

It was a point of interest to know exactly the relation that would obtain between me and the Eighth Army Corps under the order assigning me to its command. For that I waited upon Adjutant-General Townsend, acquaintance with whom was but a little less important than with Secretary Stanton. He received me cordially. "The corps," he said, "is in a fragmentary condition, serving here and there, and you will not be troubled looking after it." I remember his adding, significantly: "You may be glad that such is the case. Your hands will be full enough without it."

Thereupon I plied the general with a request, that he would look through the assistants in his office, and find one whom he could recommend to me for an adjutant-general.

"If, as everybody seems to think, I am going down to trouble," I said, "I don't want it with you."

He laughed, and replied, "That's well done! I'll find you the right man."

And he made his promise good, as will be noticed fully further on.

Secretary Stanton had advised me to see General Schenck, the late commander of the Middle Department, and I called upon him.

"I knew your father," he said. "In 1842, or about that time, I went over to Indiana and helped him stump his congressional district." Speaking then to the pur-

pose that brought me to him, he entered into the affairs of the department, and gave me his experience in dealing with them.

"You ought to have no difficulty in governing there. It is all under martial law, town and country—even the Chesapeake Bay. The only limitations upon your sway are here in Washington. That is, Mr. Stanton is chief dictator. You will do the pulling, he the driving; and in his capacity of driver he is unreasonable and often viciously cruel."

"But he can always be consulted in advance," I suggested.

"Yes, it would look so, but don't—never! He hates the bother of consultation, and never commits himself beforehand. The initiative in everything, according to his idea, is yours—that is what you are put in command for. It is his to approve or condemn; his custom is to wait until the business is in mid-operation; then, if he speaks at all, it is in the shape of a special order of revocation. His approval is in his silence. Ben Butler is the only man he fears. Butler can do the most atrocious things—steal or murder—and be let alone. Butler is down at Norfolk, and will be your near neighbor." The general stopped to laugh, and then explained, "I always think of old Ben as a cross-eyed cuttle-fish swimming about in waters of his own muddying."

In some of the points touched upon by General Schenck there was much to disquiet as well as interest me.

"Stanton aside," he said, "your troubles will have origin altogether in Baltimore."

"Not the 'Plug-Uglies' and 'Blood-Tubs'?" I asked.

"Oh no! They are all on our side now. You see, Baltimore viewed socially is peculiar. There is more

culture to the square block there than in Boston—actual culture. The questions of the war divided the old families, but I was never able to discover the dividing line. Did I put a heavy hand on one of the Secessionists, a delegation of influential Unionists at once hurried to the President, and begged the culprit off. The most unfortunate thing in connection with the department and its management is that it is only a pleasant morning jaunt by rail from Baltimore to Washington. There is another thing you should know without being left to find it out experimentally: Baltimore is headquarters for a traffic in supplies for the rebel armies, the extent of which is simply incredible. It is an industry the men have nothing to do with; they know better, and leave it entirely to the women, who are cunning beyond relief, and bold on account of their sex. They invent underground lines too many and too subtly chosen to be picked up by the shrewdest detectives. Then"—the general said this with a fervor that led me to suspect he was speaking from some bitter experience—"when the fair culprits are caught, what is to be done with them? The President always lets them off. They promise him not to do so again, and come away laughing at the 'Old Ape.' Yes, what are you to do? What can be done?"

So far so good. Yet there was another point about which I was extremely solicitous. From study of trial juries in court, I had learned the secret of the government of the many by the few, and had been in the habit of applying it generally. So here; who were the strong, influential men of Baltimore? On this question I quietly addressed myself to disinterested parties in Washington, and had no difficulty in reaching a conclusion. Mr. Reverdy Johnston, United States Senator from Maryland, and Henry Winter Davis, member of

Congress, ruled the loyalists of the city almost despotically. Under them, adjutants, so to speak, were Judge Bond and Mr. Stockett Mathews, the latter because of his persuasive eloquence. Above them all, however, was Mr. John Garrett, who to the presidency of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad superadded an unapproachable genius for business. His word was good in the White House, and even better in the War Office. Mr. Stanton leaned upon him, knowing his loyalty and extraordinary ability. These were the men whom it was essential for me to know and win, if I could. As to society, it was unnecessary for me to look beyond Madame Bonaparte, in whom I had assurances of finding a loyal and noble-minded woman perfectly acquainted with the notables of the city, and on that account capable of advising me wisely and well.

At the end of a week's fishing for information in Washington respecting my new venture, I had a stock of ideas very useful to me, if only as a basis of confidence. One thing, however, my advisers had all omitted in their mention—the strategic value of Baltimore in the general scheme of war — its military value. I bought a Rand & NcNally map of the United States, price fifteen cents, and attempted to satisfy myself on the point.

It took but a few minutes to reach a theory. Nothing could be plainer, it seemed to me, than that with Baltimore in the hands of an enemy there was an end to communication with Washington by land, whether from the north or west; because Baltimore was the meeting-place of the great railways, the Pennsylvania Central and the Baltimore & Ohio, without which the situation demanding haste, not a barrel of flour, not a company of infantry, not a gun could be rushed to the capital. In other words, Baltimore was the front gate

to Washington[1]—an idea, in my conception, definitive of the chief duty of a commander of the Middle Department. That is, if I held the city clear for the going and coming of troops and supplies, its social conditions and political government were but incidental issues, and there could be no just cause of complaint against me on the part of my military superiors.

With a feeling of readiness, I proceeded to Baltimore, taking rooms at the Eutaw House. Next day I called upon Brigadier-General Lockwood, temporarily in charge of the department, and, introducing myself, announced that I was prepared to relieve him of the command. From headquarters I then sent the following order to the newspapers for publication:

"(General Orders No. 16.)

"HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, *March* 22, 1864.

"In obedience to General Orders No. 97, War Department, adjutant-general's office, March 12, 1864, I hereby assume command of the Eighth Army Corps, and of the Middle Department, exclusive of Fort Delaware. . . . The department, as I am painfully aware, is crowded with perplexities, and for that reason I pray all good men residing in it to unite and give me their earnest support more for their own welfare than for mine.

"LEW WALLACE,
"Major-General U. S. Volunteers."

[1] It was upon this theory General Lee operated in his two campaigns north of the Potomac River. In both instances Washington was his ultimate object; but instead of driving straight at it, he moved primarily against Baltimore. See also *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxiii., p. 884.

LXVII

The election in Maryland—Formation of staff—Visit to the governor—Troops for the polls—Slavery abolished in Maryland by constitutional amendment—Letter from Henry Winter Davis.

"But don't *you* forget it"—thus President Lincoln.

And then Secretary Stanton—"It is kindness saying it will be your first trial."

The matter referred to so strenuously had not been allowed to go to sleep in my mind, and I looked into it the first thing. The secretary's terse description proved strictly correct—that is, the legislature of Maryland, by formal enactment, had provided for the holding of a general election, the issue being whether a convention should be called to amend the constitution of the state by a provision abolishing slavery. No mentor was needed to tell me why the affair was so alive in Mr. Lincoln's heart; nor, to say truth, was I unwilling to be identified with the business, my old indifference to the existence of the institution having long since gone the way of my Democracy, making urgency such as I had received wholly superfluous.

But the means to the righteous end! April 6th was the day set for the election—or, in Mr. Stanton's words, *of my first trial.* I had barely two weeks in which to operate. The discovery startled me.

That to be done had to be quickly—and I a stranger, and under hamper not to use the military. *That* restriction off, the work had been easy—but little more, in

fact, than a game of leap-frog. As it was, what could I do?

To decide, I must know more of the political status in the state than could be wrung from the newspapers. A private conference with two of the Republican leaders[1] disclosed that the densest secession counties were on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, and that elsewhere in the state the abolition sentiment was strong enough to take care of itself. To make sure, however, I gave General John R. Kenly, a most excellent gentleman and soldier, Maryland born, an escort of cavalry, and directed him to make a tour of both the shores, and report the conditions.

While waiting to hear from General Kenly, a gentleman appeared at headquarters with a letter of introduction from General Townsend, saying he had selected the bearer, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. Lawrence, to serve me as adjutant-general, and that I would find him competent, trustworthy, and companionable.

The relationship thus begun I remember as one of the most agreeable of my life. Of the colonel personally, he showed his office habits in his face, which lacked the tan of the field. Brown-eyed and dark-haired, he wore no beard. He was slender in person, and graceful, scrupulously neat, and owner of a countenance that avouched him honest instantly one observed him. He became my intimate friend, and is such to this day. To his consummate management of the routine affairs of my headquarters, I gladly admit a great indebtedness. Indeed, I am not sure but that whatever success I achieved at Baltimore was his due quite as much as mine. He is now living in New York.

[1] Judge Bond and Mr. Mathews.

The coming of Colonel Lawrence enabled me to complete my staff, and publish it.

Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. Lawrence, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lynde Catlin, Assistant Inspector-General.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Bliss, Quartermaster.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph G. Crane, Commissary of Subsistence.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Woolley, Fifth Indiana Cavalry, Provost-Marshal.

Major James R. Ross, Aide-de-Camp.[1]

Major William M. Este, Aide-de-Camp.

Major Henry Z. Hayner, additional Aide-de-Camp.

Captain Maxwell V. Z. Woodhull, Aide-de-Camp.

Captain Dickinson P. Thurston, Aide-de-Camp.

Major Josiah Simpson, Surgeon United States Army, Medical Director.

Major C. C. Cox, Surgeon United States Army, Medical Purveyor.

Major H. W. Wharton, United States Army, Commissary of Musters.

Second Lieutenant Charles L. Isaacs, United States Volunteers, Acting Ordnance Officer.[2]

With the exception of Lawrence, Ross, and Woolley, they were all inherited, as it were, from General Schenck.

The casting about I did in connection with the approaching election was incessant, the problem being to get a majority of delegates in the convention friendly to the abolition amendment without subjecting the national administration to a charge of military intervention.

As doubtless already observed by the reader, the

[1] Brevet-Colonel, James R. Ross.

[2] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxiii., p. 940.

affair was not merely important in itself, and in the view and desires of the higher authorities in Washington, it was also so urgent in point of time that I became nervous. And then occurred a circumstance so strange, and at the same time such an apt illustration of the submerging effect of war, civil war in especial, that my feeling is to accompany its mention with an earnest avowal of its truth.

In all the talk and discussions I had heard about my department and the states of which it was composed, no one had reminded me that there was a civil governor in residence at Annapolis named A. W. Bradford. I do not remember now who first referred to his existence, but I at once asked if he were loyal, and had for answer "Nobody knows." Further inquiry brought it out that none of my predecessors had paid the governor the smallest attention, not even calling upon him.

Here was a chance for me!

I summoned my entire staff, and bade them get ready all their war toggery, swords, sashes, chapeaux, epaulets, spurs; for I would wait upon his excellency, Governor Bradford, in Annapolis, taking a special train. Their presence was essential to the completeness of the visit.

In explanation now: on file in the office petitions had been found from voting precincts down the bay asking for troops on election day—all, of course, from Union men. Help? Yes, yes; unfortunately in every one of the documents I saw the prohibited bayonet in plain projection. What was to be done? Perhaps—and there was a whole world of relief in the thought—perhaps—possibly the governor might be a Union man, and then—well, I would go down and sound him.

We halted at the door of the executive office in the old state-house at Annapolis, and I sent the governor

my card inscribed somewhat impressively with my name and title, underwritten for the occasion with—"and staff."

There was surprise in the executive office when the card was delivered, followed by not a little excitement as we marched in. The arrival whisked through the building, and was of such electrical effect that before the introductions and hand-shaking were through a respectable audience had assembled. And why not? It had been a long time, they told me, since the shadows of the ancient room had been so disturbed by gold-fire and sword-clang.

The governor, a plain, farmer-like, undemonstrative person, held himself well under guard, as became a chief of one of the original colonies. I asked him, when the opportunity came round, for a few words in private, and, being led into an adjoining room, referred to the pending election, and gave him some of the petitions that had reached me praying for troops at the polls. After he had examined them, I put the interrogatory: "*If, fast as such petitions come to me, I send them properly indorsed to you, governor, what will you do with them?*"

Then I waited, doing my best to hide the intensity of interest I felt in his answer.

He took a moment, given, I think, to a form of reply.

"Mail all petitions of the kind to me," he said, with singular directness, "and I will return them to you with my official request that you send troops as prayed. The matter is really within my province, and I thank you for recognizing the fact." He added, presently, "I only want to make sure that the papers you forward to me are in good faith."

It is of easy inference now how the election went. Upon petitions, referred to the governor, troops were sent to every doubtful precinct in the state, *but always*

upon his written request. In most instances the sight of the "blue-coated hirelings" a mile away, so enraged the Secessionists they refused to go to the polls. In due time, of course, the convention was held, and slavery abolished by formal amendment of the constitution.[1]

That this success was appreciated will appear from acknowledgments. Here, for instance, is a letter from Henry Winter Davis, of whom I have already spoken. In Maryland the Republican leadership unquestionably belonged to him, and I knew President Lincoln was particularly anxious to propitiate him.

"*Thursday Evening.*

"My dear General,—I have the returns before me, and I cannot go to bed before thanking you for your sympathy and aid in the great cause over whose triumph you are so fortunate as to preside.

"It is now done; and Maryland will always remember that you did not allow the weight of the United States to be thrown in the scales of the slave power.

"Your name is associated forever with a cause more enduring than that of many a stricken field—that of free institutions and their consolidation forever.

"Now freedom in Maryland is sure, and you will be no longer troubled on this score. I trust all your anxieties will now be confined to dealing with *rebels*—we have no copperheads in Maryland—every one is a traitor or Unionist—and that soon the rebellion will be as prostrate everywhere as its *cause* is in Maryland.

"I should have called to pay my respects on Wednesday, but was too much hurried.

"You managed Bradford to a marvel. Bond and Sterling were delighted. When I am at home I hope to add my voice to the chorus of their eulogies.

"Sincerely yours,

"H. Winter Davis."

[1] As to the details of my management, see General Kenly's report.—*War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxiii., p. 826.

In the latter part of the month I received a visiting-card so small as to be slipped conveniently in a vest pocket, the vogue in that day. It contained a request.

> Will Gen. Wallace call
> and see me?
>
> A. LINCOLN.

The first train took me to Washington, and I hurried to the White House. The president received me most cordially.

"I sent for you," he said, "to say that I watched the boiling of the kettle over in Maryland, and I think you managed it beautifully. It was a good thing, that getting Governor Bradford between you and the enemy here in Congress. Winter Davis is happy over it. Keep right along now, and get Davis and the governor together. And—yes, yes—be fair, but whenever there is a doubt with a benefit in it, don't fail to give the benefit where it will do the most good. You'll do it, I know. That's a good fellow. Now go and see Stanton — or wait, and I will give you a note to him."

I transcribe the note, it is so characteristic:

"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
"WASHINGTON, *March* 31, 1864.

"*Hon. Secretary of War:*

"General Wallace has been with me, and I think he is getting along with the matter we wished to see him for very satisfactorily. It is a great point, which he seems to be effecting, to get Governor B. and Hon. H. W. D. together. I have told him to be fair, but to give the benefit of all

doubts to the emancipationists. Please confer with him, and add any suggestions that may occur to you.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."[1]

Mr. Stanton, when I delivered the note, shook my hand warmly, saying: "It was well done. They can't say now that *we* used the bayonet in the election. If the governor did, that's a different thing. Nobody will deny his right to use it."

[1] This note, together with one from President Garfield, and another from President Harrison, now hangs framed on the east wall of my study. Addressed to Mr. Stanton, it of course belonged to him; but as I was leaving, I asked him to give it to me, and he was pleased to do so.

LXVIII

Martial law in Baltimore—Women smugglers—An arrest—The punishment and its effects—Seizure of the Maryland Club-house, as a refuge for negro women—The slave girl—The fine.

From the election, thus satisfactorily disposed of, I turned next to the government of Baltimore.

I arranged a conference with the mayor—Swan, as now recollected—and had no trouble getting him to come to my suggestion. We agreed, in the first place, that the soldiery in the city, passing through or in permanent assignment, were to be regarded as a foreign element which it were best to leave under military control. Starting from that point, arrangement was simple.

Civil government continued with the mayor exactly as in time of peace. Then the guardianship of the city was divided between the regular chief of police and Colonel Woolley, my provost-marshal; the former exercising control from sunrise to sunset, and the latter from sunset to sunrise.

In every ward there were details of provost guardsmen in stations and forbidden the streets, but ready instantly to support the police. After sundown they issued from the stations, and all night long silently patrolled the streets.

Under this arrangement it was wonderful how well the peace of the city was kept—how safe all order-loving people were, whether in their houses or abroad. So much at least will be granted me, I think, by all who

have remembrance of the time; though in the claim I do not credit myself with the execution of the scheme—that belongs to Colonel Woolley and the chief of police, whose name I am sorry to have forgotten.

In a short time the administration of city affairs began running smoothly and quietly; but as the two or three exceptional incidents may afford some amusement, I will give them.

From what has been said, it would seem my friend, General Schenck, had found a disturbing element in the secession ladies of Baltimore, and in some way suffered from it. His description of them, and the emphasis with which he had dwelt upon their remarkable talent for mischief in general, I accepted as a warning, and stood upon my guard.

A measure in avoidance was slow coming, but it did come. In the unwinding of criminal conspiracies which engaged me in the years I had served society and the state as prosecuting attorney, I discovered the unwillingness and dislike, sometimes positive fear, with which persons moving in the execution of dangerous designs give their confidence, especially to such as might be opposed to them in interest. Acting upon this principle, I had a railing erected across the hall up-stairs of our headquarters, and at the gate of entrance posted Colonel Ross, the handsomest and best-mannered officer of my staff. The colonel's orders were to intercept all women asking to see the general commanding, and learn from them the nature of their business with him. Getting it, he was to report, and the general was to decide whether the visitor should be admitted; if she refused his request, the colonel was to turn her away.

For a short time Colonel Ross's duties were arduous indeed; he had arguments and quarrels, in instances he was threatened, yet he survived. At length his trouble

ceased. Women without business or with business of doubtful kind, generally for passes to cross the line south, quit coming to headquarters. Whereupon we congratulated ourselves. We were banned, but safe. I was not niggardly in my thanks to General Schenck.

Every one into whose hands these memoirs may fall will see almost of his own suggestion how necessary it was that, of the inhabitants of the city, I should know who were disloyal with more certainty even than who were loyal; of the latter there was nothing to fear, while of the former there was at least everything to suspect. We knew communication with the enemy across the line was unceasing; that interchange of news between Richmond and Baltimore was of daily occurrence; that there were routes, invisible to us, by which traffic in articles contraband of war was carried on with singular success, almost as a legitimate commerce—routes by water as well as by land. General Butler, at Norfolk, exerted himself to discover the traders operating by way of the Chesapeake Bay, but without success; with a like result I tried to unearth the landward lines. Captain Smith, my chief of detectives, a man of ability and zeal, at last brought me proof incontestable that Baltimore was but a way-side station of the nefarious commerce, the initial points of active transaction centring in Philadelphia.

As to Baltimore, this simplified our task, and shortly General Schenck's sagacity was again vindicated—those working in the prohibited business were ladies who moved in the upper circles of society.

Should I arrest the fair sympathizers? What was the use? The simple appearance of distress was enough with the president; and if that were so with a man in concernment, what would it be with a woman? In sight of the hopelessness of effort on my part, over

and over, again and again, in the night often as in the day, I took counsel of myself, "What can be done?" At last an answer came to me, and in a way no one could have dreamed—the purest of chances.

A woman in high standing socially alighted from a carriage at the Camden Street station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, carrying a mysterious-looking box. At the moment she was stepping into a car my chief of detectives arrested her. The box being opened, there, in velvet housings, lay a sword of costly pattern inscribed for presentation to Colonel ———, a guerilla officer of Confederate renown.

A commission was immediately ordered for the woman's trial. The sword and the inscription upon it were irrefutable proofs of guilt, and she was sent to a prison for females in Massachusetts. The affair was inexcusably gross, considering the condition of war—so much, I think, will be generally conceded—still, seeking the moral effect of the punishment alone, I specially requested the officials of the institution not to subject the offender to humiliation beyond the mere imprisonment. In a few days she was released and brought home. The sword I presented to Captain Smith.

The case, of course, gave forth a great noise; but thereafter, as I had hoped, the feminine sympathizers of the city ceased their troubling—at least, I never heard from them again.

Two other instances of tyranny may be mentioned, if only because much was sought against me in their account.

Directly that constitutional freedom in Maryland was proclaimed, the newly liberated, shaken off by many of their masters, and not knowing where to go or what else to do, toiled up in bewildered hundreds to Baltimore—men, women, and children. Their presence on

the streets made itself observed, and became a subject of complaint. The police stations filled with them, and presently the mayor invited me to help him; they were starving, and he had no funds with which to care for them. The situation, really extraordinary, called for prompt action, and I buckled to it heroically.

Inquest was first made of the asylums—city, county, and state, public and private — and finding no accommodations in them for the wretched strangers, I could see but one thing to do. The hubbub it would raise would reach to Washington; but there was nothing else in sight — nothing, at least, that I could see.

For a long time back—how long, I do not know—there had been in Baltimore a Maryland Club famous for its wealth, cuisine, liquors, and hospitality—this in ante-bellum days. The roar of the famous first gun at Sumter, however, entered its doors, and, dividing its members and patrons, it sank into a secession incubator. Such I found it. Unionists were not welcome there; far from that, I had repeated complaints of insult and discourtesy lodged with me from such of them as ventured to try it.

The club-house happened to be eligibly situated, conveniently arranged, handsomely furnished—all by report, since I had never set foot in it — and though in style somewhat antiquated within and without, it also suited the new demand upon the city better than any other I could find. The kitchen with its great cooking-range seemed especially desirable. In short, I took possession of the house, and, putting it in charge of an officer of my own selection, before the week was out four or five hundred negro women refugees, with their children, were in enjoyment of its luxurious shelter—

women, be it observed—only women unable to go out and, like the men, seek employment.[1]

The audacity of this proceeding must be admitted. It was a rude invasion of what in the estimation of every disloyal gentleman habituated to the privileges of the club was a social sanctuary; and how many of their associates, Union in profession, would share their view of the action might not be anticipated. I was called to Washington to explain. Enough, I think, that my command remained to me, while my Freedmen's Bureau went on without interruption. Of such in Maryland as still bear me ill will, I beg pardon. After so many years it may be possible to get them to look at the necessities of the situation in which I was placed. That any of them can be brought to see the charity to which their property so practically contributed may be doubted.

As this incident had connection with the old institution so wisely voted out of existence in Maryland, so did the second. Besides the interest the latter may excite, it will be serviceable as an illustration of the brutality slavery made possible. *Made possible*, I say; for I would not in any manner fortify the idea sought to be conveyed that all owners of slaves were monsters of cruelty and wrong.

The ratification of the new constitution was not only bitterly opposed; some of the late owners resorted to various schemes to get round the prohibition after its formal proclamation. Indeed, so persistent were they that in November I was driven to the issuance of an

[1] This was about the time General Howard founded his Freedmen's Bureau in Washington. Whether mine was set up before his I cannot say; I rather think it was. I am sure mine was in operation considerably prior to the completion of the buildings Congress voted him for his use. Mr. Lossing, in his *Civil War in America*, credits me with the priority.

order by which all persons within the limits of the Middle Department theretofore slaves were taken under special military protection.

Among the recent chattels in the Baltimore Freedmen's Bureau, formerly the Maryland Club-house, converted, there was one from Anne Arundel County, a handsome mulatto girl not more than nineteen, named Maggy, or Margaret, Toogood. The owner—I am sorry to have forgotten his name—followed her to the city, and, to repossess himself, charged the poor creature with larceny; upon the strength of which he was allowed to carry her back to his plantation, ostensibly to hold her for prosecution. He then dismissed the legal proceeding; whereupon the girl was, to all intents, again his slave. To keep her securely, he went to a country blacksmith in the vicinity and got him to make a chain and fit it around her neck, secured permanently by a lock of peculiar construction, impossible of opening except by the key, its special complement.

This story, I grant, sounds incredible; but often as I incline to doubt it, the identical chain, less only the key of the lock, is upon the mantel in my house, a lasting and horrible reminder of how I came to be possessed of it.

It was in this way: I heard of the girl's condition, and sent some cavalry to bring her and her master to me. The scene when the two were produced in my headquarters equalled anything of the kind in *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* for it was an actuality beyond taint of fancy, an actuality of occurrence under my eyes, and, like all *facts*, above gainsaying. He throughout was defiant and ugly, and stood loud of tongue upon what he termed his legal rights.

The first thing was to take the chain off. To do that the girl had to be sent to a blacksmith's shop. Upon

the return I took the chain. It was of nine links, each two and a half inches long, and rough from the forge. In length it covered seventeen inches, and, with the lock, weighed about four pounds. This badge of servitude, with nothing between it and the skin of the woman, she had worn night and day for full seven weeks, until the skin at the back of the neck and over the collar-bones became callous. Let one give a minute to imagining the torture inflicted and endured.

What did I do?

Well, gentle reader, I do not think I did too much.

The girl I sent back to the Bureau. Of the man I asked, "You own the plantation you live on?"

"Yes," he said.

"Very good. Now you must pay five hundred dollars to Colonel Crane, of my staff, in trust for this girl. The colonel is a bonded officer, responsible for the money, and for its right application. And you must provide for the payment before you leave my office."

The man, in a white heat, sprang up and swore roundly he would not.

The case was not one to admit of argument.

"We will see." And to Colonel Woolley, I said, "Take this person to the city jail, and have him kept there until he has changed his mind."

The master answered, loudly, "I will rot before I pay a dollar."

"And, colonel," I subjoined, "see he is kept at hard labor."

About two weeks afterwards a note was brought me from the prisoner, respectfully worded, and saying he was willing to pay the money as directed.

And it was paid.

Flattering myself now that enough has been given to enable those of the present generation to understand

the business of the department, and how it was carried on, I will stop for a short chapter of acknowledgments, then go to incidents entirely different in character and of much greater importance—all, however, of occurrence while I was yet in command.

LXIX

Social life in Baltimore—Madame Bonaparte---The Bonaparte room —The bust of Napoleon.

It may have been observed that nothing is said in the preceding chapters about my social relations while in the military governorship of Baltimore. So I stop a moment to protest against allowing it to go to inference that I was an exception to the hospitable rule of the city. The attentions received, while offered more frequently than time would permit me to accept, were, it is true, from the loyal class altogether. It would have been strange indeed had I looked for courtesies from the other class, who naturally regarded me as their enemy, and still stranger had I courted them. I went about the streets on foot unarmed and unattended at all hours of the day; yet in no instance was I subjected to insult or incivility; a circumstance to be taken, I think, as an admission that they knew I was doing my best to take care of such of them as acknowledged the situation by behaving themselves—and they were of the many.

I would not be invidious; still, while on the social theme, there were those whose entertainments live in my memory with singular distinctness. Among them were the Shoemakers, about whom all the conditions were such as to enable them to excel in the amenities for which some persons have undoubtedly a genius denied to others. The day was also that of John P. Kennedy, whom it is as little possible for Baltimoreans

to forget as the giver of good dinners and a perfect host generally as that he wrote "Horse Shoe Robinson" and had been a member of a presidential cabinet. Then it were most unpardonable if, in this hour of acknowledgment long delayed, I passed Madame Bonaparte in silence. She was not merely devoted to the Union, but wondrous wise in her devotion. Her goodness to me was remarkable for its motherliness. She knew the difficulties of the department, yet had a genuine concern that I should succeed in its management. This I was at a loss to understand until one day she told me, with tears in her eyes, that I kept her reminded of her boy Jerome, in Paris, attending the emperor. It is often difficult distinguishing between maternal love and maternal ambition; nevertheless, I thought she meant by the remark to express a preference that he, a soldier graduated at West Point, and who had brought out of the Crimean War a record unusually brilliant, should be at home bearing his part in this war, far greater in battles and proportionately richer in glory.

In the Bonaparte mansion there was a room—I suppose it is still maintained—set apart specially for relics of the great Napoleon — a kind of gallery rich with medallions, prints, wood-cuts, and pictures of the Conqueror and his family, giving him to be seen in all epochs of his wonderful life from baby to master of Europe. Among the marbles I call to mind a bust of him. Upon his setting-out for Egypt it will be remembered he took with him a corps of savans and artists, the chosen of France. One of the latter, a young man, modelled Napoleon. This was in Cairo, during the campaign against the Mamelukes. With his own hand he carved it, and died. The bust was lost many years, but eventually discovered and brought to Paris, where it was once copied, this one being that copy. It repre-

sented the subject in the uniform of the period, laced and braided, and collared so stiff and high it must have been inconvenient if not torturous. Above the collar shone the head and face—the head bare, and with hair long and not parted, but docked squarely across the forehead; the face thin and beardless, with hollow cheeks, the nose of a hawk, the chin of a despot, the eyes sunken and dreamy, gazing at things afar and yet to come—eyes that fixed a beholder exactly as the Sphinx must have fixed him, inspiring thoughts of the insolvable, like destiny. Standing before it, one found himself asking, "How much of the man was preternatural? How far through the future is he seeing? Can it be that across the fields of Austerlitz and Wagram he has caught sight of Moscow, and Leipsic, and the final horror—Waterloo?"

I doubt if any one ever stood before that bust with a livelier appreciation of the privilege than possessed me; and my gratitude to Madame Bonaparte was measured by the appreciation. "Will General Bonaparte see me to-day?" I would ask her. Whereupon she would show me to the sanctuary and say, with a gracious smile, "He will see you alone." And therewith she would retire.

As it was possible to be more than comfortable at the Eutaw House, my wife came up to pass the time with me, bringing our little boy. I bought a pony for him; and he rode with me daily, making me very proud to see how naturally the handsome lad took to the saddle, and how well he became it.

LXX

The invasion of Maryland — John W. Garrett — The situation — Hunter's movements — Washington exposed — The Shenandoah Valley — General Grant — Halleck — General Wallace leaves Baltimore for the front — Disposition of his command.

THE incident now reached will be conceded, I think, to have been the most trying, and, in point of service rendered, the most important of my life. It was a battle—and more, a battle given upon my own judgment and responsibility, without an order from any of my superiors or their knowledge. Such being the case, an anxiety to have it thoroughly understood is but natural; and with that object I will presume to treat it circumstantially, omitting no essential detail. By so doing, moreover, my obligations to the brave men living and dead who bore the brunt with me, and intelligently accepted the hazards while, like myself, hopeless of victory, will be more completely discharged.

The First Warning

About July 2, 1864, Mr. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, called at my headquarters in the city. I had come to admire him very much, and, knowing him to have little time for mere sociability, always received his calls as significant of important business, bracing myself accordingly. On this occasion he told me his agents at stations between Cumberland and Harper's Ferry had notified him of

the appearance of detachments of Confederate troops, and as such appearances theretofore had been precursors of serious operations in the Shenandoah Valley, he anticipated trouble.

"You know," he said, "there are no troops at Washington—at least not much more than enough to enable General Auger to keep the peace in the city?"

As he spoke interrogatively, I answered, "Yes, there are tremendous fortifications about the place, with only a few post-guards to take care of them."

"Well," he continued, "I have apprehensions, and they have set me to thinking. Now, why can't you and General Auger unite in looking after the district of country between Harper's Ferry and Monocacy Junction?"

"That is not badly thought, Mr. Garrett; but," I said, "there are two things that make it impossible for me to be voluntarily a party to the scheme. First, I have no cavalry, and, in the next place, the Monocacy River is the western limit of my department. All beyond it belongs to General Hunter, and I wouldn't like to provoke the monster of military jealousy. You know it is just as green-eyed with us to-day as it used to be with the Greeks before Troy."

Discussion followed, of course, and as I saw how greatly he was concerned by the threatened danger to his road, as well as the exposure of Washington, I was led, towards the close of the interview, into making him a promise.

"It is very clear," I said, "that your iron bridge over the river at the Monocacy Junction is essential to communication with Harper's Ferry, and as I have a block-house, with two guns in it, on the eastern bank covering the bridge, I will assume guardianship of the structure from my end of it to the other. You may

take with you my promise—the bridge shall not be disturbed without a fight. Only keep me posted that I may get there in time."

This was spoken lightly, for I had not the faintest idea of ever being called on to make the undertaking good. Possibly he knew more than he was pleased to disclose to me.

Mr. Garrett's seriousness impressed me. He had apprehensions, he said. Of what was he apprehensive? Why his anxiety to have the country between Harper's Ferry and Monocacy Junction cared for so particularly? The iron bridge over the Monocacy was an expensive structure, certainly; but my block-house covered it, and I had two companies of infantry in the house, with two guns, one of them a twenty-four-pounder howitzer. He knew that. Then my conjecture took a broader range, turning upon his remark about the nakedness of Washington. Could Washington be in danger? How —and from whom? I brought out the map, my usual resource when assailed by the otherwise unintelligible, as in this case, and, by conning the situation, tried to draw out and study the threatening possibilities, if such really existed.

The Situation

To Mr. Garrett, speaking of the defences of Washington, I had used the word *tremendous*, and the sound of it in the ear of a reader of the present day may seem a gross exaggeration. But let us see.

In 1864 my knowledge of the fortifications of the city was general, but by no means of the true approximate. One beautiful day in the preceding year I had undertaken, in company with a military friend, to make the grand round of the forts and accessory works comprising the system which, for a good reason, was not to be

studied from published maps. We put our horses on a ferryboat, and, landing at Alexandria, began with Fort Lyons. Noon overtook us at Fort Allen, the grim guardian of the chain-bridge across the Potomac above Georgetown. There we had accomplished about one-third of the proposed journey, and, being hungry, concluded we had seen enough. So we quit and adjourned for oysters and coffee.

These works, in comparison with which those of Richmond were the merest castle-building of children, were held, according to the outside information at the time—mine in common with the public—by not to exceed eight or nine thousand uninstructed men; while in Washington and Georgetown, quartered here and there, the same uncertain *on dit* allowed about as many more, of whom a majority were invalids and convalescents. That is to say, eight or nine thousand inefficients were in the works proper, ready upon alarm to take to the guns and do the duty of forty thousand trained specialists, supported by a medley so half-pledged and shadowy as to be a delusion and snare to everybody not an enemy.

Washington, seriously menaced, was incapable of self-defence—that much was clear.[1]

I looked next for what of protection for the city there might be outlying in the direction of Richmond. The first thing to challenge observation there was the De-

[1] In 1871 General J. G. Barnard, colonel of engineers, to whom the system of defences under consideration was due, published an official report from which I extract figures worth noting in connection with the text.

In the whole system, he says, there were 53 forts and 22 batteries, all within a perimeter of 37 miles. The armament mounted was 643 guns and 73 mortars. For all this there were required 25,000 infantrymen and 9000 artillerists, with 3000 cavalry for outpost duty —37,000 in all.

partment of West Virginia, General David Hunter commanding. After relieving General Franz Sigel, formerly in charge, General Hunter had assembled the troops, forty thousand and more—all, in fact, but about ten thousand — and gone off campaigning against Lynchburg, far down in the southwestern region of old Virginia. And of the ten thousand left him with which to keep the railroad between Harper's Ferry and Cumberland intact, Sigel could put into line not more than six thousand effectives. Or in simplest words, there were in observation in the Shenandoah Valley barely six thousand troops available for the defence of Washington.

But Hunter—where was he? He had set out in his grand campaign in the latter part of May; and here it was July. I had heard of him victorious at Piedmont; then at Lexington, where he burned the famous Military Institute; then at Lynchburg, victorious again. After that, nothing. Leaving me assured of but one thing of pertinency to my inquest—the probabilities were he was not where he could help should the enemy move against Washington in force.

I saw then why Mr. Garrett was apprehensive. All the gateways of the Shenandoah Valley—its roads, passes, gaps—were standing wide open, with Washington exposed, its very nakedness inviting attack. I saw the situation with shuddering distinctness. What an opportunity for General Lee! In sight of two hopes—*chances* would probably be the better term—I presently quieted down. First, Lee, absorbed in defending Richmond, and put to about all he knew, might not see the opportunity. Or, if he saw it, there was an accounting to be had with General Grant.

This latter remark needs explanation; and I give it the more willingly because it enables me to submit one of the highest and most incontestable proofs of what I

consider the now thoroughly developed practical genius for war possessed by General Grant.

Few things in connection with the struggle of the Rebellion are better known than President Lincoln's persistent objection always sturdily urged against any and every line of offensive operation the prosecution of which might subject Washington to a possible counter-attack. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, all willingly or unwillingly yielded to the protest. Then Grant came, and the objection was mysteriously dropped, leaving it to be said that the good president had met a superior personality and succumbed to it.

This I happen to know was signally unjust to both the men. The fact was, General Grant explained his scheme of operation to Mr. Lincoln. Setting out from Washington direct, if he found the effort too costly, he would change base to City Point, on the James River, moving by his left flank. Such a change would uncover Washington; that was foreseen, and provided for in this manner: the Shenandoah Valley being the only route by which the enemy could come from the south against the city, a force would be left in observation there. Instantly upon report of danger, relief could be drawn from City Point; for which transports sufficient to carry an army, if such were the need, would be kept under banked fires ready for quick movement. Thirty-six or forty hours being ample to make the passage, it was argued that the enemy having to go afoot would stand but small chance in a race.

The scheme presented an excellent showing. Its one weakness lay in getting timely notice of peril; and out of that grew the assignment of General Halleck, chief of staff, with headquarters in Washington. As trusted sentinel upon a high tower, General Halleck was to keep General Grant advised of the military situa-

tion generally, and of that of Washington in especial. The plan was approved by Lincoln; insomuch that subsequently he permitted the assemblage in and about City Point of the bulk of the armies east.

Knowing all this, and believing that Sigel, with outpost at Winchester, if not farther up the Shenandoah Valley, would hasten to wire General Halleck of the appearance of an enemy in force, and that Halleck in turn would be as quick to speed the alarm to General Grant, I tried to dismiss the matter. Possibly, in great anxiety for the safety of his railroad, Mr. Garrett might have been unnecessarily excited. In this effort to get the troublesome subject out of mind the reflection most helpful to the result sought was that being so far behind the front, shift as it might, it was not at all likely to reach and involve me or my department.

The Second Warning

Next morning, the 3d, I was at my desk earlier than usual. Calling Colonel Lawrence in, I asked if he had any news of the whereabouts of General Hunter. He had none, he said, unless newspaper rumors could be called news.

"What of them?" I inquired.

"Only that General Hunter had crossed into the Kanawha Valley."

Spreading the map out—"See here," I said. "Hunter in the Kanawha Valley means the Shenandoah Valley open clear down to Winchester; if so, what shall hinder General Lee from drawing large detachments from General Grant by threatening Washington or seriously attempting its capture?"

"Nothing," the colonel replied. "Nothing, if he sees the opportunity."

And to that I returned: "He is reckoned among the

great soldiers, and it will not do to count upon his not seeing the opportunity. Besides," I added, "I think Mr. Garrett believes there is a Confederate force coming this way now."

Then I told the colonel of the interview with Mr. Garrett, and asked, "What do you say?"

"Mr. Garrett is a serious man," he replied.

"Well, colonel, I have come early to go over the returns with you analytically and carefully, to see what troops the department can spare if demand is made upon me. I would like to be ready."

The task we then assumed was not an easy one. All Maryland from the Monocacy River to the Chesapeake Bay, and beyond to the sea, with Delaware, made a comprehensive charge, to keep which the small total of troops left me by General Grant was many times divided and widely distributed.[1] And what might be taken had to be without exposure of the localities the commands were holding. In fine, the operation was like gleaning in a lean field a second and third time. It took us till noon; and when we were through, the following was the best we could do:

Third Regiment, Maryland, Potomac Home Brigade, Colonel Charles Gilpin; Eleventh Maryland Infantry, Colonel Landstreet; seven companies of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Ohio National Guard, Colonel Allison L. Brown, and three companies of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth Ohio National Guard, to be temporarily consolidated under Colonel Brown; four companies of the First Regiment, Maryland, Potomac Home Brigade, Captain Brown; Maryland Battery, Captain Alexander.

[1] A reader curious to learn exactly of what my command consisted at this time is referred to *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 573.

Small as this force was, it is to be remarked that the Eleventh Maryland and all the Ohio men were "hundred days'" troops, and that the whole thus selected did not exceed in number twenty-three hundred effectives.

Returning to the office promptly after dinner, I was met by Colonel Lawrence at the head of the stairs.

"Here," he said, "what do you think of this?"

He showed excitement—something unusual with him. Taking the telegram he offered, I read:

"MARTINSBURG, *July* 4, 1864.

"*General Lew Wallace, Baltimore, Maryland:*

"I have reports of an advance of the enemy in force down the Shenandoah Valley. His advance is at Winchester. F. SIGEL, Major-General."

"This looks as if we had work ahead of us, colonel. The notice is timely, at least, and I will act on it."

With that I took the colonel into my office, and we made rough draughts of orders as follows:

"*To General John R. Kenly, Commanding the Third Separate Brigade:*

"Get and hold seven companies of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Ohio ready for instant movement. Also Alexander's battery."

"*To General E. B. Tyler, at the Relay House, Commanding the First Separate Brigade:*

"Hold your entire command in readiness to move, with three days' rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition to the man."

To Colonel Root, at Annapolis, a like order respecting six companies of Ohio militia and Company I, First Eastern Shore Maryland Volunteers.

The same day, upon second thought, I wired General Tyler to proceed in person to Monocacy Junction, taking his entire command, reserving only enough of the Eleventh Maryland (ordered to report to him) as would suffice to replace the Third Maryland withdrawn from the Relay House. The command he was to drop at Monrovia, a village a few miles east of the Monocacy Junction, with exception of two companies with which he was to reinforce the two companies already in the block-house at the Junction, and assist in construction of rifle-pits, and insuring a protracted resistance in case of attack. If the post were attacked, and a successful resistance possible by the force at Monrovia, he was to order to the Junction; if the force were insufficient, he being the judge, he was not to take any risk there, but retire in the direction of the Relay House on the Baltimore pike. From the Junction he was to send out scouts and do what he could in obtaining information of the enemy.

General Tyler took train in the night of July 3d, and dropping his men at Monrovia, reached Monocacy Junction with the two reinforcing companies; after which there was nothing for me to do but await developments.

The second warning was not lost upon me.

The March of Events

Next day (the 4th) I telegraphed General Halleck:

"I have concentrated troops equal to two regiments of infantry at Monrovia; have strong guard at Monocacy Junction, and to-morrow will have two regiments and two batteries available at Baltimore. I am doing all I can to concentrate my command."

With that telegram I forwarded a report from Major-General Couch, addressed to me from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania:

"Martinsburg has been evacuated, and General Sigel is falling back towards Harper's Ferry, and enemy moving towards Williamsport. General Weber at Harper's Ferry also reports the enemy at ten to twenty thousand, consisting of infantry and artillery."

Also a telegram from General Tyler, at Monocacy Junction:

"Sigel is reported marching from Shepherdstown to Harper's Ferry. The enemy's strength is extravagantly reported. It would be folly to give figures." [1]

I think it will be seen by the most thoughtless reader that by this time the warmth of the situation was intensifying rapidly.

Yet later (3.30 P.M.) I telegraphed Adjutant-General Townsend:

"Telegram just received from Gettysburg of this date says, 'Rebels are in Hagerstown in force coming down the valley.'"

And then at 3.50 P.M. to General Halleck:

"Weber was attacked at 10 A.M.; he will probably have to withdraw to Maryland side, if he has not already. Sigel and Mulligan are falling back to Harper's Ferry on the Maryland side, but will probably arrive too late.

[1] The reader will understand that in these details, impossible to the memory, I am writing assisted by the *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., parts i. and ii.

There must be two columns, one operating by way of Hagerstown, the other against Harper's Ferry."

Again to General Halleck a telegram from General Tyler, at Monocacy, two o'clock:

"Telegraphic communication cut west of Frederick. Operator at Point of Rocks says the enemy have crossed (the Potomac) one-half mile west of that point. He has since left the office. My scouts have not yet reported the appearance of the enemy."

So! The enemy was actually north of the Potomac! And Sigel, retreating before him, was hastening to refuge on the heights of Harper's Ferry! Then suddenly the front which I had thought myself too far behind for any disturbance was swinging my way, and demanding my presence.

The map, now a fixture always open on my desk, spoke loudly of the boldness of the enemy. North of the Potomac and moving eastward, what would become of him if Hunter, seized with a spasm of energy, were to break in upon his rear? With Hunter and the Potomac River behind him, what assurance could he have of a successful retreat? Then it came to me that this operation had not been so audaciously undertaken if it were not by an army able to hold its own in rear as well as in front.

The idea of a call for me at the front became more insistent when I reflected that nobody, neither General Kenly, at Cumberland, nor Sigel, nor Weber had ventured a statement of the strength of the advancing enemy with anything like precision. Even Tyler, at Monocacy Juncton, whither I had sent him to ascertain all he could of the invading force, could report nothing more definite upon the point than that it would be folly to give figures.

If, as I now thought, the invasion were in force to imperil Washington, was it not my duty to go and in person try to discover the fact that it might be reported in time for action by General Grant at City Point? The duty grew clearer and more imperative as I ran over the consequences of a capture of our capital, while with such mighty notes of proportion and such unprecedented display of men and material we were besieging that of the rebels. Nor did the duty grow less importunate from the fact that the line of march chosen by the enemy ran through my department. I determined to go out to Monocacy Junction and see what I could do to develop the danger.

I sent to Mr. Garrett asking him to have a locomotive ready for me at midnight, and that he would give me right of way as far as the Junction. The departure I wished kept private as possible.

Looking then after the safety of Baltimore and the communication north, to Brigadier-General Morris, at Fort McHenry, I despatched an order to put his command in readiness to act in the works, or to move, as might be necessary,[1] and to General Kenly special directions respecting the ferry across the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace.[2] I also directed Colonel Lawrence to urge the Union League of the city to interest itself actively in organizing citizens into companies for use at home. He was to arm such companies fast as they were organized, and in my absence conduct the office in all respects as if I were present, signing my name as occasion required.

The truth is I did not care to have my absence reported in Washington. That the Junction to which I was going was in my department, and that I was gone

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 55.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 56.

to the front, might not save me. The departure was without order or permission, and there was no telling in advance how small a thing, under the able management of General Halleck, might be turned to my serious disadvantage. Enough that I knew him to be lying in wait for me. So when, a little after midnight, I climbed into the cab of the locomotive in readiness for me on an outer track of the Camden Street station, there was but one of my officers with me—Lieutenant-Colonel Ross.

LXXI

The departure for Frederick—Available troops—Halleck—Colonel Clendenin—The first gun of Monocacy—Preparations for battle—Deserters from Sigel—Washington menaced.

March of Events (continued)

THE run was very rapid, and the night still in hold of the world when at the Junction, with a good-bye to the engineer, we landed from the locomotive. An officer met us, and at my request led the way to the block-house, where we were well received and given bunks, and a soldier's breakfast.

The place was new to me, and at daylight I surveyed it with interest. A few steps westwardly from the block-house, itself a fine example of a kind that might have stood an honorable siege, I stood upon the brow of a bluff bold enough to be impassable to a climber, the river at its foot flowing lazily over a rocky bed. The first object to claim my attention was the iron bridge that had been of such concern to Mr. Garrett. It seemed unusually symmetrical in construction, rising, as I judged, fifty-five or sixty feet above the stream. Down two or three hundred yards below it was another bridge, an old-fashioned, wooden affair, weather-boarded and roofed, and continuing a macadamized pike from bank to bank.

From the iron bridge, converted into a convenient centring point, the landscape radiated, a rarely beautiful view. Not far away on the western side the railway

parted; one branch going to Frederick City, the spires of which were in view diagonally off in the northwest scarcely three miles distant; the other branch coursing towards Harper's Ferry, about which a battle might at the moment be going on.

I next saw, filling all the western view, a valley level as a western prairie. Starting from the shore of the river across from the bluff I was on, it spread out to a wall of blue mist ten miles off, which I knew instantly as the Catoctin Mountains. My eyes ranged delightedly over fields actually golden with wheat just ready for the reaper, and interspersed with great, brown-painted barns; the whole so smilingly Arcadian that the thought of war coming to mar it sent a shock through me. I remember the scene yet as one of the most exquisite I had ever seen.

Looking eastwardly next—the direction out of which I had come in the night—I beheld a farm of extensive reach, stretching from the river bluff a succession of meadow-lands and corn-fields, the latter near by, and luxuriantly green with its summer growth. A stately mansion house up in the southeast dominated the farm, belonging, they told me, to a gentleman named Thomas.

Dropping my eyes closer to my stand-point by the block-house, I noticed a little branch in a winding hollow, and a mill which it evidently served; and back of them arose rough, dark-wooded hills completely filling all that part of the east. The railway, by a heavy embankment, defiled into the hills, and after leaving the iron bridge speedily lost itself to sight.

If now the reader wonders at the prolixity of this description, he may possibly be induced to forgive me when I tell him I am trying to help him to an idea of what became the scene of what is known as the battle of Monocacy, then but four days off.

While standing on the bluff making survey of the locality, I was impressed with the north side of the river far as it could be seen as a singularly favorable position for defence. I looked at the bluff with the river at its base too deep for fording, and at the valley beyond it subjecting everything within cannon range to view—cattle, horses, men—and thought how easily a small force there could hold its own against a larger, if only the assailants confined themselves to a front attack—that is, from the west across the fields.

But there was much for me to do besides enjoying the beauty of the landscape.

I sent for General Tyler first thing. He came promptly, and to my inquiry about the news told me his scouts were still out in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and that the story of the enemy having crossed the Potomac at Point of Rocks had sifted down to Mosby's men, less than two hundred in number.

"What of Sigel?" I asked.

"It is hard," he said, "getting at the reliable, the country is so full of rumors; but I have strained them, and helped them out with telegrams, until it may be set down as credible that on the 2d or 3d a cavalry fight took place at Winchester, the enemy, under Ransom, attacking Colonel Mulligan; that Mulligan, overwhelmed, retreated to Martinsburg; that Sigel put his stores in train, and set out for Harper's Ferry, crossing at Williamsport, and marching down the Maryland side. He is now with Weber on Maryland Heights. I ought to tell you," the general added, "that the country for two or three days past has been all stirred up by stragglers in hundreds making for safety they hardly know where."[1]

[1] Three hundred of them had wandered down to Annapolis.

"And the enemy. What is his strength? Who is in command?"

"He is put all the way from five thousand to thirty thousand men, with Early, Gordon, Breckinridge, Ransom, and Bradley Johnson in the lead. One fugitive stopped long enough to tell me that General Lee is commanding in person."

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know—nobody seems to know."

"And that is the best you can give me?"

"The very best."

"Well, we must have something definite, cost what it may."

There was a depot of stores over in Frederick, and an assistant quartermaster or a quartermaster's agent in charge. Calling an officer of the block-house, I told him to go and tell that person I wanted him to come to me immediately.

And when he was come a couple of hours after, I authorized him to employ half a dozen citizens to cross over the Catoctin Mountains west, and learn if there were any Confederate soldiers there, and bring me all the news of them they could get. Those employed were to make pretence of business, and to go by separate roads and singly. I would pay well for the service, particularly if they succeeded. In the afternoon early I had word of citizens out as suggested; and what with them and Tyler's scouts off in the direction of Harper's Ferry, I rested hopefully.

Then an extraordinary circumstance developed. Through the later hours of the night, the sentinels on watch at the wooden bridge brought me in man after man whom I had no difficulty in identifying as citizens under my employment, and they all told me the same story—to the effect that, going by this road or the other

on the mountain they had been halted by horsemen in squads, and turned back.[1]

Straightway I squeezed the circumstance apparently so innocent, and wrung from it a number of inferences.

The squads of armed men on the mountain were cavalry—in likelihood pickets—curtaining an army in motion not far behind them.

The army was coming my way, east.

And when I asked myself what object such a force could have, there was but one I could see to justify the risks—Washington. And admitting myself right in the conjecture, then the pike running from Frederick was of first importance; once in possession of it, the sixty miles to Washington were reducible to two forced marches which, with veterans used to the business, were but trifles.

In the connection I thought of Baltimore, but Washington appeared as defenceless as Baltimore; then when I cast up the consequences of capture, the argument summarily ended.

The circumstance made a deep impression upon me. There was not a moment to be lost. I ordered Colonel Lawrence to forward the troops selected—Alexander's battery, the Eleventh Maryland, the companies from Annapolis, the mounted infantry under Captain Lieb. I debated whether to communicate with General Halleck, and decided not to do so. The situation was as yet too indefinite. Anticipating the need of staff assistance, I called for Colonel Catlin, my inspector, Colonel Bliss, commissary, and Captain Max Woodhull, aide-de-camp, all at Baltimore. I also transferred my quarters from the block-house to a small, one-story frame

[1] When I offered to pay the men they all refused to accept a cent. Some of them regretted they were not in a situation to do more for the cause. I had, of course, to believe what they reported to me.

building on the railroad not far from the bridge. Then all had been done that could be for the day, and I spent the rest of it seated on a bench near the bluff overlooking the river and the valley off to the distant mountains. Fighting was not yet under consideration.

Next day (the 6th) the citizens in my employment made another attempt to get over the mountain range in the west. In the afternoon one by one they came straggling back all reporting alike—the outposts were on the roads as before, and holding the paths and passes. There was no getting past them. This, of course, but confirmed the opinion that back of the distant, semi-transparent blue wall there was an army. The loveliness of the valley as I viewed it from the bench above the brown flood of the river could not repress the anxiety that possessed me in growing intensity to get something, if only a hint, of that army—if it were coming or going, and in what strength? A squadron of cavalry had been infinitely valuable to me then.

About noon a train arrived with Colonel Landstreet and his regiment, the Eleventh Maryland. I saw them debark from the cars, a good-looking, clean body of city men, but, like their commander, green to a lamentable degree. They were bivouacked for the time in the hollow by the mill where they would be out of sight of the sharp-eyed scouts presumably in the valley.

The same train brought my officers, Colonels Catlin and Bliss, and young Woodhull, the aide, and to them I explained the situation. They accepted my views, particularly of the significancy of the look-out on the mountain. It was comfortable to have them with me, and as they were very intelligent, and not without experience, I gave them an invitation to give me their opinions frankly and without reserve.

About noon the man in charge of the telegraph-office at the bridge brought me a telegram from General Sigel, dated Sandy Hook. I give it almost entire.

"The enemy appears to be moving in strong force towards Frederick; numbers not yet ascertained. Principal force as reported this A.M. moves by Shepherdtown, Sharpsburg, and Hagerstown. . . . From the strength of the enemy in my front, and from all the information, I am almost certain that his forces consist of one corps and three divisions of infantry, and three thousand cavalry. Early, B. T. Johnson, McCauseland, Major-Generals Ransom and Imboden are in command. My advance is skirmishing three miles north of here, and there is also skirmishing between our forces here and at Harper's Ferry."

This was confirmatory of the two points of chief importance—the enemy was moving my way, and he was in great force. I lost no time, then, communicating with General Halleck.[1] It came out afterwards that he refused to believe the Sigel despatch I forwarded to him. I lost no time also in picketing and placing strong guards over the bridges, especially the wooden one. Cavalry move rapidly, and are given to surprises.

The next intelligence was more to my liking. A scout of General Tyler's brought report that a Colonel Clendenin, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, was in the vicinity of the mouth of the Monocacy with five squadrons of his regiment looking after Mosby. I determined to send a messenger requesting that he bring his command and come to me, as I had work of the utmost importance for him. He belonged, I knew, to General Auger, but I believed, if his orders did not expressly forbid it, he would come as I asked. That he was a

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part ii., p. 92.

Western man had a great deal to do with my confidence. I despatched the courier, but to make sure I also telegraphed General Halleck:

"If I can have the use of Clendenin's cavalry, now in this neighborhood, I think I can keep open the communication to Harper's Ferry. Can you let it report to me a short time?"[1]

Colonel Clendenin did not disappoint me. He came in during the latter part of the night, and waited upon me immediately. He appeared a very earnest man, fine-looking, tall, and quick, and acceded to my suggestions without argument—orders I was not authorized to give him, General Halleck not having replied to my request.

After a full explanation of the situation, as I believed it to be, and of my conjectures based upon it, I told the colonel I wanted him to take his command up and over the mountains, keeping on the go until he either came upon the enemy or assured himself he was not there; that I would give him two guns of Alexander's battery, which, with Colonel Brown's One Hundred and Forty-ninth Ohio National Guard, had arrived and gone into bivouac during the night.

Colonel Clendenin might have held back, had he so chosen, various pleas being ready for filing, as the lawyers say; but he accepted the proposal much as if it were an every-day order, asking merely when the guns would report to him. I saw I was dealing with a soldier, and was greatly pleased.[2]

"When can you set out?" I asked him.

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part ii., p. 92.

[2] While *en route* through Frederick, Colonel Clendenin received a telegram directing him to report to me. Up to that time, the more to his credit, he was acting voluntarily.

"Directly the horses are baited. We are not unsaddled."

"Very well; by that time I will have the guns with you. How many men have you?"

"Two hundred and thirty officers and men."

Clendenin needed no "firing up"—that any one can see; nevertheless, I tried to impress him with a right idea of the importance of the work before him.

"You see, colonel," I said, "as yet nobody seems to know how strong the enemy is, or what he has in aim. Suppose it Washington, and it should turn out that he is in force to take it. How can we here in his front hope ever to be excused if he pockets the great prize through our failure to unmask him? We all look to General Grant to save the city. Is it probable he will detach a corps, or even a division, from his work in hand upon nothing better than a rumor or a conjecture?"

I got the section of artillery to the colonel, and it was barely daybreak when he set out. I was with him, and in shaking his hand gave him a last direction—"Send me a messenger every fifteen minutes, if you strike the rebels."

In the afternoon previous I had sent over to Frederick to hire horses for my staff and myself; and now, after a hasty breakfast, I rode to make the acquaintance of the officers of the several commands. Brown and Gilpin won my confidence at sight. From Brown I learned that, though his men were recruited for a hundred days only, the wise governor of his state had selected for the companies all the veteran officers he could secure. He made no doubt of a good report of them should it come to a fight. Upon the strength of his eulogy, and the impression he himself made upon me, I started him immediately for the stone bridge over the Monocacy on the Baltimore pike two miles above

the Junction, explaining if it were left undefended we should have the enemy upon our backs—provided he appeared. There being one place between the stone bridge and the Junction where the river was fordable, I directed him to drop a company there.

A glance at Colonel Landstreet, of the Eleventh Maryland, satisfied me of his rawness as a soldier. He saluted me, but with a ludicrous defiance of the approved military habit. As a body his men were unexceptional; still I mentally repeated the opinion—"As the officer is, the command will be."

In Captain Alexander, of the battery, I found a gentleman looking like a college professor. He accompanied me while riding through his bivouac. I left him with a feeling that a man of his evident good-breeding could not be ignorant of the service to which he had attached himself or of the fearless kind in battle. If the worst came, the probabilities were I should consider myself fortunate in having him. The battery was of six Parrott rifles, and finely horsed and equipped.

General Tyler introduced me to Colonel Charles Gilpin, of the Third Maryland. I judged him of middle-age; and noticing his quiet manner, veteranish complexion, iron-gray hair, and the evident pride he took in his command, I set him down as one happily described by the French, "Father of the Regiment." And on a little way it will be seen I was not mistaken in judgment.

This visiting was purely social, and in conformity with the principle which I still think should be observed by every commanding officer, knowing as far as possible all with whom he may chance to be associated in duty.

It was ten o'clock when the social function was concluded; and it being about time to hear from Colonel

Clendenin—that is, about the time he should have got into the mountains—I betook myself to the bench by the block-house. If the colonel came upon an enemy, he would doubtless open upon him with his guns, the booming of which I expected to advise me of the fact. I took seat and listened—with what interest may easily be imagined.

The day was delightful. All under the cloudless sky lay in a shimmer of sunshine. The wheat fields, houses, barns, the visible church-spires—everything describable and indescribable entering into the composition of the scene lent it a homelike sweetness peculiarly attractive; and it was having its effect upon me when I heard the report of a distant gun, muffled, to be sure, but from the right direction, and distinctive in that it seemed dropped from the sky, high up, as I fancied it would come if at all.

I started to my feet and listened. There—another gun! An interval—and then the third gun echo-like and fainter, because farther down the mountain-side! There could be no mistake—Clendenin had found the enemy!

The inmates of the block-house rushed out and lined the bluff. There was shouting from the men in bivouac in the low grounds back of the wooden bridge. My officers joined me; and presently we were all silently intent upon the exchange of shots going on in the west. The difference in the sounds became more noticeable, and we knew in a short time that those plainest in the ear were Clendenin's. By-and-by we could tell he was falling back. Now he was on the summit—now he was on the hither side. I took to the bench again. There was nothing to be done but wait.

An hour passed, and then a courier from Frederick galloped thunderously across the wooden bridge, and,

with a stoppage or two to make inquiry, brought up in front of me. The despatch he delivered was a pocket scratch-book leaf, and in pencil. It has been preserved, and I give it entire.[1]

"CATOCTIN PASS, *July* 7, 1864, 10.15 A.M.

"GENERAL,—I met the enemy in about equal force halfway between here and Middletown, and drove them half a mile, when they rallied and held their position, and finally drove us back to this pass. They received reinforcements, and had an equal number of guns and heavier caliber. Reinforcements still come in from the direction of Boonesborough, and they look like infantry in the distance. I can hold this position against a pretty heavy force if they do not flank me. A detachment of cavalry move over to our left, which I am watching. I will keep you informed of what occurs.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. R. CLENDENIN,

"Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding."

"I have lost several men wounded, none killed.

"D. R. C."[2]

Half an hour later another courier brought me a second despatch from Clendenin.

"I have abandoned the pass. Am falling back towards Frederick. A strong skirmish line of two hundred and fifty men advanced on my skirmishers, which I could not spare force to meet and protect my flanks at the same time. A mounted force of at least a squadron moved to the left and an equal force to the right to turn my flanks. I will report anything that may occur. I think a force has gone through on Harper's Ferry pike. I will be in Frederick in two hours."[3]

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1172.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 1173.

There was enough now in hand for action on my part, and I lost no time.

Captain Lieb having just come in with his command of mounted infantry, I sent him to report to General Tyler, whom I had already directed to go and take command at the stone bridge on the Baltimore pike.

Availing myself of the opportune arrival of Captain Lieb's train, I directed Tyler to put Gilpin's regiment and Alexander, with three guns of his battery, on the cars and hurry them to Frederick. West of the town Gilpin was to take position to cover it, and be ready to support Clendenin, slowly falling back. The train, returning from Frederick, was to bring away what public stores there might be in depot there, and as many of the sick and convalescent in the hospital as could be safely moved.

These dispositions left with me at the Junction Companies C and K, of the First Maryland; in occupancy of the block-house, two companies of Ohio National Guards under Captain Brown; picketing and guarding the bridges, Landstreet's Eleventh Maryland, and half of Alexander's battery. To strengthen the position, I had a demi-lunette thrown up on the brow of the bluff, and the big brass howitzer brought out and mounted in it. Though hastily erected, the work was substantial, its broad embrasure affording lines of fire commanding every possible approach from the west.

It should be understood now that these steps taken committed me to a stand which had every prospect of ending in a battle. Such a possibility had been in my mind a serious thought since the receipt of General Sigel's timely message announcing a movement of the enemy in the direction of Frederick. *That*, followed by stopping my citizen scouts on the mountain, transformed the merely possible into the very probable.

Now came the corroboration furnished by Clendenin and his reconnoissance, forcing two things upon my perfect comprehension: first, the enemy was coming; second, I was directly in his road, and holding my ground *must* result in collision. That is to say, the very probable had become the inevitable.

It would be disingenuous were I at this point to leave the impression that whether I should hold the ground was not a subject of debate with me. I did debate it, and solemnly; in fact, I can now refer to but few things in my life more solemnly considered. I remember the arguments yet, those for and those against; and, thinking they may be of some interest at this late day, give them briefly.

Twenty-three hundred men was the utmost I could make of my force,[1] and of that number the major part were raw and untried. On the other side, out of the great uncertainty respecting the strength of the enemy, everything known and everything surmisable fixed it that he outnumbered me, and largely.

With a conviction, then, of my comparative weakness, had I a right, morally speaking, to subject those under me to the perils of a battle so doubtful, if not so hopeless?

For the affirmative now.

It was questionable whether the enemy had Washington for his objective, or Baltimore. Enough that I believed it Washington. Then when I ran over all the consequences of the capture of that city, they grouped themselves into a kind of horrible schedule.

[1] Three or four hundred stragglers from General Sigel having come in, General Tyler suggested using them, but I refused, saying that, having deserted Sigel, if anything untoward happened they would desert us. I forbade Colonel Bliss issuing rations to them. They took possession of the wooded hills to the east, and the smoke of their fires was plainly visible through the day.

Thus, at the navy-yard there were ships making and repairing, which, with the yard itself, would be given over to flames.

In the treasury department there were millions of bonds printed, and other millions signed ready for issuance—how many millions I did not know.

There were storehouses in the city filled with property of all kinds, medical, ordnance, commissary, quartermaster, the accumulation of years, without which the war must halt, if not stop for good and all.

Then I thought of the city, the library, the beautiful capital, all under menace—of prestige lost, of the faith that had so sublimely sustained the loyal people through years crowded with sacrifices unexampled in history now struck dead—of Louis Napoleon and Gladstone hastening to recognize the Confederacy as a nation. Certainly these were calamities, every one of them in the category of what would happen if Washington fell; yet, strange to say, not one or all of them projected itself in the swarming of my thoughts with such instantaneous hardening of purpose as an apparition of President Lincoln, cloaked and hooded, stealing like a malefactor from the back door of the White House just as some gray-garbed Confederate brigadier burst in the front door. That I could have such a conception at that time, and under the circumstances, furnishes perhaps the most perfect evidence of the hold that great and good man had taken upon my capacity for loving.

In the determination to stay and fight, I saw three objects to be gained — that must be gained at all hazards:

Making the enemy disclose his strength.

Making him disclose where he was going.

If to Washington, staying him long enough to enable

General Grant to forward troops for the defence of the city.

And it did not escape me, moreover, that in the space of two miles there was a convergence of as many roads, one to Washington, the other to Baltimore; a fortunate circumstance, because that one of the two the enemy fought for the most strenuously would indicate his intentions quite as reliably as if he were formally to advise me of them. On the score of duty, then, it only remains to say I had not one lingering qualm.

While standing watching the big gun let down into the little field work, and mounted on the platform of loose boards laid for it behind the embrasure, the operator of the station brought me a telegram.

"CAMDEN STATION, MARYLAND, *July* 7, 1864.

"A large force of veterans arrived by water, and will be sent immediately. Our arrangements are made to forward them with the greatest possible despatch.

"J. W. GARRETT."

A large force! How many were there? If now they reached me in time! Say not later than to-morrow. I telegraphed Colonel Lawrence:

"Rush the veterans forward."

He answered:

". . . I don't know what you mean by the veterans just arrived."

Evidently he had not heard of them. I telegraphed back:

"See President Garrett. He will explain. Push now with all your might. The enemy is here."

In view of my resolution to keep the Junction with my twenty-three hundred men as best I could, it ought to be easy imagining how welcome this intelligence was. That the help was for me I made no doubt. Much I wondered how many the new-comers were? A division? An army corps? And in thought of the opportuneness of the arrival, I was disposed to be unspeakably grateful. I saw my rôle distinctly—it was to hold the enemy back until the reinforcements reached me, and then do the fighting behind the river where I was, holding the three bridges.

LXXII

The troops at Frederick—Colonel Clendenin—Colonel Gilpin—The call for reinforcements—The arrival of Colonel Henry and the Tenth Vermont—Alexander's battery—Spectators of the battle—No relief from Halleck—General Tyler.

About noon a body of horsemen, two hundred and fifty strong, fragments of regiments under Major Wells of the First New York Veteran Cavalry, and an organization calling itself the Independent Loudoun Rangers, reported to me, and were ordered to Colonel Gilpin, who in turn ordered them to Clendenin. Upon the principle that every little helps, they were warmly welcomed.

It was possible that the force I had sent Gilpin to meet might be a mere column of raiders out for plunder. If so, I thought saving Frederick from the squeeze of the marauders enough to justify the interference. My better opinion, however, was that Clendenin was having to do with the advance of General Early's army. If right in this surmise, I fancied that not unlikely I might by an energetic resistance get some data respecting the main body behind the advance, which would be useful in helping me determine upon further action. The orders to Gilpin had been given, it is true, before receipt of notice of the veterans in Baltimore; nevertheless, I allowed them to stand.

Clendenin's retirement had been in the face of a superior force constantly augmenting. It called for coolness and skill on his part, and steadiness on the part of his

men. Often as he halted in a favorable position to resume the fighting, his squadrons dismounted and guns in battery, his opponent also halted, wheeled his guns into battery, dismounted and deployed, and strove to make the most of his advantage in numbers by operating on the flanks. Often, however, as the flankers reached ground in the least dangerous, Clendenin limbered up, remounted, and moved to the rear. In that way hours passed, the enemy making slow progress.

Not later than one o'clock Clendenin reached Frederick. There at the edge of the city west he found Gilpin in line of battle across the Hagerstown road, and Alexander with another of his guns. Resupplying his men with ammunition, by Gilpin's direction he put his command, including Lieb's mounted infantry, Wells's cavalry, and the Loudoun Rangers, in position on the left, everything dismounted. At four o'clock the enemy, his formation completed, opened upon Alexander with three guns, and the cannonading became fast and furious. Then directly Gilpin's whole line was engaged.

I freely admit the great suspense I endured during the four hours and more of this fight. Messages from Colonel Gilpin received in the interim left the issue in great doubt. They went properly to General Tyler, and were forwarded by him.

Thus, at four o'clock:

"The enemy have opened fire and we are replying.

Again, at 5 P.M.:

"The enemy are pressing us, and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry have expended nearly all their ammunition. The

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1171.

telegraph operator has run away. What shall we do in the emergency?"[1]

And again, at 6.15 P.M.:

"Unless we are reinforced immediately, both in men and ammunition, we will be forced to fall back on Monocacy. We are threatened on our left. The enemy are moving to our left, and trying to get on the National Road.

"P. S.—Send ammunition by all means for infantry, artillery, and Sharp's carbines. Our men fight well."[2]

To despatch reinforcements, as requested, would have been to leave the Junction and the stone bridge, at the moment in the keeping of Colonel Brown, bare of troops, endangering both positions. I sent a verbal message, in substance this:

"I have a telegram announcing veterans from Grant landing at Baltimore, and they will be up some time tonight. Communicate the news to your command. Impress a wagon, and send it to the Frederick station for ammunition, which will be there by the time my courier reaches you. A car is loading now. The fellows fighting you are only dismounted cavalry, and you can whip them. Try a charge on them."

About six o'clock in the evening, the fight having gone raggedly on without volleys, Gilpin seemed to be retiring, and, growing very anxious, I telegraphed Colonel Lawrence:

"I think my troops are retiring from Frederick. If so, they have been directed to fall back upon the Baltimore pike to the crossing of the Monocacy, and to hold the crossing at all hazards."[3]

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1171.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 110.

My purpose was to impress upon him and President Garrett the necessity for hastening the new arrivals to me. Lawrence replied:

"I am pushing the veterans forward with all possible despatch. Also the ammunition. Will send a supply for all arms." [1]

About that time, however, my courier reached Gilpin, and from the bluff on which I sat listening, I noticed a sudden reawakening of the fight, as if a line on one side or the other was stiffening up. Then speedily the artillery and small-arms firing swelled upon the evening air, and became continuous, and I could no longer apportion the sounds between the combatants. A time thus, and the noises, waning to scattering shots, moved from me westwardly. Then, the night beginning to enshadow the valley, a courier from General Tyler came galloping down from the stone bridge. Gilpin had charged the enemy and was driving him back towards the mountain. In great exuberance of spirit I telegraphed General Halleck:

"The enemy attacked a portion of my force in the vicinity of Frederick City this afternoon, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and after a severe fight, concluding at dark, they were handsomely repulsed. Will send particulars to-morrow." [2]

To Colonel Lawrence I also telegraphed:

"Think I have had the best little battle of the war. Our men did not retreat, but held their own. The enemy were repulsed three times. The force engaged on our side were the Third Maryland Potomac Home Brigade, two hundred and fifty men; Eighth Illinois Cavalry, Lieutenant-

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 110. [2] *Ibid.*

Colonel Clendenin commanding; three guns Alexander's battery under his command, and several detachments, including the one hundred days' men, Captain Lieb commanding. The fight began at 4 P.M., and closed at eight o'clock. Colonel Gilpin of the Third Maryland Potomac Home Brigade, in direct command. From best information the rebels were commanded by Bradley Johnson. Losses unknown. This is not official."[1]

Lawrence replied, wanting to know if he should furnish the journals with any portion of the report.

"There are all sorts of rumors," he added, "which will read worse than the truth. Do you communicate direct with General Halleck, or with me to transmit your despatches? I have not sent anything to him yet."[2]

I answered, privately:

"No. Withhold everything except from Mr. Garrett. The fighting has just begun. It will be heavier and more uncertain to-morrow."

To Colonel Gilpin I telegraphed:

"You have behaved nobly. Compliment Lieutenant-Colonel Clendenin and Captain Alexander for me. Endeavor to hold your ground. At 1 P.M. to-night eight thousand veteran troops will be here. Send in the particulars of the fight and list of your casualties. Make no movement to drive the enemy from your front. Let them remain where they are, and I will endeavor to put a force in their rear to-night. Keep me constantly informed."[3]

If the veterans came up, as expected, I thought of running the first troop-train to a point out on the

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 110.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. li., part i., p. 1172.

Harper's Ferry branch of the railroad, disembarking the men, and trying by a rapid movement to his rear to intercept Colonel Johnson. Hence the direction to Gilpin to make no attempt to drive the enemy from his front. No troops arrived, however, and the wisdom of the enterprise was not put to test.

Then, in anticipation of what the sun might bring us next day, and counting again upon the promised support from Baltimore, and its appearance some time during the night, I despatched an order to General Tyler:

"You will get the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Ohio National Guard under arms at once, and proceed with them to Frederick City to-night. Assume command there." [1]

Everything then hung dependent upon the veterans. Could I but get a brigade of them up in the night, or even a regiment, it might make me master of the situation. If I could not actually win a victory, by taking the new-comers over to Frederick, I might then be able possibly at least to force a development of what all was behind Colonel Johnson. I communicated my hopes to my staff-officers, and we all became anxious alike.

I had come from Baltimore without any of the appointments of a camp, and the house taken for headquarters was bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. There were no chairs or camp-stools, no cots, and but one table. Fortunately the weather was delightful, the sky cloudless, the air soft as spring-time in the Bermudas. We flung ourselves down as the fit seized us, though not to the unbroken sleep of the healthy laborer. The coming of the next train from the east was of too much importance. Time and time again, yielding to the cajolement of our wishes, we arose and listened.

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1171.

I walked several times out to the bluff, but in the moonlit expanse of the valley discovered nothing indicative of war or armies. Neither could I hear anything. That the men who had done the fighting during the day were there somewhere asleep seemed incredible, so deep and universal was the all-pervading hush.

Two of Captain Lieb's mounted men had been left with me as orderlies. One of them, as I lay asleep on a pallet of boards by the door of the house, came and woke me.

"I hear a train in the direction of Baltimore," he said.

I listened. Sure enough—they were coming! Thunder in a drought-stricken land was never more welcome than the increasing roar of the cars. A flock of questions arose. Who were they? Who was in command? Were they for me? Or would they go by? Whoever they were, I knew they must stop, for at the iron bridge there was a strong guard with orders to allow nobody to pass. I sent Colonel Ross to flag the train and bring it to my door, the house standing close by the track.

In a little while the colonel came bringing a stranger. Behind them the locomotive followed slowly, like a huge animal in leash, and back of it the many door-spaces were filled with human heads.

The train stopped.

"This is Colonel Henry, of the Tenth Vermont," Ross said in introduction.

I shook Colonel Henry's hand, telling him I was glad to see him; and Heaven knows how very sincerely I spoke. The colonel's face, however, did not reflect the gladness that must have shown in mine. He was evidently vexed.

"By what authority do you stop me?" he asked.

"You are in my department," I returned; "that

ought to be enough. But have you no orders to stop here?"

"None."

"Where were you going?"

"To Harper's Ferry."

"It is well you stopped, then. I think the part of the railroad between this and the Ferry belongs to General Jubal Early, temporarily at least."

"Jubal Early!" he repeated, in astonishment.

"My people fought his cavalry yesterday from ten o'clock till dark."

"Where?"

"Just beyond Frederick City, three miles from us."

"We left Early, as I thought, somewhere in our front at Petersburg. I wondered why we were ordered to Baltimore. I see now."

I looked Colonel Henry over. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a campaign complexion. His uniform had seen hard service. I noticed one of his hands minus a finger—probably shot off. His manner, accent, and general appearance were suggestive of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountains. I set him down for a shrewd, brave, conscientious soldier.

"How many of you are there?"

"We are of the First Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps, and there may be thirty-eight hundred of us in all. Colonel Truex commands the brigade, Brigadier-General James B. Ricketts commands the division. It is my regiment on the train."

"Ricketts?" I said. "An old artillery man, and a good soldier."

"He's all that," returned the colonel.

And seeing his pride in his commander, I added: "Yes, it is such as he that have made your division and

corps. We all know of them. I am only sorry there are not five times as many of them with you."

"Why?"

"Because Sigel telegraphed me yesterday that Early has twenty or thirty thousand men."

"And you—what do you say?" asked the colonel.

"I don't know. In fact, I have no opinion. My business is to stay here, where I will be right in the enemy's way, and make him show all that there is of him."

I looked squarely into the colonel's eyes to see how the words would affect him.

"Well," he said, "my orders are to take my regiment to Point of Rocks."

Then he looked me squarely in the eyes, and asked, "What do you think I had better do?"

"When will General Ricketts be up?"

"About one o'clock to-night."

"Very well, colonel, I suggest you let your men get breakfast. Give them an hour for that. Then put them back into the cars, and go with me over to Frederick. Very likely the fighting there will be renewed, and I need you badly. We will be back here by the time Ricketts is due, and you can then take orders from him."

Colonel Henry, it is just to say, did not hesitate an instant.

"We will get breakfast and go with you."

"In an hour?"

"An hour's enough."

A few minutes then and there were a hundred little fires started, each with a black pot in the blaze or hanging from a cross-stick, and each the centre of an expectant group of rugged soldiers, whose handiness with fire, skillet, and coffee-pot bespoke the veteran.

Presently the men were back in the cars. Breakfast was over, and Colonel Henry came to me.

"We are ready," he said.

I stopped to ask how many cartridges he had.

"Pockets and boxes are full—a hundred to the man."

Leaving Colonel Catlin in charge at the Junction, I took seat with Colonel Henry. The train rolled over the bridge, and after a short journey stopped at the station in Frederick, whence the Vermonter, under guidance, disappeared with his regiment to report to General Tyler, leaving me and my officers to wait for our horses, in leading to us by orderlies.

While making the transit, I had told the colonel: "Every movement in and out of Frederick, whether by bodies of men or by individuals, is, in the daytime, under the glasses of the enemy. Of that you may be sure. So it may be well enough for you to try and give as large an impression of your numbers as possible. You know how, of course."

"Yes," he said, "I have practised that before. If the ground is broken, it is easily done." [1]

West of town, almost within the suburbs, I found General Tyler and a line of battle stretched across the Hagerstown road exactly in the position occupied by Colonel Gilpin the day before. The ground struck me as well chosen. From a rise, hardly a hill I saw the enemy off probably a mile and a half, or two miles. He was at a halt, in what strength could not be judged. Raising the glass to the mountain in the farther distance behind him, small clouds of dust were discernible, and as they came descending the heights, they were obviously kicked up by advancing reinforcements, a circumstance in explanation of the inaction in our front.

[1] I was afterwards told that Colonel Henry kept marching and countermarching until his own men were not a little bewildered.

I did not disturb General Tyler in his command, but explained that my object in coming over was to watch the movements of the Confederates, as, if Sigel's reports were reliable, their time of march to Frederick would be due in the afternoon or evening. Together we then rode from flank to flank, and with hearty congratulations I shook hands with Gilpin, Alexander, and Clendenin. While talking with the latter, Colonel Henry came up with his Tenth Vermont, and at my suggestion was posted on the left next the cavalry; this because I suspected the enemy, if sufficiently strengthened, would do his best to turn that flank in order to get between it and the bridges. The Tenth Vermont was not a large accession, yet the regiment and its leader both had my confidence on account of their experience and fighting ability.

Once in awhile a sound of bugles, and a ringing shout, sharp, rattling, came our way from the Confederates.

"The rebel yell," said Tyler.

"They are receiving reinforcements," I suggested, in return. "If so, you may look for them to move shortly."

About ten o'clock a squadron of horsemen left the main body and advanced along the road.

Tyler replied, "They don't know that Alexander has the range of every foot within a mile."

Within five minutes the squadrons rode down into a low place out of sight. When we saw them again they were dismounted, and advancing as skirmishers.

"They are old hands at the business, and don't mean to give Alexander a chance at them," I said, adding, "Look now for a general advance."

And while I was speaking a commotion struck the body halted in the distance, and it moved forward. I saw no colors proper, only guidons, and not many of them.

"Horsemen," I said, "but dismounted. You are to have a repetition of yesterday."

By-and-by our vedettes rode leisurely in. A little later a Confederate gun broke the hush ruling all the field. Scarcely had the sound ruffled past us when Alexander replied. He had the smoke of his opponent to shoot at. At length the skirmishers met, and it was rattle, rattle, and for a wide space the air, low-lying upon the ground, was speckled with whiffs of pale-blue smoke that dissolved before they could rise.

There the fight lagged for a time, an hour or more. Occasionally a man came back limping or helped by a comrade. But for such occurrences one could not have realized that what was going on did not belong to a Fourth-of-July programme.

It broke upon me, at length, that the enemy did not design attacking in earnest, he was merely amusing us. I so expressed myself to General Tyler; after which, it being about noon, I kept my glasses fixed upon the mountains, and pretty soon fancied a thickening of dust up towards the summit not unlike a slowly increasing cumulus cloud.

About that time a messenger brought me a telegram from Harper's Ferry, signed, "Howe, commanding," and suggesting that I march thither and join forces with him. Who was Howe? My last despatch from that quarter had been from Sigel, giving me to understand that the enemy had left him and was marching upon Frederick City. If so, Harper's Ferry was, in military parlance, *turned*, leaving the army upon its heights of no more importance in the operations pending than so many stones or palisade stakes. Instead of my joining Howe, whoever he might be, why did he not come to me? Early was here, not there, and here was fighting. Here, as the situation appeared to me,

the fate of Washington was to be determined. I suspected at once that Sigel had been removed; nevertheless, I answered the communication promptly.

"HEADQUARTERS, FREDERICK CITY, *July* 8, 1864.

"*Major-General Sigel or Brigadier-General Howe:*

"The tenor of the information received from Major-General Sigel, per telegram of this date, makes me think it injudicious to advance from Frederick until I receive further intelligence of the movements of the main body of the enemy, said to be retiring towards Boonesborough, and until concentrated action can be had between my force and that at Harper's Ferry. You will oblige me, therefore, by telegraphing me the latest intelligence concerning the movements of the enemy. As soon as a line of action is adopted at Harper's Ferry you will further oblige me by sending a statement of it by a confidential and reliable officer. I find it impossible to move immediately owing to the insufficiency of supplies. The latter objection will be abated to-morrow.

"LEW WALLACE,
"Major-General Commanding."[1]

Before leaving the Junction I had been notified by General Tyler that the enemy, reinforced, was attacking his advance;[2] upon the strength of that notice, together with what I myself observed after reaching Frederick, I ordered Catlin to send me Landstreet's Eleventh Maryland, and all other troops as fast as they arrived.[3] This would have stripped the Junction bare, except of the two companies in the block-house, and might have been a serious mistake; my idea being to dispose of the force in front of Frederick by an energetic push before the main column came down the mountain. Clendenin, however, operating with his troopers over on the left,

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part ii., p. 124.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. li., part i., p. 1174. [3] *Ibid.*

sent a messenger to tell me the enemy was manœuvring in a manner to threaten the bridges. I despatched Catlin a countermanding order,[1] and fortunately it was in time.

The contention between the skirmishers went languidly on. Occasionally the artillery joined in and broke the monotony, the swish of the shells in flight giving the men lying upon the ground in lines occupation, if not amusement.

Meantime I kept my glass busy searching the purpling face of the mountain, and about four o'clock was rewarded by catching sight of three long, continuous yellow cloud-lines, apparently on as many roads, crawling serpent-like slowly down towards the valley. Watching first one and then the other, I fancied I could now and then see flags gleaming faintly through the dust. There was no longer room for a doubt; what I saw were columns of infantry, with trains of artillery—good strong columns they were, too, of thousands and thousands. I called to Tyler: "Look yonder! That is what the fellows in our front here have been waiting for. They think we will stay to be taken in. We will disappoint them. To-night we will get back to the Junction. Only keep your own counsel. I will give you the word."

After studying the yellow streaks on the mountain, he said: "Yes, they are coming. We have been fighting an advance-guard."

Once the body directly before us started forward as if to charge. When it had come in range, our line arose to receive it. The artillery also engaged. The fight, becoming lively, involved everything from flank to flank. I took post behind Colonel Brown's hundred-

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1174.

day men, and was delighted to see them face the music like veterans. They cheered heartily when, five or ten minutes having passed, their opponents gave way. The retreat, which I watched carefully, amused me. The horses reached, there was mounting in hot haste, and a ride disorderly. We did not pursue Colonel Johnson.

In the midst of this flurry, some one called my attention to people perched on a fence back of the line towards the town. There were women and children in the crowd.

"Good Heavens!" I cried out. "Those people are in range of the bullets. Ride, some of you, and order them away."

Somebody spoke up: "It is useless. They were there all day yesterday. We tried driving them off, but they wouldn't go."

"They must go. Some of them will be hit."

Several officers, thus urged, hurried off, and riding up and down exerted themselves to disperse the assemblage. But persuasion and threats were in vain.

I could think of but one explanation of the very remarkable indifference to danger thus displayed. Frederick City and the region around it had been a playground for the game of war from its first year, and the people had grown so used to it in all its forms that even battle had ceased to have terrors for them.

The sun went down at last, and a quiet, the more noticeable because of the distracting noises that had rent the afternoon, settled over the town and valley. Near that hour a note from Clendenin was put in my hand:

"General,—The enemy is moving a battery and reinforcements to his right against our left. He has not crossed the river, but it can be crossed. I have sent a force to Urbana to watch the approach from Buckeys-

town. Urbana is three miles from us, and I learn Buckeystown is the same distance from Urbana."[1]

This was corroborated a few minutes later by a telegram from Catlin, at the Junction:

"Three deserters from the rebels have arrived, who report that Breckinridge has some twelve thousand men marching in the direction of Harper's Ferry. I am also informed that a rebel advance is on the Buckeystown road. If I had one or two cavalrymen I could use them. The enemy is on the road between Point of Rocks and Berlin in strong force. They seem to be moving this way."[2]

Using the courier from Clendenin, I sent him an order:

"Take your own command, and cross the river at the first ford below the wooden bridge on the Washington pike, and hold it against the enemy to-night and to-morrow. I will return everything here to the east bank at the Junction to-night, setting out immediately. Strong columns are moving down the mountains. They will attack us in force in the morning. Take care of my left as best you can."

Then I sent for General Tyler, and we talked the situation over. In course of the conversation, I told him, substantially: "The enemy is moving on our left. So say both Catlin and Clendenin. It is evident to me that he wants the pike from Frederick to Washington, which means Washington; and he will get it unless we can hold him back long enough for General Grant to send a corps or two from City Point. The enemy outnumbers us, that is plain, but because we don't know

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1175.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 1174.

how much, we must fight. At all hazards we must fight. When Ricketts' men are all up, there being three brigades, I think we can at least count upon three thousand of them, perhaps more. Our strength will then be in round numbers fifty-five hundred."

"Only fifty-five hundred!" said Tyler. "But Sigel's stragglers—you don't include them?"

"No. They say a tailor is the ninth part of a man. I don't know about that; but this I do know, a straggler is not the ninth part of a soldier."

I went on.

"Say we have five thousand present to-morrow morning. Of them I will give you all we brought up from Baltimore—twenty-five hundred—leaving to Ricketts his entire division. Him I will post south of the railroads to fight for the Washington pike, and he will compose our left. To you I will intrust the right, extending from the railroad bridge of the Junction to the stone bridge on the Baltimore pike; the main body at the stone bridge, for if we have a hope left us of getting away at all, it must be by using the Baltimore pike. What do you say?"

"I have a hope that Ricketts may be stronger than you think him; also that we have exaggerated Early's force. However that may be, I think of no better disposition of what we have, and I will do my best. It looks desperate; still I agree that we ought to fight."

"Very well. I am glad we are in accord. And now it is time to be off. Face the line just as it is by the right flank—just as it is, only bringing Alexander and his guns in front of Colonel Henry and the Vermonters. Pass through the town saying nothing. It looks like deserting a lot of generous, loyal people, but we can't help it. So the least said the better. Clendenin I have ordered elsewhere. Use Lieb for rear-guard. March

slowly so as to prevent straggling. When you reach the bridge, drop Colonel Brown there, with Lieb and his men. And remember that under no circumstances must the bridge be given up. Landstreet had better be left in reserve on the height by the block-house. The three guns you may keep, using them at discretion. So, too, I leave the distribution of the men of your command at your discretion. Remembering all the time that if the stone bridge is lost we are all lost."

General Tyler and I shook hands and separated; he to set his command in motion. With my officers, and the two orderlies, I took my way in advance through the town, it being of the utmost importance that I should make the Junction as soon as possible. It was the twilight hour, not yet dusk. I could not avoid recognition entirely. Several citizens put themselves in my way to ask the news and where I was going. I could but observe their anxiety; their voices conveyed it. At every corner along the main streets I remember noticing barrels standing full of water for passing soldiers, each barrel with its complement of bright tin cups. The town undoubtedly had its disloyal faction bitter to vituperation; in counterbalance, however, it had its legion devoted soul and purse to the Union. And it was hard abandoning them. In fact, I remember few circumstances in my life more trying.

Our way was along the Baltimore turnpike. Crossing the river by the stone bridge, we turned to the right, and with some stumbling through the dark, deepened by trees overhanging the country road, at last regained headquarters at the Junction.

Having resolved upon the withdrawal from Frederick, my last act there was to apprise General Halleck of the intention. I accordingly sent him the following telegram:

"HEADQUARTERS, FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND,
"*July* 8, 1864.

"Breckinridge, with a strong column, moving down the Washington pike towards Urbana, is within six miles of that place. I shall withdraw immediately from Frederick City, and put myself in position on the road to cover Washington, if necessary." [1]

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part ii., p. 127.

LXXIII

The doctor's horse—Available troops—Their disposition—The two bridges—General Ricketts—The twenty-four-pounder howitzer—The fight in the cornfield—Colonel Clendenin.

THE horse that had fallen to me had been, as I afterwards learned, the favorite servant of a physician in Frederick City; and now, besides age and a constitutional tendency to slowness, a lost shoe furnished him an excuse for a half-limp. So it was a trifle before midnight when we dismounted in front of headquarters at the Junction.

Colonel Catlin was very glad to see us, having been uneasy lest I should be detained too long in Frederick. By his scouts he had been kept well informed of the movements of the enemy. He took me into the meagrely furnished room, lighted by a single candle, and in reply to a question gave me a list of troops then at the Junction, the arrivals from Baltimore during the day. I am able to restore the list by aid of official reports, and I give it with a sense of gratitude, and a keen desire to perpetuate far as in me lies the memory of organizations that offered themselves, without a murmur, to the extreme sacrifices demanded of them next day.

The One Hundred and Sixth New York, Captain Edward Paine commanding; the One Hundred and Fifty-first New York, Colonel William Emerson commanding; the Fourteenth New Jersey, Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Hall commanding; the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Stahel commanding.

These composed the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps, under Colonel William S. Truex. And when the Tenth Vermont, Colonel Henry, then marching from Frederick, arrived, the First Brigade would be present in its entirety.

I asked Colonel Catlin about the strength of the regiments, and remember his answer.

"Speaking without returns," he said, "I saw them get off the cars and move to bivouac down by the creek, and judge them to average five hundred men each, some more, some less."

"Two thousand! That is good. How about General Ricketts."

"Colonel Truex told me the general would be up on the first troop-train. He looks for it about one o'clock to-night."

I ordered Colonel Ross to be on hand at the coming of the train, and called for pen and ink. Every one offered me a pencil. I had to send to the block-house for the other articles, including the loan of a couple of candles. Finally I took seat at the table, and dictated the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, MONOCACY JUNCTION,
"*July* 8, 1864.

"*General Ricketts:*

"GENERAL,—I am instructed by the general commanding to direct you to move your whole command to the left of the railroad, with your front to the Monocacy, with a view of guarding the approaches on the Washington road.

"You will establish your picket-line as you may deem best suited to attain this object, connecting on your right with the line of Brigadier-General E. B. Tyler. The men will move to the position indicated at once; your pickets will then be established. You will provide your command with three days' rations.

"No citizen within your lines will be permitted to leave them without a written pass from your headquarters. Citizens will only be admitted to give information touching the movements of the enemy.

"You will make to these headquarters a morning field-return of your command. You will also report by regiments the number of rounds of ammunition per man in your division. You will report the means of transportation in your command.

"MAX. WOODHULL, Aide-de-Camp."[1]

To General Tyler I sent an order similar in effect, only he was directed to encamp his men on the right of the railroad, and establish his pickets connecting with those of General Ricketts on his left.

In these two orders the reader must see my dispositions for the battle which it was not to be doubted would be of early occurrence in the morning. Taken in connection with the conversation with General Tyler while we were making ready to vacate Frederick, it ought not to be difficult to comprehend them.

That is to say, all north of the railroad belonged to General Tyler; it being his to hold the stone bridge and the Baltimore turnpike, by which such of us as came out alive might retreat; while south of the railroad was to be assigned to General Ricketts, upon whom I thought the stress of the fighting would fall. The raw men to Tyler; the veterans to Ricketts.

It is to be added now, that before news of the arrival of General Ricketts reached me, I had resolved to take position at Monocacy Junction, and stay there with the twenty-five hundred men drawn from my own department. The resolution is to be seen in my promises

[1] *War Records*, series 1, vol. li., part i., p. 1175.

to President Garrett; and the danger to Washington, when confirmed, but hardened the determination. To stay without reference to the odds against me, and do all possible to hamper and hinder the march of the Confederates, and force a showing of their purpose and strength—such was my resolution.

These preparations off my hands, I made a pillow of my folded coat, stretched myself upon the floor, and tried to sleep, but could not. The length of the line to be defended—fully three miles if the sinuosities of the river were followed—and the meagreness of the defenders, would not out of mind. Nor could I cover up the desperation of the work—how hopeless it was of victory. The sputtering candles upon the tables were not plainer to me, when I looked at them, than that the venture upon which I was launched could have but one result, if what was reported of Early's army were but half true.

There are two other points to plague me. The first will not be new to officers who, under trying circumstances, have felt their spirits flinch under the goad of responsibility. To what extent did my right as commander go in the exposure of the men under me? Was there not a limit to my authority? And what weight was I morally bound to give the admitted fact, that the venture proposed was desperate as respects both life and victory? Suffice it that I settled the point in a manner to my own satisfaction, at least, by the old argument that the obligations of duty were not apportionable; or if so, they were heavier upon the officer than his men.

The next point lingered longest with me, and, I am bound to confess, had a sharper sting than the other. The risk of battle taken, if I lost, as seemed inevitable, the chief of staff in Washington, having at last the ex-

cuse for which he had been so long lying in wait, would not spare me. No, not though his safety was within the scope of my effort, as well as that of the city in which he was housed.

I tried in thought of the matter to be philosophical; but it ought not to be strange to anybody if I could not sleep; nay, if, knowing myself so at his mercy, I gnashed my teeth.

In the midst of these unpleasantnesses, Colonel Ross, answering the challenge of the orderly, appeared in the door, and behind him a stranger. I arose, and was introduced to Brigadier-General James Ricketts, chief of the Third Division of the old justly famous Sixth Army Corps.

He was slightly above the average height of men, a little inclined to corpulency, quick and bluff in manner and speech, Celtic in feature and complexion, and at the moment serious. Beyond the usual hand-shake, there was no ceremony between us, no asking after health or news, no gossip, no apologies.

"It is true, then, that Jubal Early is here?" he asked.

"Yes, at Frederick City. His camp-fires are in sight."

"How many men has he?"

"That is variously reported. Sigel put it at twenty to thirty thousand. I know nothing personally beyond the fact that yesterday, just west of the town, my people whipped his advance-guard under Bradley Johnson."

"Hum!" said Ricketts, taking a moment to digest the answer. Then abruptly, "What are you going to do?"

"I came here to fight."

"How many men have you?"

"Twenty-five hundred of my own department. There

are said to be five or six hundred stragglers from General Sigel, but I have refused to recognize or ration them."

Ricketts studied me a moment, then burst out, "Twenty-five hundred against thirty thousand!"

"How many have you?" I asked.

"About five thousand."

"Seven thousand five hundred," I said. "That's first rate."

"It is fight, you say. Well"—the old soldier was thinking fast—"what for?"

"Objects?"

"Yes."

"I have three objects. I want first to make him tell us where he is going, whether to Baltimore or Washington."

"That's good. But how?"

"There are two turnpikes here within two miles of each other, one to Baltimore, the other to Washington. The one he makes his main fight for will, I take it, expose his object. I am already convinced he means Washington."

"Think so? How far is it from here to Washington?"

"About sixty miles."

"Two marches," said Ricketts, reflectively.

"Yes—forced marches. Leaving Frederick in the morning, he could, there being no interruption, reach the city by day after to-morrow in the evening."

"He has the reputation of being a good soldier." Ricketts observed.

"That he will now lose."

"How so?"

"He should be in Washington now."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all," I replied. "He had only to cross the

Potomac at Edwards Ferry below Harper's Ferry. No power on earth could then have saved the city from him. As it is, he has fooled away his time and chances, and an opportunity which, if now lost by him, the Confederacy can never hope for again."

Ricketts laughed, but composing himself, resumed, "You had three objects, I believe you said."

"Yes, you have the first one. As to the second—it is strange, and argues ability, that Early should have been able to march an army from the vicinity of Richmond, drive Hunter out of his road, put Sigel to sleep on Maryland Heights, and turn up here, only two marches from Washington, with none of our people—no, not one—to tell within ten thousand what his strength is, so effectively has he curtained his columns behind his cavalry. And now there is nobody between Early and Washington but us. Our duty is plain. It is to push the curtain aside, and make him show us what all he has."

Ricketts brought his hand down upon the table, and swore a round soldier's oath in emphasis of his, "That's so—that's so!"

And I went on. "You have my second object, and I will pass to the third, which I think the most important of the three. If we can maintain ourselves here, and by hook or crook get thirty-six or forty hours on Early, that, added to the two days of forced marching required of him, will give General Grant ample time to get a corps or two into Washington and make it safe. General Grant is the only hope, and he must have notice and time."

"But Halleck, what is he doing?"

"Defending Harper's Ferry."

Ricketts looked at me curiously, and said, "I don't understand you."

"Instead of strengthening me here, he has sent batteries and thousands of men to the old Ferry, and they are on Maryland Heights now, of no more account in the defence of Washington than so many stones. I have been here three days, and he has not so much as wired me a word of intelligence respecting the enemy, or in the way of encouragement."

Then I told Ricketts of the invitation I had received to go to Harper's Ferry and join the useless army on Maryland Heights.

"What! And give Early a clear road to Washington! Never—never! We'll stay here. Give me your orders."

I saw then he was aroused, and thoroughly in sympathy with me, and said, with a feeling I could not have hidden had I wanted to: "General Ricketts, I knew you would stay with me, and, in proof of it, here is an order drawn in advance of your arrival. Read it, and you will see my opinion of you."

Taking the order from the table, I delivered it to him; and when he had finished the reading, he put it in a pocket, and, giving me his hand, said, "You expect the fight in the morning?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"Very well. I should be in my position before daybreak. Let one of your officers come and show it to me."

"Colonel Ross will go with you," I answered. "He knows the ground." And to Ross I said: "The position is across the pike behind the wooden bridge." Turning again to Ricketts, I added: "I put you across the Washington pike because it is the post of honor. There the enemy will do his best fighting."

Again we shook hands and separated; and when Ricketts was gone, I lay down and slept never more soundly.

While our slender breakfast was getting ready in the morning, I walked out to the bluff by the railroad bridge. Everywhere I read the promise of a beautiful summer day. There was not a speck in the sky, and the departing night had left a coolness in the air delicious and most refreshing. Behind me little columns of smoke were slowly rising; the same indications across the river told where our pickets were in post and wide awake; beyond them, in the direction of Frederick, a denser smoke lay along the earth in the form of a pallid cloud hanging not higher than a tree-top, and it spoke of the enemy; and everywhere friends and foes alike were at coffee or making it. The smell of new mown hay from the yellowing stubble-fields was lost in the sooty perfume of the many fires.

Breakfast over, with my staff I rode to General Ricketts, and found him down in the low land of the little creek not far from the mill, and together we went to get a look at his men in position. In the posting, Colonel Ross had shown excellent judgment. It was, in fact, so satisfactory to General Ricketts, when viewed at daylight, that he left it unchanged—a circumstance which did not surprise me, to whom the colonel had given too many proofs of his soldierly qualities for surprise.

In the *negligée* of general rest, the regiments were in two lines extending north and south, with an interval of seventy or eighty yards between them, the railroad in the centre, their left in deployment over a hill, their right in a depression. Below, and not far away, the gray-stained, roofed, wooden bridge spanned the river. As we passed along, Ricketts would say, "There is such a regiment; and this such another"; now it was a New Jersey, now a New York, now a Vermont. At the conclusion of the informal inspection, we continued

our ride to a point well forward of the first line on the summit of the hill from which the valley spread in smiling landscape clear to the mountains in the west.

With my glass I swept the country in the direction of the city, searching for signs of the enemy. Directly I caught sight of a dark line beginning to stretch itself out on the Buckeystown road.

"They are moving," I said to Ricketts.

"Which way?"

"This way," I answered, and passed the glass to him. In a few seconds he gave me the glass back, saying:

"Two miles and more. We can reach them easily."

Turning to one of his officers. "Ride," he said, "and tell Captain— What is his name?"

"Alexander," I returned.

"Tell Captain Alexander to open fire." Then to me, "There's something in having the first shot."

"Those we see are cavalry," I said.

Presently another column appeared on the Washington pike leading directly to the wooden bridge.

"A regiment on the pike," I said.

Ricketts took a deliberate look at the second apparition, and then remarked: "Yes, two regiments, as regiments on both sides now go. They are too few to mean a serious, straight attack. The other column is sheering round to our left. Is there a ford in that direction?"

"There is one about a mile below the bridge here. But it is held by six squadrons of Illinois cavalry."

After watching the developments for a time, I broke off: "We must get a welcome ready for the fellows coming at us. Look beyond the bridge a little to the left, and you will see two companies of Ohio men deploying as skirmishers. There is not enough of them. Please reinforce them with a company. And send another company to the bridge—and have the officer in

charge get kindling ready to touch off in an instant. It may be necessary to burn the bridge. He will hold it till I send him word."

An orderly galloped down the hill with Ricketts' directions. About that time the report of a gun broke the impending silence, the first of the battle, one of Alexander's.

Now Ricketts was an old artillerist.

"A Parrott!" he exclaimed. "Have you nothing better?"

"Yes, a twenty-four-pounder howitzer."

"That will do. Let them have it!"

Evidently my prejudice against the three-inch rifled gun was well seconded.

Soon an officer came up the hill at a furious pace. Pulling rein in front of me, and saluting, he said: "I am Captain Wiegel, General Tyler's assistant adjutant-general. He sends me to report to you, and say that, with your permission, I will take charge of the howitzer in the work by the block-house."

"Do you know how to serve it?"

"Perfectly."

"You are the man I want. Go and get to work."

The captain departed as he came. Soon afterwards two companies broke from Ricketts' forward line, and went to the front on the double-quick. Who they were I did not know, but I watched them. One halted at the mouth of the bridge; the other continued on, never stopping until merged in the array of skirmishers across the pike. Simultaneously the vedettes rode in, followed by the pickets. They were the last troops to avail themselves of the bridge, the last that ever crossed it.

Meantime the regiments moving against us, though under Alexander's fire, at a certain distance halted and deployed, executing the fanlike movement with a

rapidity and regularity simply beautiful. While deploying, they advanced to the attack yelping after their style.

"Old soldiers!" said Ricketts.

"Yes," I said. "But see what comes now!"

As I spoke, up the pike there tore forward through clouds of dust groups of laboring horses dragging bright brass guns and clumsy caissons. The riders plied their whips viciously.

"How many guns?" asked Ricketts.

"Sixteen."

"But you must be counting caissons as well."

"No, guns; all brass pieces."

He whistled low, and said, much like a father sending his love and regrets after a lost son, "If I had my old battery here!"

Here the howitzer, opening upon the racers, took up its cry; a very loud note it was, an immense pounding sound singularly laden with encouragement to us. Alexander, with his three guns—the other three were with Tyler—and Wiegel, by the block-house, lost not a minute, so fair was the target. Then shortly the skirmishers joined in with their practice, ours firing from cover, and sending their *vis-à-vis* to the ground crawling forward like snakes.

I saw Wiegel's first shell burst above the gunners on the pike. Before the little bunched-up white cloud left by the missile had disappeared, before the howitzer could be reloaded, the pike was cleared. And such a skurrying! The groups divided, some going to the right of the road, some to the left. I could see the drivers using their whips mercilessly, the horses plunging, the riders tossing in their seats like rag puppets. Under other circumstances the sight had been amusing; but I knew better than to laugh. It was experience, not

fear or panic, governing the gunners. The survivors of unnumbered fights, they were seeking the best positions from which to deal us their thunder. In a space incredibly brief they were all out of view, and widely apart behind barns and out-houses, under shelter of hay-stacks or hidden in clumps of bushes. I could see none of them, search as I might.

"There!" said Ricketts. "Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"Some sharp-shooter is after us. He is getting the range."

"Where is he?"

"Over there by the red barn."

I turned my glass in that direction without success. While looking for the fellow—why I do not know—a ball zipped by between us.

Doubtless we both had the same idea at the same instant. If we stayed there, invisible riflemen would get one of us. We wheeled, and rode farther up the hill. And while in the act, over our heads, making light of the air through which it sped, there went a shell in flight towards the mansion-house in the perspective across meadows in the southeast.

"Whose house is that?" asked Ricketts, drawing rein.

"A Mr. Thomas's."

"Well, were I near him I should advise him to take to the woods. It will be an uncomfortable habitation before the day is done."

As we were going over the crest of the hill, I stopped and looked back, attracted by a sudden increase of viciousness in the exchange between the skirmishers.

"Look at that," I said.

"What is it?" Ricketts asked, drawing rein.

"That clump of half-grown trees towards the river. You see it?"

"Yes."

"It is directly in front of the right of our skirmishers, and the enemy is filling it with men. If they turn our flank, I shall have to burn the bridge."

Ricketts observed intently, but presently exclaimed: "It's all right! Our fellows see the game. The weeds hide a lot of them crawling to the right, and they will get there in time."

Thereupon we sat silent. Out of the little grove a score or more men in gray broke yelping; but "ours," meeting them with a sharp, spattering fire, sent them to cover, where, if they had been killed, they could not have crouched closer.

"Good!" I said. "The old bridge has another chance for life."

While I spoke, two, three, five guns from as many different positions across the river opened fire. A minute, and still others joined in. By the white smoke clouds we could count them—eighteen in all.

"There—listen—from up the river," I said.

Under the near-by cannonading, in the intervals between guns and exploding shells, we caught detonations lower in tone but not so frequent.

"What does that mean?" Ricketts asked.

"It means the enemy is trying to get the stone bridge on the Baltimore pike some two miles above this. He is engaging Tyler."

"What of that bridge?"

"If Tyler loses it," I replied, "we are cut off."

Ricketts became thoughtful.

"Is there no other way of getting us out?"

"None, except we take to the Washington pike."

"Who is Tyler?"

"A man of intelligence, and brave. He has been in the war from the beginning, and understands the need

of the bridge to us clearly as we do. I rely upon him."

We continued on over the hill.

Ten o'Clock

Behind the summit, well down the north face, we came upon the two brigades of Ricketts' division fronted westwardly, and lying down. Parts of the lines were without cover. With a splendid contempt for the shells streaming above them, and the sharp explosions so nerve-racking to young soldiers, the whole command seemed in mid-enjoyment of a morning nap. There I separated from Ricketts.

"If at any time you wish to communicate with me," I told him, "a messenger will find me on the height yonder, just beyond the block-house. From that point I can overlook your whole field; and, besides, Tyler's left joins you there."

After that I rode first to the mill, near which the surgeons of the division had established a field-hospital, intending, as I was told, to use the building for shelter of the wounded. The place appeared well selected for the purpose, its one inconvenience being that it was under fire.

Some doors had been unhinged and laid lengthwise on trestles, forming a table about which the operators stood in a little group. Most of them were in their shirt-sleeves, and they were all perfectly composed. A few were smoking. While I sat surveying the scene, a man was brought in bloody and screaming. In a moment he lay stripped. A jagged fragment of a shell had torn a furrow across his breast. I could see his lungs clipped and exposed. No need of probing. The chief gave the wound one look, and followed it with a silent

wave of the hand; whereupon the under-assistants lifted the doomed subject and bore him away to die slowly and in agony. As I turned to escape the spectacle—from the piercing cries there was no escape—it came to me what some may think a horrible thought: why should not a surgeon, seeing death inevitable, be required to speed the end?

Seeing others wounded coming in, I called my officers, and rode away, and as we started a cannonading broke out in the south. The halt was instantaneous.

"What is that?" asked Ross.

"The enemy has reached one of the fords below the wooden bridge," I answered.

"What can Clendenin do against artillery?" young Woodhull inquired.

"Nothing but get out of the way. In other words, the enemy will get his feet wet crossing the river; all the same, he is now making to our side of it, bringing Ricketts the real tug of the day. Let us ride now, and find a position from which we can watch him."

The road we took from the mill to gain the height above the block-house led across a stretch in plain view of the able gunners giving us such worry from the other side of the river. Hardly had we begun the sloping rise when they saw the party and turned all their guns upon it—how many we had not time to count. The noise overhead became deafening, and the whiz of flying iron incessant. Up all around us sprang little gushes of gravel and yellow dust. There was not an instant I did not look to see a horse, possibly a horse and rider, go down. I thought to make haste, and plied spurs to quicken my steed. I beat him with the flat of my sabre in vain. He could not be brought to discern his danger or ours. Walk he would. Finally I called to my men: "Go ahead! As you love your lives, gallop on!"

They looked everywhere but at me.

"Do you hear? Go ahead!" I again yelled to them. "Don't you see they are making a target of the crowd?"

Not a man showed a sign of hurry. They would have died first. So at a slow walk, as horses move, we rode through the most searching artillery-fire I ever encountered—a confusing fire—and that no one of the party was hit appears to me even at this long, belated hour miraculous.

Ten-thirty o'Clock

The height which I had chosen for a stand-point, at last safely gained, was under fire like all the rest of the field. Below us, on the brink of the river-bluff, Captain Wiegel and his squad of gunners stood by the twenty-four-pounder, and he was not wasting his ammunition. The piece, and the half-finished work encircling it, were a centre of attention with the eager enemy. Lines of fire from a dozen or more points terminated there. Following the flight of a shell, I observed a regiment lying down directly behind Wiegel's position. Every missile that passed him overshot reached the regiment. I sent to inquire whose command it was and what it was doing there.

"Colonel Landstreet's Baltimore regiment, in reserve by order of General Tyler, and supporting Captain Wiegel," was the answer.

The colonel's idea of "supporting a battery" was to locate himself directly in its rear. He was, of course, shifted to one side, but not until he had lost some of his men.

Not to offer too much of an attraction to the enemy, I had our horses led out of his sight, after which there was leisure to think of the situation. The valley west of the Monocacy and the low grounds on our side of the

river, up far as the Thomas mansion, were in plain view, except as it was obstructed by the swiftly vanishing clouds incessantly flecking the air. Up at the stone bridge in the north the guns were still at work, a notice after their kind that Tyler, Gilpin, and Low were holding their own, and their hundred-day men rapidly veteranizing. Giving attention then southward beyond Ricketts, I was struck by a portentous silence there, a silence heavy with meaning; insomuch that a messenger was not required to come and tell me of the fords lost to us and of Confederates across and forming for attack.

And Clendenin—where was he? A common soldier with a putty heart could find in the conditions of the field plenty of excuses for taking to the Washington pike and abandoning me. Was he of that kind? I sent a man serving as orderly with a hastily dictated note requesting the colonel, if he had not already done so, to fall back through Urbana in the direction of New Market on the railroad, and do his utmost to keep the enemy from getting in my rear.[1]

It may be well believed that at this period of the affair I kept an eye closely on my watch. Was I not fighting for time?

When the slow-going minute-hand reached

Eleven o'Clock

I felt a thrill of gratification. Four hours gained! Four hours, and Early still in Frederick, not one step nearer his great prize than when the dawn delivered the steeples of the town from the envelope of night! Should I give notice to the authorities in Washington,

[1] In good time the courier returned to tell me Clendenin was then in Urbana covering the road to New Market. He had anticipated my suggestion.

and to General Grant at City Point, of what was going on? Not yet, I said to myself—not yet. For if asked, I could not have told to which city my antagonist was going, or how many men he had. Looking towards Frederick, I could see the smoke of camp-fires and wagons in park, and artillery, and a cloud of soldiers ominously suggestive of yet another army corps. Nevertheless, the revelations were as yet too indefinite for committal to the wires; besides which it remained to see what Ricketts and his sturdy regiments could do. I had come to have an immense confidence in him and them. How many hours additional might they not win for the Cause? Away down in my heart I was conscious of the fluttering of a hope which I was not sanguine enough to put into words.

What with anxiety and excitement my tongue had become very dry; but having put a lemon in my pocket in the morning, I was finding relief sucking it, when Colonel Catlin, near by, asked, "Are not those skirmishers I see yonder?"

"Where?"

"There, just south of the cornfield?"

I brought my glass to bear, and as promptly called Woodhull and Ross to my side, and each wrote at my dictation:

"General Ricketts,—A line of skirmishers is advancing from the south beyond the cornfield at your left. I suggest you change front in that direction, and advance to the cornfield fence, concealing your men behind it. They will be enfiladed, but that can't be helped.

"Lew Wallace."

"Make haste," I said to the orderly, giving him one of the duplicates and retaining the other.

Within five minutes the brigades were on their feet;

within another five minutes one of them was lying down behind the fence, while the other moved leisurely to take position on its left. The manœuvring brought both bodies into view from the west side of the river, and the gunners there were in nowise loath to profit by the advantage offered. This, of course, called Alexander and Wiegel into action.

The cannonading and the noise of bursting shells were furious—I had almost said infernal. Sympathy for the brave men under the iron rain racked me like a sharp pain; but, as said, the conditions were beyond help. The furrow had been begun; it was fast reddening under the plough; not for that, however, could I then cry stop.

Presently my attention was claimed by another sight. The cornfield of which I have spoken as on Ricketts' left—his front now—was wide. How many acres it contained I cannot say; but the crop was in mid-growth, luxuriantly green and high as a man's waist. At the fence of the farther side the skirmishers disappeared; in their place there now came a line extending the length of the field, and more. Clearing the fence, the new-comers halted in the corn to regain their alignment, then advanced. I could see guidons, and several flags with pale-blue crosses on red fields, and white stars in the crosses, signifying regiments.

"They are cavalry," I said.

"That's good!" Ross replied.

"Why so?"

"Horsemen afoot are easy for infantry.'

"But they may be mounted infantry."

"I don't know any difference. A horse always spoils a good soldier."

I could not help retorting, "I haven't observed that a horse had done you any hurt."

Gaps had to be made in the fence for the passage of mounted officers. These, once through, galloped to their places. Then at a signal—a bugle-call probably—the array having attained its proper front, it started forward slowly at first; suddenly, after the passage of a space, arms were shifted, and, taking to the double-quick, the men raised their battle-cry, which, sounding across the field and intervening distance, rose to me on the height, sharper, shriller, and more like the composite yelping of wolves than I had ever heard it. And when to these were presently superadded a tempestuous tossing of guidons, waving of banners, and a furious trampling of the young corn that flew before them like splashed billows, the demonstration was more than exciting—it was really fearful; and, watching it, I understood as never before the old Vandal philosophy which taught that the sublimest inspiration of courage lay in the terrible.

A brave spectacle it was indeed; yet, as Marshal Roberts said of the charge of the Six Hundred, it was not war. I could not understand it; and whatever of admiration I felt as a beholder was lost in amazement, all because of one extraordinary feature—not a man engaged in it took time or thought it necessary to stop, though for an instant, and fire a shot! Through my glasses I could easily make out officers mounted and waving their swords, and, as I thought, cheering the line forward. What did they mean? One of them there must have been the chief; what did he mean? Did he know of what was before him? Or was he of the Southerners who, still sceptical of the courage of the North, imagined that all to be done now was to set up the yell, wave the flags, and go with a rush, and win?

My eyes dropped involuntarily to the fence—it was of rough rails—towards which the charge was coming.

On the hither side of it, in the corners, I saw indistinctly what looked like daubs of blue pigment in spots darker for the shade covering them. I knew them to be soldiers—our soldiers. They lay ever so still, reminding me of hunters in a broad runway, the deer in sight and speeding down upon them. Here and there I could see men half-risen peering through the spaces between the rails—they were company officers. Behind them other figures in uniforms were standing by horses; and in them I recognized field-officers. One man was in his saddle—Ricketts. He drew all my attention. Everybody in his vicinity seemed waiting on him; and presently, like the rest, I was doing the same, waiting for the word that would call the daubs of blue pigment into life and deadly action. The bristling, noisy wave was drawing nigh and nigher. How close would he permit it to come? The word was his; was it not time to give it? He sat the horse like a block of wood, calm, indifferent. I could not see that he was even watchful. There was a noticeable fever in my blood which I tried to cool sucking more vigorously at the lemon, and saying to myself, "He knows his men, and what they can be relied upon to do."

We thus in observation were almost breathlessly silent, and for a reason: not only did our fortunes depend upon what was about to take place; we were witnessing a rare incident which might not come to us again though we lived a hundred years. And in our minds there was a flutter of questions: "What will be the effect of the fire? Will it hush the howling? Will it stop the rush?" I felt my flesh creep, imagining the annihilation that must follow its delivery.

I heard no command given; however, up rose the figures behind the fence, up as one man. I saw the gleaming of the burnished gun-barrels as they were laid upon

the upper rails. The aim taken was with deadliest intent—never more coolly. I could form no correct judgment of the distance, probably a hundred and twenty-five or thirty yards, then a ragged eruption of fire, and for an instant smoke interfered with the view.

"My God!" cried Woodhull. "They are all killed!"

With return of fair vision, we looked for the line. It had disappeared. Not a man of it was to be seen, only the green of the trodden corn, some horses galloping about riderless, and a few mounted officers bravely facing the unexpected storm.

"No," I said, in reply to Woodhull, "they are not all killed. Give the fellows unhurt time to crawl along the furrows back to the fence, and you will see."

There was a cheer, no doubt by whom given. Then succeeded a firing at will. More saddles emptied, other horses rushing madly about. And ere long the thitherward fence was darkened with climbers, under whom whole sections of the rails went down, so little did the fugitives stand upon the order of their going. A few minutes more and not a living thing could be discovered in the field. Even the masterless horses were gone; while the wounded, crouching close to avoid the pitiless rain of bullets in the air above them, lay under the corn hidden as by a mantle. And they and the dead—how many were there of them? [1]

[1] A few years ago, during President McKinley's administration, General John B. Gordon and I accidentally met in the reception-room of the White House and were introduced to each other. He was then United States Senator. We took seats upon a sofa, and talked of the battle of Monocacy.

Among other things, General Gordon said he had long wished to know me, and in explanation stated that I was the only person who had whipped him during the war. I replied differing with him, and argued that while it was true I had accomplished the purpose for which the fight was made, still the possession of the field remained

So far victory. I sent an orderly to Ricketts with congratulations, and then consulted my watch.

High Noon

Five hours from my very able antagonist, General Early! I counted them, beginning at seven o'clock, not once but many times, much as I fancy a miser counts his gold pieces.

I had leisure then to look about me.

In the mean time fighting had been going on up at the stone bridge. That General Tyler had not ordered Colonel Landstreet to his support argued well. Nevertheless, I sent Colonel Ross to see, and report upon the affair.

In my immediate front, across the river, skirmishing continued as in the morning, and the batteries there still maintained their fire, replied to by Alexander and Wiegel. I doubt if there was a nook or corner far up as the Thomas mansion, and beyond it even, that went free of search by shells thrown with singular skill.

to him. "In that sense," he insisted, "you are right; but you snatched Washington out of our hands—there was the defeat." And he continued, "The duty of driving you off the road fell to me; and I did it, but not until you had repulsed several attacks, and crippled us so seriously we could not begin pushing our army forward until next morning about ten o'clock."

In course of the conversation I remarked: "The strangest thing of the whole battle was the conduct of the officer who made the first attack upon General Ricketts. Did he imagine he could stampede veterans of the old Sixth Army Corps by a rush without fire?"

"Ah, that's the very point," Gordon replied. "We did not know of the presence on the field of any portion of the Sixth Corps. They told us in Frederick you had only hundred-day men, a class of soldiers we had often met and cleaned out without firing a shot—exactly as General ——— attempted."

I found General Gordon remarkably frank and communicative, and a most delightful conversationalist. He took away with him my profoundest respect.

The circumstance of liveliest concern to me, however, was that, often as I turned my eyes to the roads trending southwardly from Frederick, they fell upon reinforcing columns of Confederates in steady march to the fords below the wooden bridge.

LXXIV

The deserting engineer — The disabled howitzer — Burning of the wooden bridge—The telegram to Grant—The cowardly brigade —The skirmishers on the iron bridge—Lieutenant Davis—The beginning of the retreat.

I TRIED to estimate the strength of the forces in motion before me, but could not. Enough that they were as three to our one, and that when they came to stand upon our side of the river in order of battle all the advantages of the position which had been our strength would fail us utterly. It was ugly thinking of the odds; nevertheless, what I beheld settled at least one of the three objects for which I was making the struggle—General Early meant to possess himself of the pike Ricketts was defending, the undermeaning of which was Washington. Should I not say so to Generals Halleck and Grant? I again decided not yet. By burning the wooden bridge, and holding on till five or six o'clock, it would not be in General Early's power to move his main body before the next day. In other words, time then took first place in my purpose—twenty, or even twelve hours added to the two marches yet required of my doughty enemy would be ample for General Grant to land his interfering corps in the city. I resolved to hold on.

To General Ricketts I then sent word that, in the absence of ambulances, I had determined upon a train of cars to receive and carry off such of the wounded as could be moved; the train, I informed him, was in waiting behind the first hill east of the railroad bridge.

Therewith I suggested having his wounded taken thither while the lull in the fight permitted.

Within half an hour afterwards an officer came to me and reported that he had been to look for the train, and it was gone; the engineer, frightened by shells flying over the hill, had run away, taking every car with him.

It took me some time to recover from this blow. Indeed, could hands have been laid upon him, I think yet I could have stood quietly by and seen the cowardly wretch hanged. But there was no remedy. The hurt and the maimed must lie where they fell—in that respect like the dead. My keenest pang, I remember, was in the reflection that when the retreat took place—it looked more probable to me then than at any previous time—the unfortunates, few or many, must look to the enemy for care and relief, and that he, hampered by like sufferers of his own, might find his mercy too greatly strained.

One o'Clock

At this hour all of the action going on was in my front across the river and up at the stone bridge. From the latter place nothing could be heard but the dropping fire of skirmishers; while here the air continued riven with shells.

Colonel Bliss, the corps commissary, came up from his storehouse near headquarters bringing a sackful of crackers and sardines, and, the lull permitting, we lunched. The colonel reminded me of a case of wine received by him the evening before from Baltimore bearing my address, a present from some friend possessed of the blessed gift of gentle remembrance. I disposed of his suggestion that we tap it then by thoughtlessly telling him to keep it for supper.

In the same interval of comparative calm, Colonel

Ross reached me from up the river. He had found General Tyler in active oversight of his attenuated line. Off Crum's ford, about a mile above us, the enemy were assembled as if to attack; but the bluff was steep, and could be easily held by the two or three companies who had the locality in charge. Colonel A. L. Brown, he said, had his hands more than full, having the stone bridge and another ford beyond it to keep with but seven companies of his own regiment (the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Ohio) and Captain Lieb's mounted infantry. Ross said he had found the colonel with his command posted on the crest of a ridge on the Frederick side of the river. Attacked by a largely superior force, Brown had succeeded in repelling several charges supported by artillery, and was in good spirits. His hundred-day men were behaving splendidly.

So then, summing up, at one o'clock, notwithstanding the attacks received, we were exactly as in the morning, only there were now to our score against General Early *six hours*. The officers of my staff, with the exception of Colonel Ross, who was characteristically grave, were inclined to be jolly; a mood not possible for me to second because of a point that would not out of mind—the enemy was taking a great deal of time down at the ford. Either he was waiting for more men, or he had already so many that the ordering them for battle was troublesome. Profiting by the sad outcome of his first drive at Ricketts, he was of mind now to make a certainty of the second. With that idea I kept my glass in service, sweeping the whole southern section of approach.

Two o'Clock

About two o'clock I noticed mounted men whom I took to be officers riding leisurely along the farther side

of the cornfield going east. Occasionally they stopped as if to survey our position. I spoke to the officers with me.

"There will not be much more delay. Yonder, I take it, is the man in chief command reconnoitring us."

Within five minutes the strangers disappeared. Presently I caught sight of flags and the gleam of muskets; then I made out an advancing line of battle with the river on its left. It halted, and while I was wondering at the halt, another body swung by companies left into line of its right; then another—and another—until the prolonged front outreached Ricketts' left, offering a dangerous lap.

The call on us for action was immediate.

I sent Colonel Catlin at speed to Ricketts, warning him, and suggesting that he put his whole command into one line; so only could he equalize the fronts.

At the same time an orderly hurried to Wiegel asking if he could not bring his howitzer to bear upon the Confederates in mid-manœuvre. The man returned to me on the run.

"The gun is disabled," he said.

"Disabled? How?"

"A green fellow serving it forgot the cartridge, and rammed a shell down first."

The effect upon me may be imagined. The howitzer alone was worth all Alexander's six rifles.

"Bring the horses," I said. "We must ride now."

I went first to Captain Wiegel, whom I found trying to inject powder into the vent of the piece—a makeshift requiring patience, and, in view of the practice of the enemy upon his little earthwork, enough of nerve to make a dozen Marlboroughs.

"Up-end the gun," I called to him.

"I've tried that; it won't do."

Considering the howitzer lost to us—lost, too, when it could have done us infinite good—I continued on to the wooden bridge.

I stopped once to observe what was to be seen of Ricketts' readiness for the tempest before him. His Second Brigade appeared moving into place on the left of his First. The enfilading from the guns across the river was terrible. It swept his whole formation from flank to flank. I had a doubt if there could have been a more vigorous practice of artillery. Actually shells seemed to be in flight from every direction, and the horrible hissing and screeching they made in going were more dreadful to the imagination than were their explosions in fact. Then I heard infantry firing, and from the sound knew that this time the enemy was indulging no foolishness. I could not see him, but judged he had opened his fire five or six hundred yards away, and was keeping it up while advancing. As yet the men of the Sixth were not replying. They were waiting to make sure; in their grim silence I somehow took on another store of faith and confidence.

As said, I was going to the wooden bridge. My object was to release the guard taking care of it, that they might join their regiments, then never in such need of every available man, and I could see but one way of relieving them.

"Have you a match?" I asked the captain of one of the two companies there. "All right, apply it now."

He stooped to a pile of dry grass and kindling heaped against the inner face of the long-seasoned pine weatherboarding of the bridge. Just then I had a thought: "The skirmishers! My God, what will become of them?" I shouted.

Ross rode through the old structure to its farther

exit, and returned to tell me: "They are too far off to be reached. They will retreat at sight of the smoke."

At first a guilty sense touched me. The appearances of the thing looked so like a wilful desertion. Nevertheless, I reflected rapidly and with a clear head. The men were engaged. To have recalled them then would have been to endanger the bridge, possession of which by the enemy, certain to follow fast on their heels, would have been to admit him to the flank and rear of Ricketts' thousands on the hill. Hard, very hard, but the exigencies demanded loss of the few rather than of the many—or, rather, that the few must be left to take their chances with the foe in front or the river at their back. And thinking of the objects of the fight, my will grew hard as iron.

By that time the fire was blazing.

"All right, let it burn," I said to the captain of the guard, "and do you take your men with speed to your regiments."

They moved off on the run. I lingered awhile to see that the flames did their work reliably. A great smoke began to fill the sky and blot out the sun. Soon the floor timber fell into the water. The structure was then beyond salvation; whereupon we left it, and set out in return to our lookout above the block-house.

For the howitzer there was no redemption, and Wiegel had gone to Tyler. I had the piece hauled out of the contracted earthwork behind which it had done good service. It might be carried off when the final retirement took place.

The arrival of the Third Brigade had been promised me by one o'clock. I continued to look for it with an anxiety that intensified with the passage of the minutes. Three regiments—such was the composition of the brigade—three like these then with Ricketts—had been

worth full six in a time less serious. But they did not come. If I could only have got an order to the man in command!

The musketry had followed us with its peculiar noises, now a rattle, now a roll, up from the bridge; and, looking from our elevation, it was to see both the opposing lines engaged, that of the enemy and ours. A film of smoke whiter than morning mist hung over them; but it was only a film, transparent at that, and through it I could see the combatants, two or three hundred yards apart, and the flashing of twirling rammers, and the flags, and horsemen going to and fro. How busy they all were!

I remember the thrill I felt noticing the enemy brought to a stand-still along his whole front; then the thought, if the men of the "old Sixth" could do that much, it would not be strange if they yet did better.

Minutes passed. The firing became an unbroken roll. I could hear no sound else. Both sides were working under a repression too intense for cheering, a repression in which there could be but one intent—load, load, and fire, meaning kill, the more the better. Battle has no other philosophy.

Other minutes passed, and they seemed longer than any of the preceding, minutes during which the action grew so furious, so red-hot, as it were, I knew it was not in nature to continue. One line or the other must go to pieces.

The gunners out towards Frederick stopped; seeing the lines so close together, they doubtless feared doing their friends more harm than good. About that time, turning my glass to the southeast in the direction of the Thomas mansion, I saw a faltering on the part of the Confederates; it was very distinct—some of them were even running to the rear. This was well over towards their extreme right flank. It struck me a charge might

start the break I was so anxiously expecting. I sent Ross to Ricketts with the suggestion; and he, meeting an aide of Colonel Treux,[1] who knew the general's whereabouts, gave him the suggestion for delivery in the form of an order, and returned to me.

A consideration of the time required for the transmission of this order will help one to a fair idea of the obstinacy of the struggle in progress. There are moments in which the mythical old man with scythe and hour-glass seems to disport himself with men and their solicitudes. I waited and waited, and while waiting thought of Father Weems's description of the ascension of souls at the Cowpens. At last two regiments—such they appeared to me—broke from the general line forward and advanced rapidly, firing and cheering as they moved. The effect was as if a sudden push had been given the enemy. They broke, resolved into a flying mass, and directly the whole opposing formation, catching the contagion of retreat, was going headlong in search of safety. I could see mounted officers raging in the rout, but in vain. The first triumph of the heroic "old Sixth" had taken place in a cornfield; this second one was scored in a wheat-field but recently reaped. Looking over it after the disappearance of men and flags in a woods on its southern boundary, the shacks were all down, and here and there, not infrequently either, there were black objects interspersed with the yellow sheaves; but whether they were of the dead or wounded, or of both, could only be surmised.

The shouting of the elated victors was long and loud.

[1] Captain W. H. Lanius. See *Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers*, p. 182. The captain, it would appear, thought the time too short to advise with General Ricketts. In my name he ordered the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania and the Fourteenth New Jersey to make the charge. Had it been less brilliantly done, with results more unquestionable, he might have heard from General Ricketts.

Landstreet's Eleventh Maryland, off a short distance to our right rear, arose to their feet and yelled with might and main. And we helped them all we could—I with my staff and orderlies. The expression may sound homely, but I could have hugged the two regiments that did the valorous deed. Then, in the very heat of our rejoicing, we were made to know that there were spectators whom we had not counted upon possessed of different emotions. The Confederates serving the scattered guns in battery beyond the river turned them upon our height and shelled it with a spite and venom not to be misunderstood. Again by the greatest good-fortune we all escaped harm, for which thanks were chiefly due to our elevation above the gunners. When the flurry was over I detached two of General Tyler's three pieces, sending them to Captain Alexander. They were doing no good where they were; perhaps he could make them useful.

I looked at my watch, and it was

Two-forty-five o'Clock

—that is, it had taken Ricketts about forty minutes to dispose of this second attack; and forthwith I put them in the column of time against General Early, much as one hungry for a smoke puts pinches of tobacco in his pipe. Nearly eight hours now! Thus mentally I summed up.

There came then another spell of quiet, save only the gunners maintained their practice and the skirmishers kept belligerently spitting bullets at one another. I noticed this latter phase of the fight particularly. In their cover—a hollow in the ground or patches of weed and grass—the combatants, crouching low or flat on their backs, loaded their pieces; then, on their knees,

they watched the irregular front offered by the enemy, and often, as a faint, white puff arose and was vanishing in the air, they fired aiming under it. Now and then the black smoke driving before the south wind from the burning bridge spread over that part of the valley, obscuring the exciting game; when it lifted, however, I could see our troops were retiring slowly back towards the river. And it was plain to me that the officer in charge, whoever he might be, understood the business engaging him, and had no thought of surrender. But the scheme of escape he nursed—what could it be? I failed to fathom it. If the big brass howitzer had been in condition, his rescue had been easy. This, it is worth saying, was absorbing to a degree to make me unmindful of other things in themselves very interesting. A cloud of dust on the road from Frederick at length drew me from it; then, in a short time, I made out a column of infantry in rapid movement going to my left by the same thoroughfare taken by their friends in the morning—reinforcements beyond question. While my glass circulated among the staff-officers, I reflected.

Should I get away? That were less difficult then. The enemy was undiscoverable in the fields or in the woods beyond them, and it would take an hour or more for the reinforcing column to cross the ford, particularly as it was followed by two batteries of four guns each. Another half-hour would be consumed in deploying the regiments into line with their brethren and getting the batteries into position. The time was ample, and it made the opportunity. I took no thought of self; but of the brave men here and there on the field, how many might pay the extreme penalty of delay? The urgency compressed debate into the narrowest limits and forced me to a decision.

I summoned Woodhull and Ross to my side and

dictated—first, a telegram to General Grant, at City Point. Of this, both the duplicates having been lost, I can only give the substance:

"MONOCACY JUNCTION, MARYLAND,
"*July 9th*, 3 P.M.

"I have been fighting General Early here since seven o'clock. With General Ricketts' aid have repulsed two attacks. A third and heavier is making ready. It is evident now he is aiming at Washington. He has been fighting us with eighteen or twenty thousand men, and has others, apparently a corps, in reserve, with field artillery in proportion. If you have not already strengthened the defensive force at Washington, I respectfully suggest the necessity for doing it amply and immediately."

This I followed with a message to General Halleck, stating the fighting had, the result, and the probabilities—that the indications all were of an attempt on Washington; that Early had been actually engaging me with eighteen or twenty thousand infantry; that he had cavalry and artillery in full complement, with a body in reserve, apparently a corps.

The truth is, I worded the latter telegram thinking to scare General Halleck into action—he was, in my opinion, so constitutionally slow, if not timid.

The flight of the telegraph operator put me out sadly. As the next best thing, the only one in fact, I had Ross go look at the horses and bring me the best for the service; then to the owner I gave the messages, with directions to ride to Monrovia, or the nearest point on the railroad at which there was a telegraph-office and an operator. He was further instructed to see that the business had precedence of everything else, and to stand by the operator during the transmission; or, if that individual delayed or hesitated, he was to be

threatened with President Garrett. The horse was not to be spared.

Then I sent to General Ricketts, requesting him to come to me for consultation.

About that time General Tyler passed up a courier, reporting that Colonel Brown was still on the west side of the river, holding his own. There was comfort in the report. Retreat was still possible.

General Ricketts responded promptly. The good soldier was dusty—hair, beard, and uniform—and red with heat and perspiration. He would have dismounted, but I told him to keep his saddle as long as the gunners over the river were disposed to let him alone.

"You did that very handsomely," I said, alluding to the repulses of the enemy.

"Thank you," he returned, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

The column of Confederates was yet in sight. I pointed to it.

"Guns?" he said.

"Yes, two four-gun batteries."

"Well, that means a division at least"; and he added, "God knows there were enough of them already."

"We can get away now," I then said. "Shall we go? What do you say?"

"What time is it?"

I looked at my watch, and replied:

"Three-thirty o'Clock."

"A while longer"—he spoke deliberately—"and Early can't move before morning; and, if what I am told is true, that the ford is very rocky, it will be noon before he can get his artillery across the river."

"You are willing to stay, then?"

"Yes, at least until they show us what they have next. After whipping them twice, I don't like to run away."

"That is natural," I said; "and I am with you in opinion about holding on, but for another reason; and that is the other point about which I wanted to see you. Your Third Brigade is some hours overdue. What is the matter with it?"

Ricketts' brows contracted as he answered: "I don't know. If I live, I will know."

"He had his orders?"

"Yes, and cars in plenty."

"You don't know that he will not come?"

I saw the subject was exasperating him, and closed it, remarking: "The arrival of the brigade would be good when we have to retreat. As a rear-guard it would be infinitely serviceable. I will wait for it."

Ricketts swallowed his wrath and said: "Very well. When you think our time is up, let me know."

"I will send you the order."

And then I again explained that the retreat would be by the country roads north to the Baltimore pike; thence towards Baltimore.

"Do you need a guide?" I inquired.

"No. I can find the road."

"We understand each other, then?"

"Yes."

"As everything will depend upon the bridge on the Baltimore pike, it shall be held, if possible, until your command gets stretched out behind it."

"That will do," he said, gathering up his bridle-reins. "Good-bye."

And he replied, "Good-bye"; then added, "If you see us coming back before your order reaches me, you should understand it is because we are out of ammunition."

"Is it getting low?"

"Yes, in some of the boxes. I have just had an inspection."

"God forbid!" I said.

"Yes, it would be ugly."

And with that he rode down the height to his command.

This conversation, condensed but substantially given, can hardly be misunderstood; so I leave it with the remark that General Ricketts and I were coincident in the opinion that we would be compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the enemy by yielding him the road to Washington. At the same time, we were both of a mind to tempt fortune by holding on yet longer—he partly out of soldierly pride, and I in the hope that his Third Brigade would arrive in time to cover the retreat. We were both agreed, moreover, that by persisting in the struggle it might be possible to make it noon next day before General Early could continue his march. At all events, I have always thought, and still think, the result justified me in the course taken. This is said with reference to my responsibility as ranking officer.

The withdrawal of an engaged line of battle is always a most difficult and dangerous resort, because it is so easy to turn it into an irretrievable rout; here, however, it was to be a thing of execution by veterans, and the reflection made me several degrees more hopeful. Nevertheless, I foresaw confusion, especially if the enemy was vigorous in making the most of his advantage, and I tried to determine how to reduce its probable consequences to a minimum of disaster. With that idea I sent for General Tyler and Colonel Landstreet.

General Tyler, it will be recollected, had command of all north of the railroad, including the stone bridge on the pike from Frederick to Baltimore. To him, in Landstreet's hearing, I exposed what was intended and in expectation. He received the explanation calmly, saying

he was willing to do his utmost in making the retreat a success, only he wanted to know what I wanted him to do.

"You know the road to the Baltimore pike," I said, "the only one by which Ricketts can bring his brigades off after withdrawing them, is narrow, rough, and for the most part through woods, all too narrow, in fact, to accommodate a column hard-pressed and in hasty movement. So the probabilities are that, instead of sticking to the road, individuals are certain to take courses for themselves until they gain the pike. There they will have become a mass more or less disordered; and, until they have time to reform, somebody must defend them from pressure and rear attack. That work, general, you must do. In other words, upon you more than any other man I can think of it now depends whether we are not all enclosed in the woods and killed or taken like a herd of sheep?"

"You want me to hold the bridge?"

"Yes, until Ricketts and his men gain the pike and are advanced well towards New Market; in fact, I want it held until the enemy following Ricketts through the woods show themselves in your rear."

"And then?" he asked.

"Let your men cut their way out, all who can—not a difficult thing to regiments like Gilpin's and Brown's, since the pursuers will be in disorder and few in numbers when they reach the pike. Should there be any who cannot cut their way out, order them to disperse, every man for himself, with New Market or Monrovia for rendezvous. It will be desperate work. What do you say?"

I watched General Tyler closely; and there was revelation of the man in his answer, simple, without bravado, unmelodramatic: "I will go to the bridge now, picking up my men on the way. They will not be needed except at the bridge."

"That reminds me," I said. "You have had two companies of Colonel Brown's regiment guarding the block-house here. Take them along with you."

"But what of the house?" Tyler asked.

I answered: "If only to deprive the enemy of the pleasure of burning it, I will burn it myself. Have your companies take out their movables immediately, and let them look after the howitzer."

Then I requested him to stay and hear what I had to say to Colonel Landstreet. That gentleman came to attention and saluted. He was not wanting in the technique of military manners. Still, it was very needful for me to be careful with him.

"You will take your regiments, marching rapidly, to the Baltimore pike," I said. "There turn to the right in the direction of Baltimore, and, when two miles out, halt, deploy, with your colors in the centre of the road, and face to the rear. Our men will come to you in numbers, disorganized, of course. Stop all of them who have guns and cartridges—stop all officers and make them help you rally the fugitives. Tyler, here, will have ultimately to abandon the bridge. When that takes place, cover his retreat as best you can, moving along the pike and halting when required to stay the pursuit." I wound the instructions up by what I thought an appeal to his pride. "In short, colonel, I mean your regiment to become our rear-guard, an important and, under the circumstances, a most honorable duty."

He saluted again, and, answering with confidence, left me, and shortly after was seen in the saddle leading his regiment from the height. Not long after General Tyler picked up his two companies and rode away.

I had now exhausted every resource, even to the last man; and again there was nothing for me but to wait on the enemy; *that*, however, was made appreciably easier

by a feeling that he had given me time to do all possible for his reception, and that it had been done. A bitter pang struck me thinking of Ricketts' Third Brigade, so unaccountably absent. Where was it? Who held it back? Cowardice or treachery—which? In how many ways it could have been made useful in the extremity upon me!

Four o'Clock

Meantime the firing had almost ceased. Only at intervals a tentative shell spanned the field, leaving an arch of sound behind it. Once in a while, also, the skirmishers indulged in a spurt. Their fitful *rattling*, what moments it claimed my attention, left it evident that our people were crawling slowly back towards the river, and forced the reflection—what were they to do, what *could* they do, when the river was gained?

The men of my staff had nothing to say to me, and but little to one another. Like myself, they were impressed with the situation, and waiting. They knew as well as I that in all probability the preparation going on behind the screen of woods in the south would be decisive; and with them, as with me, the deliberation with which it was being conducted was ominous enough to edge their expectation with anxiety. Occasionally they remitted their watchfulness to follow the sound of a shell flying invisibly over the fields, golden-yellow with the ungarnered harvest of the respectable owner of the mansion fair to view in the southeast.

For my own part, I entertained myself with my watch, in hand the while, and with the small mental operation of counting the time from seven in the morning to the fraction of the hour of the observation.

"Eight o'clock" — and sometimes I counted the minutes.

Sometimes I varied the form of the calculation, saying to myself: "Eight hours and a quarter — or a half, or so many minutes. Early will not take to the road to-day, not even if he gets it. It is too late."

"Eight hours, and—!"

At moments, in my mind's eye, I could see my courier galloping through the white dust of the pike to the station, and there came a later moment when I said, still speaking to myself: "By this he has reached the station; now the message is off; now it is in Grant's hand, and, if troops are not already on the water, there is commotion at City Point, and much repetition around headquarters of the news. Early is marching on Washington. Washington is in peril!"

Four o'clock—at this point I turn to my official report for certainty—at four o'clock almost to the minute —four o'clock, in my account of time against General Early marking the ninth hour — and how I turned the finding over and over in my mind! The woods across the fields showed signs of renewed life. In the fringing of scattered trees, by looking closely, I could see what I thought moving figures. Now and then these appeared in patches of sunlight of greater transparency than the general mass of late afternoon shadows, helping my glass bring them distinctly to view—men with slouched hats, and in dust-colored clothes—very reliable telltales, all of them, but not to be compared in that respect to the flashes electrically emitted by gun-barrels suddenly sunstruck. I passed the glass to the officer nearest me, and said, simply:

"They are coming."

And then to an orderly, the horses having been again taken down the hill: "Bring up the horses. We may have to ride."

"Yes," said Colonel Catlin, after a long look, "they come, and no mistake."

"Only see how long the line is!" said another of my officers.

And sure enough, out of the ragged fringe of trees there came a thin line of skirmishers—I say *line* out of grace, for there was no "dressing on guides"—that extended from the river up to the Thomas mansion, and beyond it, though how far I could form no idea on account of obstructions to the view; far enough, however, to overlap the extreme left of Ricketts' left regiment. And then, was the extension of the skirmishers a proper measure of the front of the main line advancing behind it? My hope, already faint, began shrivelling up like a child's rubber balloon while the air goes whistling out through an unlucky rent.

I turned the glass to where Ricketts was in holding, his brigades lying down, and looking for the most part like a far-stretched blue thread. The regiments on his left—two it seemed—were on the run, taking intervals in the direction of the Thomas house, a desperate expedient, but the only one left the good soldier, conscious of the necessity of saving his flank by equalizing fronts as best he could. But how thin the formation looked! I shivered, thinking of what would happen to it in the face of the rush of a solid line of battle.

And presently the slouch-hatted skirmishers began firing. Then, as at a signal, the battle broke from its leash. All the guns on the thither side of the river awoke, reminding me of sleeping dogs responding to a kennel-cry. And again, drowning the crackle of the more distant skirmishers, and the yelping, they searched the low places and the high everywhere behind, over, and in front of Ricketts. In the common crash above the block-house we were not considered unworthy spe-

cial attention. With a mighty *swishing*, comparable to nothing else I know of, though nearest the ragged tear of rushing locomotives, the missiles rent the air over our heads seemingly not more than an arm's-length too high. The tempest spent, we counted one another, thankful for another escape; and when I got a breathing time to give attention to the situation in the field proper, the skirmishers were giving place to a line of battle emerged from the woods, and reaching from near the river's bluff out of sight almost solidly. I saw the flags in furious waving, and the mounted officers galloping to and fro in the rear. Then I became interested in the number of regiments moving into action, and while trying to count the flags in sight, the whole long array under them began firing. This brought them to a slower movement; whereupon a misty, pale-blue envelopment which I knew to be musketry smoke dimmed them to the eye; while out of it arose the inevitable "*Yelp, yelp, yelp,*" a vent to battle passion strangely unlike that of any other of the great fighting Anglo-Saxon families.

I turned my glass anxiously upon the blue showing of Ricketts' line. The ground it occupied was friendly, being in many places broken by rain-washed ditches and shallow irregularities, precious nevertheless to old soldiers rich with the wisdom of many battles. And now these, on their bellies or knees, half-hidden, were countering the comparatively harmless fury of the tempest sweeping over them. Their flags, though hazy in the rising smoke, were in display clear to the Thomas mansion, and they were so steady in their uprightness, so motionless, I knew their sharp steel shoes had been driven into the earth *to stay*. Occasionally the folds blew out in the breeze, and what touches of roselike color the scene then borrowed from them!

Bringing my observation down closer to the standpoint I occupied, I noticed next a bare space of a hundred or more yards between the regiment on the extreme right of the line and the river. Slowly and inadvertently the formation had drawn itself leftward. The discovery was the more disquieting, since I could not soothe myself with a hope that the enemy would fail to see the lapse and hurry a battery into it. While thinking what to do, a cheering and an outburst of musketry arose beyond the railroad bridge; and looking thither, a sight broke upon me in the stress of which all interest else was for the moment smothered.

I looked, as did my officers, and we were all astonished—I never more so.

In the allusion to the skirmishers in the direction of Frederick, a page or so back, I described them as shifting from their original position by crawling back towards the river, with what hopeful purpose I could not make out. Hours had come and gone, hours of painful retirement, during which the good men, undiscouraged, undaunted by the abandonment so discernible after the burning of the wooden bridge, literally wormed themselves off the field, stopping at intervals to fight the enemy off, and keeping the railroad bridge always in mind. Now they had reached the bridge. By what signal I do not know, not unlikely by spontaneous impulse, they sprang up, and, unmindful of exposure, made a dash for liberty. And when I saw them they were on the bridge coming.

To judge this feat, and what of courage there was involved in it, the reader should keep in thought that the great steel structure was of goodly length, sixty or sixty-five yards at least, and unfloored, leaving passage over it afoot along cross-ties and girders. Nor should one's fancy stop there. Quite forty feet below the adventur-

ers ran the water swiftly enough to make the head swim, and only too ready to catch a sufferer falling, and hide him in its remorseless, dark-brown current. Danger upon danger—and yet another. Every step taken was under fire of antagonists pressing forward furious at sight of the possible escape. Such the spectacle presented to us spellbound on the hill!

We saw two or three hundred reach the bridge—we saw them on the ties stepping short and carefully, as they needs must—we saw them from habit form in column order, not crowding, or pushing, or struggling to pass one another, or yelling. Now and then we could see one stop short, let go his musket, throw up his hands convulsively, and with a splash disappear in the stream beneath. Some of these may be there now unrecovered, buried forever in the whelming sand and silt. How many were thus overtaken may never be known. *Missing* was the simple record written on the next muster-roll over against their names. Fortunately, though holding the moving files in plain view, the artillerymen mercifully refrained from firing.

We watched the coming breathlessly; and when the crossing became assured I was the first of my party to speak.

"Hurry down," I said to Colonel Catlin, "and meet those men. The man in command is brave. I should like to know his name."

Catlin went running.

Upon our shore the fugitives halted, and while some of them turned for a last shot at the enemy, the others swung their caps and cheered, then reformed and in perfect order marched away as I supposed to their commands. I have not words to express my admiration. Enough that I cannot now recall an incident of occurrence under my eyes more desperate in the undertaking,

yet more successful in outcome. From every point of view it was heroism.

Colonel Catlin brought me the name of the leader—Lieutenant George E. Davis, of the Tenth Vermont Infantry.[1]

"Lieutenant?" I said. "Only a lieutenant! There were captains over there. Where are they?"

I had this answer:

"The first companies were hundred-day men of Colonel Brown's, green in service, officers and privates. When Lieutenant Davis arrived, Brown's captains voluntarily offered to put themselves under his orders."

"Old or young?"

"As handsome a boy as I ever saw."

"You should have brought him to me."

"I suggested that," the colonel replied, "but he begged to be excused. His regiment was fighting, and he had not the time."

I followed the little column until it was out of sight in the low grounds by the old mill.

The battle, when I again reverted to it, was still in fierce progress, with the Confederates brought to a stand-still; a circumstance that was giving me great satisfaction, when Colonel Ross, whose blue eyes were clear as a baby's, and singularly far-sighted, spoke up in his quiet way: "There, in the edge of the wood beyond the cornfield, what is it?"

We all followed his pointing, I with my glass. One quick glance was enough.

"A second line, as I live. Here—what say you all? Look!"

[1] Lieutenant Davis is yet living, a universally respected citizen of Burlington, Vermont. He was discharged at the end of the war a captain, a rank altogether disproportionate to his merits.

The glass made the round. The men agreed with me. Every face showed excitement.

"They are halted, and waiting," I said; "and that means reserve."

Then Ross spoke again.

"Still another line! Look! It is in motion in rear of the one in the edge of the timber. I see brass pieces, and horses on the left. They are just coming up."

My heart jumped into my mouth. There could be no question about the new appearances. What was to be done? The call was for prompt action. It was no longer mine to say when Ricketts and his stubborn regiments should be brought off. They must go now. Heaven grant it was not too late! I thrust the glass into my pocket.

Calmly as I could I looked at my watch. My recollection is that the hands stood at

Four o'Clock and Twenty Minutes

The shadows of the sun were stretching out, telling of evening and night, of the day almost gone. A sense of relief came to me: if the day was lost to me, General Early might not profit by it. Measured by his designs, and the importance of time to his cause, my loss was scarce worth a pinch of good old Scotch snuff; and so thinking, I betook myself to action.

And here the Autobiography ends. What follows must be a plain record of facts without attempt at polish or effect.

Whatever merit it may have belongs to my friend, Mary H. Krout, whose careful work has made this continuation possible.

SUSAN E. WALLACE.

PART II

I

The retreat towards Baltimore—Clendenin's capture of the Night Hawk Rangers' flag—Burning of the block-house and supplies—The night with Ricketts—Superseded by Ord—Return to Baltimore—Grant's tribute in the *Memoirs*—Visit to Grant at City Point, September 12, 1864.

A GENERAL summary of the enforced retreat, upon the appearance of the enemy in overwhelming numbers, is thus told in General Wallace's report to the War Department concerning the operations of his command at Monocacy:

"I ordered General Ricketts to make preparations and retire to the Baltimore pike. About four o'clock he began the execution of the order. The stone bridge held by Colonel Brown now became all important; its loss was the loss of my line of retreat, and I had reason to believe that the enemy, successful on my left, would redouble his efforts against the right. General Tyler had already marched with his reserves to Brown's assistance, but on receipt of notice of my intention, without waiting for Gilpin and Landstreet, he galloped to the bridge and took command in person. After the disengagement of Ricketts' line, when the head of the retreating column reached the pike, I rode to the bridge, and ordered it to be held at all hazards by the force then there, until the enemy should be found in its rear, at least until the last regiment had cleared the country road by which the retreat was being effected. This order General Tyler obeyed. A little after five o'clock, when my column was well on the march towards New Market, an attack on his rear convinced him of the im-

practicability of longer maintaining his post. Many of his men then took to the woods, but by his direction the greater part kept their ranks, and manfully fought their way through. In this way Colonel Brown escaped. General Tyler, finding himself cut off, dashed into the woods, with the officers of his staff, and was happily saved. His gallantry and self-sacrificing devotion are above all commendation of words.

"The enemy seemed to have stopped pursuit at the stone bridge. A few cavalry followed my rear-guard to within a couple of miles of New Market, where they established a picket-post. The explanation of their failure to harass my column lies in facts that have since come to my knowledge—viz, Johnson's cavalry was marching at the time of the battle towards Baltimore *via* the Liberty road, while McCauseland's was too badly cut up in the fight for anything like immediate and vigorous action after it. To have cut my column off at New Market, the rebels had only to move their cavalry round my right by way of Urbana and Monrovia. Expecting such was his plan, I used the utmost expedition to pass the command beyond that point. The danger proved imaginary. The reinforcements for which I waited so anxiously the last two hours of the engagement reached Monrovia in good time to have joined me, but halted there—a singular proceeding, for which no explanation has as yet been furnished me. Monrovia is but eight miles from the battle-ground. The commanding officer at that place must, therefore, have heard the guns. But besides this Colonel Clendenin was effectually contesting the road which offered the enemy the advantage I have mentioned. That gallant officer, as true a cavalry soldier as ever mounted a horse, while fighting on Ricketts' extreme left, found himself cut off from the main force at the time the retreat began. Throwing himself into the village of Urbana, he repeatedly repulsed the pursuing rebels, and in one charge, sabre in hand, captured the battle-flag of the Seventeenth Virginia. The three regiments in Monrovia joined me at New Market, and after-

wards served a good purpose in covering the march of the weary column, which bivouacked for the night about twelve miles from the battle-field. It would be a difficult task to say too much in praise of the veterans who made this fight. For their reputation and for the truth's sake, I wish it distinctly understood that, though the appearance of the enemy's fourth line of battle made their ultimate defeat certain, they were not whipped; on the contrary, they were fighting steadily in unbroken front when I ordered their retirement—and all the shame for this, if shame there be, is mine, not theirs. The nine regiments enumerated as those participating in the action represented but three thousand three hundred and fifty men, of whom sixteen hundred were missing three days after, killed, wounded, or prisoners—lost on the field. The fact speaks for itself. Monocacy on their flags cannot be a word of dishonor.

"As to General Ricketts, attention is respectfully called to the mention made of him in the telegraph report[1] sub-

[1] Early in the morning of the 9th instant, the enemy moved out of Frederick City, and in skirmish order began to fight. About nine o'clock he opened upon me with artillery, his guns being Napoleons, or twelve-pounder howitzers, and mine one six-gun battery of three-inch rifled guns, with one twenty-four-pounder howitzer. His column of cavalry and artillery worked rapidly round to my left and crossed the river in face of my guard, and charged confidently upon Brigadier-General Ricketts, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps. The general changed front and repulsed them, and charged in turn and drove them gallantly. The enemy then advanced a second line. This the general also repulsed and drove. Meantime the enemy placed at least two batteries in position, so that when he made his final charge with four lines of infantry, about 3.30 P.M., the resistance of Ricketts' division was under an enfilading fire of shell really terrific. The moment I saw the third rebel line advance I ordered the general to make such preparations as he could, and retire his command by a country road up the river to the Baltimore pike. This was accomplished with an extraordinary steadiness. The men of the Third Division were not whipped, but retired reluctantly, under my orders. They bore the brunt of the battle with a coolness and steadiness which I venture to say has not been exceeded in any battle during the war. Too much credit cannot be given to

joined. Every word of it is as deserved as it was bravely earned. If we had had intrenching-tools in time the losses of the veterans would have been greatly lessened. Another deficiency existed in the want of ambulances and wagons, but this I designed remedying by the use of the cars. That the dead and so many of the wounded were left suffering on the field, and in the hands of the enemy, is justly attributed to the base desertion of the railroad agent. I will also add that my despatches would have reached the War Office several hours sooner if the telegraph operator had remained at his post, or within calling distance. My intention upon leaving the battle-field was to march the troops directly to Baltimore, which, by the concentration at Monocacy, had been left almost defenceless. Had this purpose been carried out they would have reached the city on the evening of the 10th, in time to have driven off the marauders who, under Johnson, had moved by the Liberty road from Frederick City and taken post in the vicinity of Cockeysville. Such a result would very probably have saved the bridges on the Philadelphia railroad. But under an order received while *en route* to Ellicott's Mills directing me to 'rally my forces and make every possible effort to retard the enemy's march on Baltimore,' I thought it my duty to halt Ricketts' division with the cavalry and battery at the Mills, that being the first point on the pike at which it was possible to resupply the men with rations and ammunition. In doing this, however, I was careful to leave General Ricketts trains sufficient to bring his whole force away at a moment's notice, and as soon as it was certainly known that the enemy had marched against Washington, I ordered him to Baltimore. Before he arrived, however, I was temporarily superseded in the command of the troops by Major-General Ord.

"The evening of the 10th I returned to Baltimore and found the city in a state of alarm, occasioned by the ap-

General Ricketts for his skill and courage.—*War of the Rebellion; Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xxxvii., part i., p. 191.

proach of Johnson's cavalry. Thanks, however, to the energy of Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Lawrence, assistant adjutant-general, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Woolley, provost-marshal, every measure of safety had been taken that intelligence could suggest. The railroad communications north had been the former's special care. The means of defence for the city, as already shown, were very meagre, but the direction of them had, as soon as intelligence of the result on the Monocacy was received, very properly been assumed by Generals Lockwood and Morris, whose military experience was of great value. To the former I feel particularly grateful. Loyal citizens took up arms by the thousands, were organized, manned the works, and did soldier duty nobly.

"Besides the officers mentioned in my informal report of July 10th, the following deserve similar notice for their excellent behavior in action, and the services they rendered: Lieutenant-Colonel Lynde Catlin, assistant inspector-general; Major Max. V. Z. Woodhull, acting assistant adjutant-general; and Major James R. Ross, senior aide-de-camp, all of my staff; also Captain W. H. Wiegel, assistant adjutant-general to General Tyler; Captain Adam E. King, assistant adjutant-general to General Ricketts; Captain Brown, First Maryland Home Brigade, and Captain H. S. Allen, of the company serving as mounted infantry.

"General Ricketts has not yet forwarded his official report. When received I shall promptly transmit it to the War Office.[1] It will doubtless disclose many other officers properly entitled to special mention. At this time I can only speak of commandants of brigades and regiments whose names have been already given, and repeat the commendation they have won from commanding officers in many a former battle. They are of the soldiers whose skill and courage have ennobled not merely themselves, but the army they have belonged to so long. The sub-

[1] Ricketts' report not found.

joined report [1] contains my opinion of the rebel strength forwarded by telegram the day after the battle. Information since obtained corroborates that opinion. It is now well assured that General Early attacked me with one whole corps, not less than eighteen thousand strong, while General Breckinridge, with two divisions, remained during the battle in quiet occupancy of Frederick City. It is also certain, as one of the results, that notwithstanding the disparity of forces, the enemy was not able to move from the battle-field, in prosecution of his march upon Washington, until the next day about noon.

"As to the casualties I regret that the speedy movement of some regiments of General Tyler's brigade made it impossible for him to perfect his report as he himself desired. The aggregate shows a heavy loss, illustrating the obstinate valor of the command. I am satisfied, however, that the casualties of the rebels exceeded mine. To reach this conclusion one has only to make a calculation based upon the fact that the day after the battle over four hundred men too seriously wounded to be carried away were captured in the hospital at Frederick City.

"Orders have been given to collect the bodies of our dead in one burial-ground on the battle-field, suitable for a monument upon which I propose to write, 'These men died to save the National Capital, and they did save it.'

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"LEW WALLACE,

"Major-General Commanding.

"*Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General.*" [1]

Among those who took a conspicuous part in the battle of Monocacy was Colonel William H. Seward, son of Secretary Seward. It was reported that he had been wounded and taken prisoner, and a telegram to

[1] *War of the Rebellion; Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series i., vol. xxxvii., part i., Reports, Correspondence, etc., p. 191.

that effect was sent his mother. The day afterwards General Wallace sent the following message:

"ELLICOTT'S MILLS, *July* 10, 1864.

"*Mrs. William H. Seward:*

"I have the pleasure of contradicting my statement of last night. Colonel Seward is not a prisoner, and I am told is unhurt. He behaved with rare gallantry."

General Wallace has given in detail an account of the capture of the regimental flag of the Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry, the "Night Hawk Rangers," which he mentions in his official report to the War Department.

"His [Clendenin's] men had been covering the ford dismounted. Taking to their horses they began a retreat which was a marvel of cavalry manœuvring.

"The road was by the Washington pike to Urbana, a village of nearly three hundred inhabitants, with one main street and intersections. The country on either hand was cultivated. . . . Occasionally the rail fencing was broken by a stretch of open. The farm-houses were unpretentious; and so accustomed had the people in the vicinity become to the coming and going of troops, that many of them, notified of the battle by the guns, now stood about their doorways, calm, curious, and apparently impartial spectators of the passage-at-arms so obligingly brought to them by fortune. Past the open place Clendenin carried his men at full speed. Coming to stretches where his flanks were secured by the fencing, he formed his rear company into sections or platoons, as the width of the road permitted; so with equalized front, the carbine fire he opened upon the enemy checked his advance; then, when the latter dismounted, had thrown down the rails right and left, he resumed the retreat. Where the dusty roadway crept up a height, he presented a line on the summit, and held the advantage until a flank was again menaced. His command was finely mounted, and composed of vet-

erans tactically perfect and used to combat; so a tyro can understand how, in the absence of artillery, the game he played was easy enough, and as he, too, was fighting for time—that is, to keep the Baltimore pike free for the passage of my column—the progress of his pursuers was necessarily slow and laborious.

"At last Clendenin reached Urbana, and tore through it hard as his horses could go. On a slight elevation beyond the last straggling house he halted and faced the troops in the rear in columns of sections. The village lay fair to view, and to appearances deserted. There was no obstruction in the main street, not so much as a wagon. The day was hot; his horses were jaded, and the men were suffering with thirst. He knew that what was true of his own people must be true of the enemy. Nobody was pursuing them. They could stop if it suited them. Would they stop? Would they break ranks and scatter in search of water and something to eat? The presence of the Yankees was nothing. Had they not been hunting them all day? He saw them come in. Presently they filled the street; then they broke ranks and sauntered off among the houses. This was what Clendenin wanted, and waiting coolly until the opportunity was fully ripe, he led his eager squadrons, sabres drawn, back into the town. From the walk to the trot, from the trot to the gallop, then at full speed, and, cheering, they charged down upon the gray and butternut medley.

"One Confederate officer sat his horse in the middle of the street. He was the first to see the coming storm. A bugle at his signal sounded the assembly, and snatching a flag from a man near by, the officer waved it shouting lustily. The rush to the banner was general, but formation was impossible. There was not time. Into the paralyzed mob the Federals burst, knocking out riders and men afoot, overturning horses, yelling like mad, and cleaving with vengeful fury. Clendenin spurred towards the gallant fellow with the flag. A pistol-ball outflew him. His opponent reeled in the saddle, and the flag-staff in his

dying hand fell forward, its point lodging in the flank of a horse. A moment after he measured his length in the dust; in another moment Clendenin, regardless of the press, dismounted and secured the trophy.

"The blow administered was so unlooked for and severe that the Confederates gave over the pursuit, and picking up their dead and wounded, and disposing of them, pushed on to Washington, leaving me to retreat unmolested.

"The officer slain, while making good the motto on his flag, was Major Boggs, of the Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry.

"A few days after the battle Colonel Clendenin brought the flag to me. I declined it, saying he had won it in combat against odds, and that he must keep it. He persisted, on the ground that as I had made the fight in the first instance, the trophies belonged to me of right, and that I must take and keep it as a lasting souvenir from him. He is now dead. In his *Memoirs* General Grant has been pleased to say that the engagement at Monocacy saved Washington City from capture by enabling him to get troops in to the defences. He also speaks of the Federal forces there engaged as a "forlorn hope." Be that as it may, certainly there was not a more fearless spirit in the action than Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Clendenin, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

"There have been a number of requests from surviving officers of the Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry for the flag, and from others as well, and it would have been returned long since but for the circumstances under which it came to me." [1]

The captured flag is thus described:

"The ground is in hue light red and the material woollen; the bordering is of white silk, the cross of light blue silk, the stars on the cross, thirteen in number, are of white

[1] *The Story of American Patriotism*, p. 582. The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.

silk. Against the staff it is thirty-seven inches, and in length forty-two inches. On the right face is the name of the regiment — NIGHT HAWK RANGERS — and on the left face the motto — LIBERTY OR DEATH — all in tracery of flat white cording. The motto, it should be observed, is not regulation, but significant merely of the sentiment and devotion—possibly *passion* would be the better word—of the corps who acknowledged it. The lettering is Roman."

Many years later, in discussing the battle of Monocacy with his son, General Wallace related the following incident:

"I ordered Ricketts by Major Ross to prepare to draw off to the Baltimore pike, and asked Colonel Bliss what rations we had. He replied:

"'Rations for three days.'

"I ordered them burned, a match applied to the blockhouse, and our battery to occupy the best position to cover the retreat. Then, under a heavy fire, we rode over the railroad grade to Tyler and the stone bridge, explaining the necessity of holding it so as to cover Ricketts' retreat. We then rode up to where the Baltimore regiments should have been, but they were not there. I waited until Ricketts came, and that night I bivouacked under the same blanket with him.

"As we retired up the hill I remarked to Ross:

"'This is the last of me.'

"Ross, thinking I meant we would be killed in the fierce fire raining on us, and the delay from my slow horse, replied:

"'Oh no, general, the Wallace luck will carry us through.'

"I did not mean that, but realized that Halleck now had the opportunity he had looked for. That night, under the blanket with Ricketts, a messenger came into

the sleeping group calling for General Wallace. He delivered the message, which was from General Halleck, saying that we should concentrate at Ellicott's Mills and fight, if pursued; that General Ord was appointed to succeed me at Baltimore.

"Breakfasting with General Ricketts, an orderly came in with a silk flag which he reported to Ricketts he had found in a fence corner, and asked what disposition should be made of it. Ricketts ordered him to keep it for the present, as it was sure to be called for. Within the hour a party of officers came up and asked for their regimental flag. The flag found by the orderly was shown them, and they were asked by General Ricketts if that was it. They examined it, and replied:

"'It is.'

"'Very well,' said Ricketts, 'pay that man fifty dollars for finding it, and you can have it.'

"This was gladly done, and they departed with their colors. This was the last I saw of General Ricketts. He made it his first duty, later, to cashier the officer in command of the regiments that failed to come up, although within sound of the artillery, and who should have supported him."

In his *Memoirs*, General Grant thus acknowledges the service General Wallace rendered the Union Cause in the unequal contest at Monocacy:

"In the absence of Hunter, General Lew Wallace, with headquarters at Baltimore, commanded the department in which the Shenandoah lay. His surplus of troops with which to move against the enemy was small in number. Most of these were raw and, consequently, very much inferior to our veterans and the veterans which Early had with him; but the situation of Washington was precarious, and Wallace moved with commendable promptitude to meet the enemy at the Monocacy. He could hardly have

expected to defeat him badly, but he hoped to cripple and delay him until Washington could be put into a state of preparation for his reception. I had previously ordered General Meade to send a division to Baltimore for the purpose of adding to the defences of Washington, and he had sent Ricketts' division of the Sixth Corps (Wright's), which arrived in Baltimore on July 8th. Finding that Wallace had gone to the front with his command, Ricketts immediately took the cars and followed him to the Monocacy with his entire division. They met the enemy and, as might have been expected, were defeated; but they succeeded in stopping him for the day on which the battle took place. The next morning Early started on his march to the capital of the nation arriving before it on the 11th.

"Learning of the gravity of the situation, I had directed General Meade to also order Wright with the rest of his corps directly to Washington for the relief of that place, and the latter reached there the very day that Early arrived before it. The Nineteenth Corps, which had been stationed in Louisiana, having been ordered up to reinforce the armies about Richmond, had about this time arrived at Fortress Monroe, on their way to join us. I diverted them from that point to Washington, which place they reached, almost simultaneously with Wright, on the 11th. The Nineteenth Corps was commanded by Major-General Emory.

"Early made his reconnoissance with a view of attacking on the following morning, the 12th; but the next morning he found our intrenchments, which were very strong, fully manned. He at once commenced to retreat, Wright following. There is no telling how much this result was contributed to by General Lew Wallace's leading what might well be considered almost a forlorn hope. If Early had been one day earlier he might have entered the capital before the arrival of the reinforcements I had sent. Whether the delay caused by the battle amounted to a day or not, General Wallace contributed on this occasion, by the defeat of the troops under him, a greater benefit to the Cause

than often falls to the lot of a commander of an equal force to render by means of a victory."[1]

Two months after the important service which he rendered the Union Cause at Monocacy, General Wallace accepted an invitation from General Grant to visit him at City Point. Of this visit he wrote his wife:

"HEADQUARTERS, BALTIMORE, *September* 12, 1864.

". . . As to a change of place, I came back a day or two ago from the front, where I was received by General Grant with utmost cordiality and kindness. He talked freely and confidentially, rode with me wherever I wanted to go, and introduced me to everybody. In short, he seemed to be taking pains to make me forget that there had ever been anything of an unpleasant nature between us. And of course I made no allusion to the trouble in the past. We talked about Donelson, Shiloh, but never touched upon the differences connected with them. He acted as if there had been no differences, and so did I.

"I made no allusion to a command. Never having been in the Army of the Potomac, it is doubtful if a command in it would be desirable for me. Yet Grant at parting spoke of sending for me in case he made an offensive movement, and intimated that I could have the place of chief on his staff. As that would be very honorable, I shall take it if he formally offers it. . . .

"My relations with the War Office at Washington continue very cordial. Mr. Stanton seems satisfied with my management of the department. The adjutant-general says that I give them less trouble than any other department commander."

[1] *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, vol. ii., pp. 304–306.

II

Departure for Brazos Santiago—Letters from Vicksburg and New Orleans—Letters upon arrival—Private letters to General Grant—Conference with Ford and Slaughter—The situation in Matamoras.

WITH that foresight which was one of his remarkable characteristics, President Lincoln promptly prevented what might have led to a dangerous complication with the French in Mexico.

Maximilian was on the throne with the consent of European powers, President Juarez fleeing from place to place, his forces without supplies or the commonest munitions of war, many of the soldiers armed only with bows and arrows. General Wallace suggested to President Lincoln that it would be comparatively an easy matter for the Confederates in the Southwest to cross the border, taking advantage of the disordered condition of the country, and establish there an independent empire. Once intrenched in Mexican territory, they could have gone on warring against the United States indefinitely. To have fought them then, on their own ground, would have drawn the government into diplomatic entanglements with France, Spain, England, and other unfriendly foreign powers.

Early in January, 1865, General Wallace received a letter from an old school-mate, S. S. Brown, who had been living near Monterey, Mexico, a refugee from Texas. He called General Wallace's attention to the importance of Matamoras as a great commercial and financial centre, "feeding and clothing the rebellion, arming and equip-

ping, furnishing it materials of war and a specie basis of circulation in Texas that has almost entirely displaced Confederate money." Its importance was not alone trans-Mississippi, but the entire Confederacy was sustained by resources from that post. The French had begun operations in Mexico in 1862, Spain and England, their allies at first, having withdrawn. General Wallace was informed by his correspondent that the people were secretly opposed to the usurpers, and that "by judicious manipulation he felt confident that, could they be properly approached, they would, in opposition to foreign intervention, rally under the stars and stripes."

He wrote immediately to General Grant, who was with the army at City Point, Virginia:

"HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, *January* 14, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, City Point, Va.:*

"DEAR GENERAL,—I had a visit yesterday from a Mr. S. S. Brown, formerly a school-mate of mine in Indiana, now a Texas refugee residing near Monterey, Mexico. Feeling assured of his reliability, but without giving him any idea of what was in contemplation, I drew from him a great deal of information about transactions in Matamoras, which at my suggestion he summed up in the enclosed note. You will not fail, I know, to appreciate his first sentence, wherein he describes the use the rebels are making of that city. There was one point in his conversation to which he reverted several times, and which was suggestive of a new idea. It was that if overtures were now made to them he believed the rebel soldiery in western Texas, particularly those at Brownsville, would gladly unite with us and cross the river under the Juarez flag. This belief he based upon the great disheartenment that prevailed all through the regions west of the Mississippi. Altogether, his remarks upon this point made a strong impression upon me. Recurring to my past letters, the greater conveniency of the route by the way of Brazos is self-apparent. Before

deciding anything, I submit to you, therefore, if it is not best to let me go and take a look at it, and see exactly what obstacles are in the way, and how they may be removed, if at all. The adoption of the Juarez flag on the bank of the Rio Grande as the basis of a compromise would stagger the Rebellion next to the giving in of the State of Georgia. It is worth a trial, anyhow. While Blair and Singleton are in Richmond, let me, from Brazos, upon my own authority, invite the commandant of Brownsville to an interview on the old battle-field of Palo Alto. If the man's a soldier I'll wager you a month's pay that I win, and that Blair and company lose. You know how to get me there—an order to make an inspection of affairs on the Rio Grande will do so. Such information as Brown's will, I think, fully justify examination. If it be found true, you may be in position, on report of the facts, to send me troops to smother the Brownsville-Matamoras trade. Then it will be my own fault if I don't get the arms through. Such an inspection ought not to consume more than a month. If you say so, McCook, who is now here, can take care of my department until results are had. If you send me, I will at least put you in possession of the situation in that region, and test fully the virtue of the rebel commandant at Brownsville. If I win him to my views all the bad luck will be to Maximilian. The handwriting of my friend Brown is so execrable, that to save you trouble I have illustrated it with pencil interlineations. Finally, general, if you think me persistent in the Mexican idea, please ascribe it to yourself. 'Hold on' is the lesson you are constantly teaching us. Had Butler served under you, as some of the rest of us have, he wouldn't have left Fort Fisher. Very truly your friend,

"LEW WALLACE, Major-General." [1]

General Grant issued an order, January 22d, instructing General Wallace to proceed *via* the Rio Grande to

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., p. 512.

western Texas and inspect the condition of military affairs in that vicinity and on the Rio Grande. Military authorities were to afford him every means in their power to facilitate him in the execution of this order.[1]

No stronger proof of General Grant's confidence in General Wallace could have been shown than in despatching him upon this difficult and dangerous mission invested with almost absolute authority. Thus authorized to proceed to Texas, he did not reach New Orleans until the latter part of February. From that point he wrote to the commander-in-chief.

"NEW ORLEANS, *February* 22, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States, City Point, Va.:*

"GENERAL,—After unavoidable delays, such as failures of connections, I at last reached this city, and now wait only for a vessel to carry me to Brazos. Arrived there it will take but few days to obtain all the facts necessary for a report on the relations, military and commercial, of Matamoras and Brownsville. From reliable information already at hand, I am justified in saying now that the statements of Mr. S. S. Brown, forwarded you from Baltimore, are in no wise exaggerated. Matamoras is to all intents and purposes a rebel port, free at that, and you can readily imagine the uses they put it to. There is never a day that there are not from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty vessels off Bagdad, discharging and receiving cargoes. I would have postponed writing to you, however, had it not been for a report in official circles to the effect that our consul at Matamoras has been ordered off by Mejia. That personage (the consul) will doubtless communicate the particulars to Mr. Seward, and I therefore refrain from sending a version of the affair, but venture to suggest that it might be well enough not to notice it until I can be heard

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, vol. xlvi., part ii., p. 201.

from. In an unauthorized way I will endeavor to possess myself of the facts. Should they turn out serious, I am sure you will discern the policy of waiting until it can be seen whether the Mexican Republic cannot be put in position to fight its own and our battles without involving us, an eventuality exactly coincident with Mr. Seward's views. As to the prospects of such an eventuality, without going into details, I will say generally, but positively, that I have now an arrangement so complete that it will hardly be necessary for the government to loan me a gun, not even a pistol. This arrangement depends entirely upon your giving me command of Texas as a military department, with orders to report directly to yourself, and upon your sending me a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, with the ordinary complement of guns. The main body of these forces acting on the defensive, and posted at San Patricio, the lowest ford on the Nueces River, will completely sever communication between the Rio Grande and middle and eastern Texas. You served, if I am not mistaken, on the Rio Grande line, but I am not sure that you have a present recollection of the topography of the Nueces region. I will therefore venture to speak with some particularity of San Patricio. It is about twenty miles northwest of Corpus Christi. The road connecting the two points is on the right bank of the river, and always good. The west bank of the river is very bluffy. The channel is deep but narrow. The east bank is low and level, and can be overlooked from the opposite bluffs fifteen or twenty miles. At San Patricio is a ford which is, so to speak, a great funnel through which everything going and coming from Matamoras, Rio Grande City (near Camargo), and Laredo (old Fort McIntosh) must pass; and of necessity, for the desert belt, called Mustang Prairie, makes the region between the Rio Grande and the Nueces ordinarily impassable for travel except by way of the few traces marked by springs. Of these traces there are but three at all useful to the rebels, because they are the only ones that strike the Rio Grande in a southwesterly direction. One begin-

ning at Laredo, another at Ringgold City, and the third at Brownsville, all of which unite about twenty-five miles from and west of San Patricio Ford. This rough description will enable you to see that if your object is simply to sever connection or communication between Mexico and Texas, it is only necessary to fortify San Patricio. This done, small garrisons can safely hold Brownsville, Rio Grande City, and Laredo, thus putting our government in position to let Maximilian very severely alone until I get my arrangements perfected. My purpose is to see, before the position of San Patricio is occupied, whether I can make accommodations with the rebels. If the intelligence at hand is true, success in this part of the enterprise is quite promising. My propositions will be based on cotton, which, together with the fading prospects of the Confederacy, has brought the rebels to a low point of demoralization. The way to a private interview with Kirby Smith is clear, and I shall act as if already appointed to the command of the Department of Texas. Conditions will, of course, be subject to approval, and forwarded to you instantly. If accommodations are impossible, and if, in consequence, it becomes necessary to occupy San Patricio, then, behind that position, and under its cover, I shall initiate the organization of the Territory or new State of Rio Grande, without which it will be difficult to find plausible pretexts for the assemblage of men and materials essential to ulterior operations. Permit me to hope, however, that you will not delay creating the department and despatching the troops. In selecting troops please send me Western men. You know how easily Southern men affiliate with them; and if the thing is at all possible it would give me additional confidence to have my old regiment, the Eleventh Indiana, and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry (Colonel Clendenin) ordered to report to me. I would also like the regiment of Texans now serving in the department. They know the region of western Texas perfectly. While passing through Indianapolis I succeeded in getting four hundred drilled conscripts for the Eleventh

Indiana, so that it will now be respectably strong in numbers. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"LEW WALLACE,

"Major-General, U. S. Volunteers."[1]

Three days later (February 25th) General Wallace notified Colonel Christiansen, assistant adjutant-general at New Orleans, that a mail would leave the city that day at three o'clock for Matamoras. He pointed out to him the necessity of keeping his movements secret, which could not be done unless the mail be held back at least one week, which he asked should be ordered.

From Vicksburg, *en route*, he wrote to his wife, who was then in Washington:

"VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, *February* 17, 1865.

"At Vicksburg, as you see—just think of it, nearly two weeks behind time! Yet I have done my best. Everybody is complaining of railroads and steamers; mad and impatient. The captain says we will reach New Orleans next Sunday afternoon. All we have to do is to be patient; and I must find a refuge in Spanish. For its study I have taken possession of the captain's state-room, where I slate irregular verbs early and late, by which conduct I am pronounced very unsocial. There are nice people aboard. The boat is slow, but the officers are obliging, the fare excellent, and the evenings are rounded with a dance in which I am represented by my staff-officers. A darky string-band furnishes tolerable music. Altogether, if time were not so important, I could get on very well. The only incident in relief of the monotony of the voyage has been in being fired into a few miles below Memphis. Several bullets pattered into our cabin, creating a momentary panic, an interruption of dinner, and the wounding of one poor soldier who will lose an arm in consequence. The

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., pp. 937, 938.

other passengers at table could dodge under it, but I being in uniform had to sit straight and appear unconcerned. . . .

"General Morgan L. Smith, now commanding here, came to see me, and, offering his carriage, took me round a portion of the rebel works. I have just returned from the trip. On the scarred hill-tops, I not only saw traces of the great siege, but also found unmistakable signs of coming spring. The sun was summery warm, the air soft and pleasant, very unlike that which touches your face as you climb the steps of the Capitol. As I stopped to examine some of the caves in which the women and children took refuge from flying balls, I could see to what extremity a foolish people were reduced."

He writes again from New Orleans:

"New Orleans, *February* 24, 1865.

"I came here supposing I could get away in two days, but the ill-luck which followed us from New York is still in hot pursuit. I found General Canby moving troops to Mobile and requiring every vessel. Not only that, a southwest storm has been raging, so that if we had a ship, necessity would have held us in the river. Now we are told we will certainly move by to-morrow. I hope so, for I have become tired of the St. Charles, all whose glories have departed. It runs itself literally, and the vermin almost devour me, and one imagines all the while the air he breathes is loaded with small-pox.

"I have been several times to visit Mrs. Canby, for whom I have a friendship, you know, which dates back to my motherless boyhood. Very few women have been so much admired and respected. The Speeds are here with the children, little and pretty.

"As to my particular duty, I have obtained a great deal of information in this city. I have lost so much time on the journey that all reckoning is out of my power. Nothing will now do but patience—patience, which I am fast beginning to know is the great virtue of life. I have been

out but little. Great curiosity is manifested about my business, and conjecture runs wild. The opinions of those who pretend to know are very amusing. So far, however, my destination has been well kept within the narrow official circle.

"A vessel, described as a fine one, will be placed at my disposal, where I shall quarter, if nothing better offers at Brazos. If we are not comfortable it will not be for want of preparation."

His first letters, written on board the *Clifton* after his arrival at Brazos Island, preceding his official report to General Grant, were also addressed to his wife:

"BRAZOS ISLAND. On board Steamer *Clifton*,
"*Sunday, March* 5, 1865.

"It is one of the sweetest of days. The water is calm as calm can be; even the breakers beyond the bar come gently to shore as if they know it is Sunday. I shall send this by schooner to New Orleans, and I suppose it will reach its address some day, though it is not easy to say when.

"It is now nearly seventeen years since, with the First Indiana Volunteers, I landed at this same spot. And now I find the same bleak sand-hills, the same combing billows outside, the same birds, and the same sky, but not the same boyish soldier dreaming of fame. The comrades who then landed with me, how many are living? Alas! . . .

"I find on examination that reports of the extent of trade in progress at Matamoras are not exaggerated. From the deck of this steamer I can look towards the mouth of the Rio Grande, scarcely nine miles away, and see more vessels than are to be seen any one day in the harbor of Baltimore, all foreign vessels, loading and unloading cargoes, of which about one-eighth only goes legitimately into Mexico. The rest is consigned to Matamoras for the rebel authorities in Texas. Matamoras is crowded with goods—in fact, skilful judges say there are more in store

there than in the city of New Orleans. Another evidence of incompetency on our side.

"I am waiting to hear from my agents in Matamoras and Brownsville. It seems to be pretty well confirmed that the rebels are evacuating the latter place. We shall know to-morrow. I hope the inauguration is quietly over."

"BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, *March* 14, 1865.

"The time drags slowly on. I have started negotiations with the rebel authorities in this neighborhood, which may result in something more than words. What I aim at now is nothing less than bringing Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana *voluntarily* back to the Union. The business is well begun, and at this moment looks promising.

"I met the Confederate officials at Point Isabel, just across the bay, and spent a couple of days and nights with them very pleasantly. We carried over our tents and cooks, and if our good people could have seen General Slaughter and myself lie down to sleep together, like Snowdoun's knight and Roderick Dhu, at Coilantogle Ford, I fear my character for loyalty would suffer in the esteem of some we know in old Montgomery. War has few amenities; let us snatch them while we may. This seems a deep breathing-spell to me.

"Perhaps in a few days I may go to Galveston. By the steamer which carries this, I send a full report of my transactions to General Grant."

"BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, *March* 14, 1865.

"*General U. S. Grant:*

"GENERAL,—In a confidential way I will say that both Slaughter and Ford, with whom I had the interview which forms the subject of my general despatch of this date, entered heartily into the Mexican project. It is understood between us that the pacification of Texas is the preliminary step to a crossing of the Rio Grande. In the propositions made to them, a copy of which has been forwarded you, not a word is said about the arms now in the hands

of the Confederates. We expect to get their use. Neither can they see any reason why that portion of the cotton now in Texas, and belonging to the Confederate government, should not be diverted to the same purpose. Of this latter, however, I was not sanguine. Lincoln's cotton agents will say something on that point. In course of the conversation I drew from Ford that he feared Kirby Smith would be in the way of a settlement, because there was a growing suspicion that he (Smith) was carrying on negotiations with Maximilian. The suspicion was founded upon newspaper articles of late appearance favoring imperial annexation, which it was well understood had been written by certain gentlemen on Smith's staff. In answer to a question, Ford assured me that if such a sale was attempted he would instantly bring about a counter revolution. General Slaughter was of opinion that the best way for officers in his situation to get honorably back into the Union was to cross the river, conquer two or three states from the French, and ultimately annex them, with all their inhabitants, to the United States. In short, I think they anticipate such a step as an immediate consequence of peace. Of all these things, however, I will keep you posted. Very truly yours,

"LEW WALLACE, Major-General of Volunteers."

III

Despatch to General Grant concerning Brazos—Letter to Ford and Slaughter—Propositions submitted to Kirby Smith—Letter from and reply to General Walker—Movements of Smith—Proclamation—Overtures to Maximilian—Return to Baltimore—Letter from Carvajal.

THE despatch which follows was sent first to Major-General Canby, in command of the Division of the West Mississippi, with headquarters at New Orleans. In his absence, Assistant Adjutant-General C. H. Dyer forwarded it at once to General John Dix, in New York City, to be transmitted by him to General Grant. General Dix considered the despatch of such importance that, instead of trusting it to the mails, he sent it to General Grant by one of his aides, Captain Thomas Lord, thus, as he wrote to Grant, anticipating "the ordinary mail and passenger communication through Baltimore by more than twenty-four hours." [1]

"BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, *March* 14, 1865.

"*General U. S. Grant:*

"GENERAL,—Upon my arrival at New Orleans I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Charles Worthington, collector of port of Brazos. Mr. Worthington, besides being a citizen of Texas, well known, particularly in the western part, is shrewd, discreet, and trustworthy, and intimately acquainted with such controlling rebels at Brownsville as Brigadier-General J. E. Slaughter, commanding the West District of Texas, headquarters at Brownsville, and Colonel

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., p. 1276.

J. S. Ford, commanding a regiment in Slaughter's district. For the purpose of sounding General Slaughter, I sent Mr. Worthington from this post to Matamoras. He managed his charge with shrewdness and success. His report is subjoined (marked A). Obtaining an interview with General Slaughter, he found that gentleman disposed to talk freely about the situation and about a settlement of difficulties. He then proposed that the general should meet me under a flag of truce. The proposal was accepted and Point Isabel named as the place of conference, and 12.30 P.M., Wednesday, the 9th instant, as the time. To cover the real object of the meeting, at General Slaughter's instance, the rendition of criminals was specified as the subject of conference. In this connection I call your attention to General Slaughter's note in reply to Mr. Worthington's. On the 9th instant a 'norther' sprung up, making it impossible on the part of both of us to fulfil the engagement. On the following morning I sent a letter under flag of truce to General Slaughter, a copy of which is enclosed (marked B), in which I approved Mr. Worthington's proposal, stated why I could not cross to Point Isabel, and asked a renewal of the arrangement. The officer to whom my letter was delivered for transmission at the same time forwarded one to me from General Slaughter, a glance at which will satisfy you, I think, that that gentleman is as anxious in the business as I am myself. In fact, general, I am minute in my narrative expressly to show you why I feel assured that the rebel authorities in this part of the world are really very desirious of a speedy peace, at least so far as concerns themselves. On the 11th instant the signals agreed on announced General Slaughter's arrival at Point Isabel. I at once went over to meet him, carrying along supplies and tents. The general's party consisted of his staff and Colonel Ford, and mine of Lieutenant-Colonel Woolley, Lieutenant-Colonel Catlin, Major Ross, of my staff, and Mr. Worthington. The conference lasted until the next day in the afternoon. On both sides there was an effort to make it agreeable.

"If you at any time hear in the way of complaint that I have been hobnobbing and sleeping with rebels in this region, please understand the matter and take care of me. Very early in the interview I made up my mind that both General Slaughter and Colonel Ford were not only willing, but anxious to find some ground upon which they could honorably get from under what they admitted to be a falling Confederacy. In justice to them, I will add that both went into the Rebellion reluctantly. I will say further, that General Slaughter placed his disposition to bring about an accommodation upon grounds of humanity, and an unwillingness to see his state invaded and ruined, and the war decline into guerilla murders. He and Ford insisted that they could procrastinate the final result indefinitely, but at the same time frankly admitted that if that were done the North would ultimately conquer the South as a desert. When I urged that in the present situation of the war west of the Mississippi they could not reasonably hope for assistance from Richmond and their eastern armies; that they were practically isolated; that as a consequence their highest present obligations were to their trans-Mississippi army and citizens, whose honor and welfare they were charged with and alone bound to regard, they agreed with me without hesitation, and asked me to give them such propositions as would cover those objects, and at the same time be likely to prove acceptable to our government. It was delicate business, and I did my best. How I succeeded you will find by reference to a copy of the propositions themselves, which I have the honor of transmitting herewith. Permit me to say that they were hurriedly drawn, yet drawn with an eye special to President Lincoln's proclamation, as to what I interpret as a prevalent sentiment of the Northern people. I was careful not to assume authorization or to commit the government in any manner. The propositions are only offered as a basis of settlement, as an invitation to further any formal negotiations. They are addressed to the Confederate military authorities as the only ones now existing

in the trans-Mississippi region who, on their side, have any power, and upon whom all responsibility is at present resting.

"To satisfy military pride, the propositions assume the settlement to be voluntary on the part of the rebels. To save military honor, they are drawn with an intent to cover all classes of persons whose welfare and security are supposed to be in the keeping of the said authorities. To soldiers and citizens they offer the alternatives: If you wish to remain in the United States to become citizens, you must take the oath of allegiance; if you do not desire to become citizens again, you are at liberty to go abroad with your property. To get their consent to consider their confiscation of the property of Union men void, it is proposed that the United States shall not undertake further to execute the confiscation laws of the Federal congress. So far as we are concerned, you will observe this would operate prospectively, not retrospectively; in other words, confiscations by our courts had to this time would remain in force. Fortunately, it is well known that in the trans-Mississippi states, while there have been many seizures and occupations of the property of rebels, there have been but few, if any, final confiscations by judicial decrees. In reference to slave property, both General Slaughter and Colonel Ford admitted that as a value it had ceased to be of great importance. The only condition they talked about respecting it was, that as its abolition was inevitable, the interests of the negro, as well as the necessities of the people of these states, required the adoption of a system of gradual emancipation. I had no difficulty, consequently, in getting them to accept for the present a general reference of the subject to our Congress. This reference, you will please observe, involves not a question about abolition, but simply such questions as whether the abolition shall be gradual or immediate, and whether it shall be with or without compensation. It may be well for me to say here that no doubt the rebel authorities will interpret the permission proposed to be given those of their people who

may choose to go abroad to make preparations for departure, to include the right to sell their slaves, or take them away out of the country. I submit it to our authorities whether such an interpretation may not be granted. Practically, the grand result will not be affected. They cannot carry a slave to a foreign country where his freedom will not be assured; neither will a sale now retard the inevitable liberation. Emancipation will be as certain to find [a slave in] the hands of one man as in those of another. Is the concession of any actual materiality? It only remains for me to inform you that General Slaughter and Colonel Ford received the propositions and undertook to forward them immediately to General Walker, commanding the State of Texas, and to General Kirby Smith. Colonel Ford is to take them in person, and, as he is politically the most influential Confederate soldier in Texas, that fact gives me additional confidence. He will go first to Galveston, where, according to the understanding, I am in a few days to follow him. Secrecy is for the present as much required on their part as on my own. Looking forward to an interview with General Kirby Smith, I intend asking General Canby to send me General Davis, of Texas, commanding a brigade in our army. Smith and Davis have been lifelong friends.

"At present, general, I see nothing else important to send you, except that our consul, Mr. Etchison, whom Meija is said to have outraged, is a humbug, a drunkard, and a fool. His official conduct was unworthy our government. He has mutilated the books of his consulate. He charged our own citizens unwarrantable fees, and I am assured on excellent authority that it can be established that he has in his pockets several thousand dollars in gold not his own. Even his washerwoman was left unpaid. Certainly there is nothing in the affair justifying attention. Mr. Wood, our commercial agent, has, since Etchison's departure, reached Matamoras and been kindly received by Maximilian's officials. As to the rebel trade by way of Matamoras and Brownsville, I think it is only sufficient to

say that I can stand on my boat and count at least one hundred vessels of all kinds lying off Bagdad. Neither the port of New Orleans nor that of Baltimore can present to-day such a promise of commercial activity.

"Very truly, general, your friend and obedient servant,

"LEW WALLACE,

"Major-General of Volunteers, U. S. Army."

The propositions which accompanied the despatch were as follows:

"POINT ISABEL, TEXAS, *March* 12, 1865.

"*Brigadier-General J. E. Slaughter and Colonel J. S. Ford, C. S. Army:*

"GENTLEMEN,—At your instance I beg leave to submit the following as a basis upon which it is possible, in my judgment, to secure a speedy peace. For the sake of a perfect understanding, permit me to say:

"I. The proper authorities of my government have not authorized me to present terms or make overtures of any kind to anybody.

"II. The propositions are drawn with particular reference to the trans-Mississippi region, and to what I think is a certainty of their proving acceptable to my government. It should be understood, therefore, that they are by no means in the nature of finalities. It would be presumption in me to undertake to announce in any manner what may be the results of negotiations sincerely conducted by parties properly empowered.

"III. I will venture to suggest that, considering the present situation, your highest present obligations are to your army, your civil authorities, and your citizens. A voluntary settlement on your part cannot, in my judgment, be hoped, unless the honor, happiness, and security of the three classes specified are guaranteed. To this end my propositions are drawn.

"PROPOSITIONS

"1. That the Confederate military authorities of the trans-Mississippi states and territories agree voluntarily to

cease opposition, armed and otherwise, to the re-establishment of the authority of the United States Government over all the region above designated.

"2. The proper authorities of the United States on their part guarantee as follows:

"I. That the officers and soldiers at present actually composing the Confederate army proper, including its *bona fide* attachés and employés, shall have, each and all of them, a full release from and against actions, prosecutions, liabilities, and legal proceedings of every kind, so far as the government of the United States is concerned: *Provided*, That if any of such persons choose to remain within the limits of the United States, they shall first take an oath of allegiance to the same. If, however, they or any of them prefer to go abroad for residence in a foreign country, all such shall be at liberty to do so without obligating themselves by an oath of allegiance, taking with them their families and property, with all privileges of preparation for such departure.

"II. That such of said officers and soldiers as thus determine to remain in the United States shall, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, be regarded as citizens of that government, invested as such with all the rights, privileges, and immunities now enjoyed by the most favored citizens thereof.

"III. That the above guarantee shall be extended to all persons now serving as civil officers of the national and state Confederate governments within the region—viz., residence abroad or taking the oath of allegiance.

"IV. That persons now private citizens of the region named shall also be included in, and receive the same guarantees upon their complying with the same condition.

"V. As respects rights of property, it is further guaranteed that there shall be no interference with existing titles, liens, etc., of whatever nature, except those derived from seizures, occupancies, and procedures of confiscation, under and by virtue of Confederate laws, orders, proclama-

tions, and decrees, all of which shall be admitted void from the beginning.

"VI. It is further expressly stipulated that the right of property in slaves shall be referred to the discretion of the Congress of the United States.

"Allow me to say, in conclusion, that if the above propositions are received in the spirit they are sent, we can, in my opinion, speedily have a reunited and prosperous people.

"Very truly, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant, LEW WALLACE,

"Major-General of Volunteers, U. S. Army."

In the mean time special orders had been issued by command of Major-General Canby, notifying Brigadier-General E. J. Davis that his services were required by General Wallace at Brazos Santiago, and that he should proceed at once to that place. General Wallace was not content with merely submitting propositions, as is shown in this letter addressed to Brigadier-General Slaughter:

"BRAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS, *March* 17, 1865.

"*Brigadier-General J. E. Slaughter, Commanding at Brownsville:*

"GENERAL,—I cannot help thinking that a good step has been taken towards a satisfactory peace. Upon reflection, however, it is my judgment that something more can be done in the same direction. It is hardly enough to send propositions; let us do more; let us follow them up. With this in mind I have now the honor to suggest that you consult Colonel Ford and prevail upon him, if possible, to go with me to Galveston. For this purpose I will gladly give him passage to that port on my steamer. To succeed at all, I beg you both to reflect that somebody must "break the ice" on your side, as I have on mine; somebody must summon the moral courage to give his voice and the weight of his position and influence in favor of negotiations

as a preliminary to settlement. That is all I ask the colonel openly to commit himself to, and surely that cannot have the effect to injure him in public estimation. The speculators who are making money out of precious Texan blood may decry him, but the people will not; neither will the soldiery who carry that blood living in their hearts. I offer him an opportunity to become the benefactor of these suffering classes. Say to him, if you please, that I have sent to New Orleans for General Davis, also a noble Texan; that I have set my heart on seeing them go hand in hand to General Kirby Smith, each representing his side in this unnatural struggle, both representing their state; that I feel sure they will succeed, in which case the honor of the settlement, as well as the settlement itself, will be theirs. Finally, it will be obvious to both of you that if he goes with me, an interview will certainly be granted by Walker and Smith. If the colonel consents to my suggestion, it will be better to let me know it immediately; then I can send him notice of the time of my departure from Galveston, so that he can join me the evening before.

"Remembering the spirit manifested in our conference at Point Isabel, I subscribe myself,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"LEW WALLACE,

"Major-General of Volunteers."

Colonel Ford replied briefly to this proposition, stating that, in the temporary absence of General Slaughter, his request could not be granted without an order from the brigadier-general commanding, but that it would be forwarded to him by express immediately, and he declared himself personally willing to make any sacrifice short of honor to restore peace.[1]

In reply to this note, General Wallace informed Colo-

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., part ii., p. 459.

onel Ford that General Davis had arrived at Brazos Santiago, and that he hoped the express had reached General Slaughter, and that the desired permission had been given for the Confederate officer to accompany them to Galveston.

Major-General J. G. Walker, commanding the Department of Texas, however, looked upon the scheme as one which could not be considered or discussed. His refusal not only expressed disapproval of General Slaughter's course, but also conveyed to that officer something very like an official reprimand.[1]

General Wallace, nevertheless, proceeded to Galveston on the steamer *Clifton*, and immediately communicated with Major-General Walker himself, urging still more strongly a conference which he suggested should be placed in the hands of General E. Kirby Smith, representing the Confederates, leaving all the arrangements entirely in his hands. On his side, General Wallace offered to bring with him General Davis and some staff-officers.

The proposition was refused by General Walker in no very courteous terms. In conclusion he wrote, April 6th:

"It would be folly in me to pretend that we are not tired of a war that has sown sorrow and desolation over our land; but we will accept no other than an honorable peace. With three hundred thousand men yet in the field, we would be the most abject of mankind if we should now basely yield all that we have been contending for during the last four years—namely, nationality and the rights of self-government. With the blessing of God, we will yet achieve these, and extort from your government all that we ask. Whenever you are willing to yield these, and to treat as equal with equal, an officer of your high rank

Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, series 1, vol. xlviii., part i., p. 1148.

and character, clothed with the proper authority from your government, will not be reduced to the necessity of seeking an obscure corner of the Confederacy to inaugurate negotiations."

The enterprise upon which General Wallace had based such ardent hopes thus failing, he returned to New Orleans. The day after his arrival, April 6th, just three days before the surrender of General Lee and the fall of Richmond, he wrote to Colonel Ford and General Slaughter:

"You will have a natural anxiety to know the finale of the conference held so agreeably at Point Isabel. The fairest way to gratify you is to send copies of the communications interchanged between General Walker and myself, which you will accordingly find enclosed. I regret this conclusion. Could we have succeeded, the consequence would have been more honorable to us all than battles fought. The people of Texas, at least, would have been grateful to us. Speaking very frankly, General Walker's letter is both childish and discourteous. A reading will convince you of its weakness. There is scarcely a sentence in it that does not lay him open to cruel retort. For instance, he speaks of ties that bind him to the Confederacy. Admit them to be ever so sacred, are they any more so than those which bound him to the old Confederation? He says to accede to our method of settlement would make your people infamous forever. I do not think so. But grant it, and look backward a moment. Did not your states go out of the old Union separately? What more do I propose now? By what logic can this going out be any more infamous than the former? If he asserts that separate action on the part of a state is unlawful, what becomes of the doctrine of state rights? Was not that doctrine the argument which quieted your consciences in the old secession? He alludes to identity of social and political interests. Slavery as between the sections was

the only separating social and political interest; you know that. Where is slavery now? We armed it over a year ago, and now you are doing the same thing. *Apropos*, once a soldier, never more a slave. He speaks of suffering endurance. What else did he expect? But the sufferings have been mutual. As arguments they are double-edged—as good for me as for him. I propose to end them. He proposes to continue them. Whose sense is best vindicated? Finally, my propositions were honorable, because they contemplate nothing degrading, unless life in the old Union, equal in everything, is degrading; if so, the 'common ancestry,' to which General Walker is pleased to allude, must have been more than ordinarily debased. They not only submitted to the old political connection, but were co-workers in their original fabrication, and proud of them always. But enough. If Texas should be invaded, you and I will not be responsible. Not ours the blood, the ruin, the horrors that will ensue. We have lived to realize an old truism. What calamities one foolish man can entail! So far as the discourtesies of General W.'s letter are concerned, I have nothing to say. As honorable men it is yours to feel them, mine to divide them with you."[1]

April 6th, General Wallace also wrote to General A. S. Hurlbut, then commanding the Department of the Gulf, and enclosed a copy of his reply to General Walker after the rejection of his proposition, in which he had said:

"It is probably unfortunate that I had no opportunity of reading your letter dated March 25th, and received yesterday, before forwarding mine of the 30th. When I submitted the propositions of which you speak so ill-naturedly, it was my understanding that they were to go to General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the department

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., p. 463.

on your side. Permit me to hope you will yet forward them as originally intended by General Slaughter, Colonel Ford, and myself. It is impossible for me to believe that accident or policy has located all the sane men of your Confederacy in its obscure corners. If it were in my power I would not recall the stipulations proposed. Enough has been developed since I have been on your coast to satisfy me that the time is not far ahead when they will be accepted. Whatever General Smith's answer to my letter of the 30th may be, it can be forwarded to New Orleans. Hence there is no necessity for my waiting it here. I sincerely hope it will show a higher regard for the interest of the people of both sections, and a keener appreciation of the military situation than yours manifests."

A copy of this letter was sent to General Grant, with General Wallace's official report. In his letter to General Hurlbut he spoke of an interview which they had the previous day, in which an arrangement had been made to reach General Smith notwithstanding the efforts of Walker to prevent it. He said further:

"If General Smith accedes to the suggestion of an interview, please take the business in your own control. If he is willing to confer he must be willing to treat. I will make it a point when I get to Washington to ascertain what our authorities think of the proposition and post you General Smith's reply."

After his brief conference with General Hurlbut, General Wallace returned to Baltimore and resumed command of the Middle Department. He wrote to General Grant, who was then in Washington, and with whom it appears he had a personal interview after reaching Baltimore. In this letter, sent from his headquarters, and dated April 19th, he says:

"Circumstances have doubtless made it impossible for you to send me the notice to accompany you, as you were kind enough to suggest the morning of your passing through this city.

"The formal report of the result of my negotiations in Texas, with correspondence, is being copied. I think it better briefly to sum it up for your immediate information.

"I went to Galveston, according to the arrangement agreed upon with Slaughter and Ford. A General Walker, commanding the Department of Texas, there declined an interview upon the basis proposed, upon which I proceeded to New Orleans, and arranged with General Hurlbut to open communications with Kirby Smith upon the subject. General H. and myself concluded that the affair had gone far enough at least to make Smith show his hand.

"I also arranged in New Orleans for Mr. Worthington to return to Matamoras and sound Slaughter and Ford, to ascertain if they were willing to act independently of Smith — a result not at all improbable. So the matter stands.

"That an arrangement with Kirby Smith is practicable *now*, I don't doubt at all. (Ten thousand men landed on Galveston Island will insure it absolutely. I feel sure he will surrender without a shot fired.)

"I will forward the regular report, if you desire it, or bring it on with me, when I hear from you."

General Grant evidently signified his desire for the full report, which was sent to him at Washington, where he was at that time. Nearly a month elapsed, however, before the report was transmitted. It was accompanied by enclosures, which have either been quoted or to which sufficient reference has been made, and was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DEPARTMENT,
"BALTIMORE, *April* 18, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Washington City, D. C.:*

"GENERAL,—In continuation of my report dated Brazos Santiago, March 14th, I have the honor to submit the following: It occurred to me that it would be a point gained if I could prevail on Colonel Ford to accompany me to Galveston. Accordingly, I sent General Slaughter the letter dated Brazos Santiago, March 17, 1865, and received a reply from Colonel Ford himself, dated March 19th; copies are enclosed. The absence of General Slaughter devolving the command at Brownsville upon the colonel made it impossible for the latter to comply with my request. That he wished to go I have no doubt; his letter fairly commits him. When General Davis joined me, in the hope that Slaughter had returned to Brownsville, or had at least been heard from, I again addressed Colonel Ford. This last communication was of March 24th. (See the accompanying, together with that of his reply, dated the 26th.) Unfortunately, General S. had neither returned nor been heard from. I arrived off Galveston on the evening of March 29th, and on the 30th communicated with Brigadier-General J. M. Hawes, commanding defences of the city, through whom I sent a letter to Major-General J. G. Walker, then in command of the District of Texas. Copies are enclosed. At the same time mine of the 30th to Walker was delivered for transmission, his of the 25th received by me, and of that also I furnish a copy. As you will see, General Walker belongs to the Radicals, from whom nothing is to be hoped. Though little known, he has the reputation of being a good soldier. Unlike Slaughter and Ford, he is not a citizen of Texas, and hence has not the same interest in her welfare. He admits he is tired of the war, yet relies on three hundred thousand veterans whom he yet claims. A Galveston paper of the 30th announced that General Magruder was daily expected at Houston to relieve him of his command, a fact rather demonstrative of what I had elsewhere heard—viz., that he (Walker) was not in full ac-

cord with General E. Kirby Smith. After reading his letter, I took a view of Galveston, and when I saw behind the town the masts of several blockade-runners, loading and unloading, I thought the reason of the stand he has assumed was quite plain—there was too much money being made.

"It was apparent that it was useless to wait longer, and as the doing so might compromise the dignity of our government, I sailed to New Orleans, intending to put the business when I arrived there in the hands of Major-General Hurlbut. Before leaving, however, I sent General Walker a short note, of which a copy is enclosed, dated April 2d. How much he made off me I leave you to judge. At New Orleans I called upon General Hurlbut, explained the affair to him, stated my belief that Walker would not carry out the intention of Slaughter, Ford, and myself by forwarding the propositions to General Smith, and suggested that direct communication be opened with that officer. General H. acceded to the suggestion, and agreed with me that the matter had at least gone far enough to induce Smith to 'define his position.' I also suggested that Mr. Worthington should be again sent to Matamoras for the purpose of carrying to Slaughter and Ford the result of my visit to Galveston, and to sound them with a view to ascertaining if they were disposed to act independently of Walker and Smith. Mr. Worthington was of opinion that they could be prevailed upon to take that course if they were assured of sufficient support. Remembering the anxiety those gentlemen had shown in the conference at Point Isabel, I was of the same opinion. General Hurlbut thought such a result was worth the effort, and accepted the suggestion. If Worthington was able to carry out with him the news of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the flight of Jeff Davis, I am confident he will succeed. So the business stands unconcluded, and I am not yet out of hope. Of one thing I am sure—Texas rebels are without heart or confidence, and divided among themselves. The soldiers and subordinates are

anxious to make peace, and it is almost certain that Kirby Smith will come to terms now, provided he is not too far committed to Maximilian. Another point I am sure of. If Davis and Smith attempt coalition with or annexation to the new empire of Mexico, they will be resisted by the rebel soldiers themselves. In view of such a contingency it would be well enough, I think, to give the commanding officers at Brazos appropriate directions. By Mr. Worthington I sent Slaughter and Ford the letter which concludes the correspondence dated New Orleans, April 6, 1865, of which I sent you a copy.

"Very respectfully your friend and obedient servant,
"LEW WALLACE, Major-General Commanding."

When the report was at length forwarded, it was accompanied by the following letter, which pointed out the attitude of General Smith and his suspected effort to intrigue with the Mexican Imperialists, a suspicion that events which were occurring, even at that time, fully justified:

"NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, *May* 16, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Washington City:*

"GENERAL,—Enclosed find the conclusion of my report concerning the Point Isabel interview. Since writing it, General E. Kirby Smith, according to report, has refused to surrender, and has urged his soldiers to hold out, as they have means to maintain themselves until assisted from abroad. Please revert to the confidential letter I sent you from Brazos, giving the substance of what Colonel Ford told me about General Smith's suspected negotiations with Maximilian. That, in my opinion, is the key to Smith's strange conduct. Reasoning from Ford's statement, I cannot do otherwise than believe that there is a secret arrangement existing between the Mexican Imperialists and the Texan Confederates, contemplating ultimate annexation of Texas and mutual support, or the support without the annexation. Probably you have sufficient data

upon which to form a determinate opinion on the subject. You will pardon me, I am sure, for calling your attention to the points made.

"Very respectfully your friend and obedient servant,

"LEW WALLACE, Major-General."

Meanwhile, General Walker evidently thought better of his refusal to lay before General Smith the propositions drawn up by General Wallace. A letter written from General Smith's headquarters at Shreveport, Louisiana, dated May 7th, was forwarded and reached General Wallace after his return to Baltimore. The writer said:

"A report has been forwarded to me by Major-General Walker, of an interview held between yourself and Brigadier-General Slaughter, in the presence of Colonel Ford (upon your invitation), and of the tenor of the conversation which then occurred.

"Also a copy of a preamble and propositions submitted by you to him, with the expression of a belief upon your part that they furnished the basis of an honorable and satisfactory peace.

"On yesterday (May 6th) I received your two letters to Major-General Walker, dated respectively March 30th and April 2d, and written off Galveston, in which you may say it was your understanding that your propositions were to be referred to me for my consideration.

"This being the case, I regret that they were not addressed to me originally.

"Expressing as you do an earnest desire for an honorable and satisfactory peace, and understanding as I do that your propositions had the sanction of General Grant and your government, I deem it a courtesy due that I should convey to you my hearty concurrence in your desire for such a peace.

"I need hardly say to you that I am entirely without authority to entertain propositions such as you have presented.

"Nevertheless, I feel at liberty to say that all sincere efforts to bring about a cessation of this fratricidal war, saving the honor and interest of the army and people of the Confederate States, will meet with my hearty co-operation.

"In conclusion let me say that your desire for frankness and sincerity in any intercourse we may have, meets with my cordial response."

The courteous reply of General Smith was in marked contrast to what General Wallace, in a private note, had termed "the fire-eating" bombast of General Walker. Underneath his suavity, however, was an opposition quite as determined as that shown by General Walker to the proposed terms of peace.

The correspondence between General Slaughter, Colonel Ford, and General Wallace had been at once despatched by General Smith to General Samuel Cooper, adjutant and inspector general of the Confederacy in Richmond, which, by that time (April 11th) had ceased to exist. General Cooper was informed that copies had been forwarded by the blockade from Galveston to John Slidell, commissioner for the Confederacy in Paris. In his accompanying note General Smith suggested to Mr. Slidell that the letters might be of interest to him, evidencing as they did clearly the policy of the United States government to indorse the Monroe Doctrine and re-establish the Juarez government in Mexico.[1]

Communication was thus held between the commander-in-chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department, then taking its last desperate stand in Texas, and Napoleon III. in Paris.

April 21st, General Smith issued a proclamation to his troops setting forth the necessity for continued effort and renewed loyalty, pointing out that the great re-

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., part ii., p. 1277.

sources of the Trans-Mississippi Department would secure to them "terms that a proud people can accept with honor." [1]

Robert Ross, an agent of the Confederacy, was chosen to present to the Emperor Maxmilian "certain views as to the future interests of the Confederate States and the empire of Mexico, although it was explained that, while he had no diplomatic authority, he was empowered to give assurance that the Confederate government "would be willing to enter into a liberal agreement with the empire of Mexico based upon the principles of mutual protection against their common enemy."

While negotiations with Mexico were in progress an effort was made to conciliate the Comanches "and other wild tribes of the plains," who were angered against the North, and for this reason were anxious to conclude a treaty with the South. A commission was chosen to confer with the Indians at a grand council to be held May 15th, at Council Grove, Kansas. General Smith was informed by Brigadier-General Cooper, commanding the district of Indian Territory, that the Indians who would attend were "thirsting for revenge on the frontier, and *if assisted* would attack at once, and even operate farther north simultaneously.

"Now I desire instructions," he continued, "whether it would be proper or politic, under existing conditions, to turn loose these savages upon the settlements on their frontier, and, if so, request to be informed as to when the attack should be made." [2]

The disbanding of General Smith's army, which he was finally powerless to prevent, and his enforced surrender, fortunately prevented the execution of this inhuman plot.

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, series 1, vol. xlviii., part ii., p. 1283. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 1306.

The details of General Wallace's negotiations with the Confederates during this time have already been given. The equally important transactions held with the Mexican Liberals, with a view to prevent the alliance between General Smith and the Imperialists, were narrated in the following letter, which General Wallace wrote to President Diaz, August 15, 1889:

"Your excellency's memory will serve me when I recall that my government was the only one in all the world which at that time continued to recognize the republic of Mexico as a government and Benito Juarez as its president; with equal clearness you will also remember that my government was, owing to the exhaustive struggle engaging it, bound for the time to the policy of neutrality in your struggle. Mr. Seward, secretary of state, had contented himself with protests to Napoleon, and was opposed to any positive step which might serve the emperor as an excuse for recognizing the Confederacy of which Mr. Davis was chief. For that reason the objects of my mission to the Rio Grande were without Mr. Seward's knowledge; in fact, of the persons constituting the administration, they were known only to President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. In an interview with President Lincoln upon the subject, he admonished me not to mention the business to Mr. Seward. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton accepted General Grant's view of the failing condition of the Confederacy, and agreed with him that the time was come, in our own interests, as well as those of Mexico, to help President Juarez, at least privately.

"This explanation seems to me needful to a proper understanding of what followed, and particularly of the instructions I received verbally from General Grant, constituting the real object of my mission. Those instructions were that, upon arriving at Brazos Santiago, I was to put myself in communication with the nearest reliable representative of the Liberal government of Mexico, and ascer-

tain what its authorities were willing to do if Confederate troops crossed the Rio Grande in armed bodies to unite themselves with Maximilian. If I found they were willing to arrest them, then I was to ascertain what they required in the way of material assistance to carry out such a policy. If they only required arms and war material, I was to help provide them. In the latter project General Grant thought it right that an effort should be made upon the basis of the credit of the Mexican government. He did not tell me what would be done in the event of failure in that scheme; it was not necessary he should tell me. Though the further intentions of the administration were held in reserve, I have no doubt, if the demonstration proved the necessity, it would have openly allied itself with President Juarez. Such was my opinion then, and subsequent events confirmed it.

"With the public order in my portfolio, I hurried to Brazos Santiago. Arrived there, I found the whole left bank of the Rio Grande in possession of the Confederates, while the right bank from Matamoras down was held and patrolled by forces of Maximilian. I also ascertained that General José M. J. Carvajal, of the Liberal party, was governor of the State of Tamaulipas, and General Escobedo governor of the State of Nuevo Leon. General Carvajal was up somewhere in the mountains of Victoria, while General Escobedo was in Monterey. Carvajal being nearest, I resolved to correspond with him.

"In this statement, your excellency, I am particular, for the reason that at various times it has come to me in the way of accusation that in the Mexican business I was a filibuster and a speculator. You will think better of me, I hope, understanding that I was in the military service of my country, acting throughout under order of my superior officer. The explanation will also serve to relieve all who came to be connected with me in the affair, General Carvajal and General Sturm, among others, from unjust suspicions.

"I was fortunate enough, directly upon landing at Brazos

Santiago, to find a trustworthy man who knew where General Carvajal was, and would carry a note from me to him. The note stated simply that General Carvajal might find it to his interest to visit me at Brazos, where I would remain for a few days. The messenger found him in the mountains with about three hundred men, whom he was exercising with bows and arrows, in place of fire-arms—to such straits was he reduced. President Juarez, then in Chihuahua, the last state capital left him by the French and Imperialists, was fortunate in the possession of the services of a number of able and loyal assistants, among them Señors Romero, Mariscal, and Carvajal, civilians, and Generals Porfirio Diaz and Escobedo of the army. General Carvajal interpreted my note hopefully, and came to me, passing the French lines in the disguise of a Texas horse-buyer, a character to which the fluency of his English helped him perfectly. In course of the interview which ensued, I inquired if he was in any manner authorized to speak or act for President Juarez. He replied by producing a document which, as I read it, really constituted him a commissioner with high powers. By it he was authorized to go abroad to place a loan in behalf of his general government, solicit immigration to Mexico, and buy arms and war material generally. I may be excused for recalling the pleasure I subsequently had when Minister Romero certified the meaning of the authorization.

"Your excellency will perceive instantly how I received the development. It seemed precisely in the line of my mission, and was strengthened by the general's strong insistence that if the Liberals were in power they would gladly stop every armed Confederate who crossed from Texas. At once I proposed that he should accompany me to the United States. He said he could not abandon his men. I replied that his chief duty was to his whole country. He said he had no clothes. I offered to furnish them. Such a commission would be expensive, and he was without money. I offered to set him down at the door of his legation in Washington, after which, in concert with Min-

ister Romero, he could issue bonds, and raise funds and purchase whatever might be needed to advance his country's cause. Finally, upon a promise that I would assist him in placing the loan and making the purchases, he yielded to my importunities, and as there was a steamer in the bay specially at my orders, I gave him a state-room and passage across the Gulf. When I set him down in Washington, outside of the legation, no one except General Grant, Secretary Stanton, and President Lincoln knew of his arrival or how he came; and they only knew it through my official reports."

In recognition of the great service he had rendered his government, Carvajal wrote to General Wallace the following letter, being at the time in Baltimore:

"EUTAW HOUSE, *May* 6, 1865.

"GENERAL,—I have had the honor of receiving your letter dated the 5th instant, in which you kindly suggest some very important thoughts for the consideration of Mr. Romero, our Mexican minister at Washington.

"Thanking you kindly for the noble efforts you are making on behalf of my afflicted country, and for your generous friendship towards myself, I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"JOSÉ M. J. CARVAJAL.

"I will to-day present your thoughts to Mr. Romero for his consideration."

The negotiations with the Mexican Liberals were interrupted by the death of President Lincoln and the trial of the assassins, so far as General Wallace's participation in them was concerned, and were not resumed until the autumn of 1865.

IV

The Lincoln commission—Members—Charge—Summing up by John A. Bingham, special judge-advocate—Execution July 7th—Charges of Father Walter—Sketches of the assassins for picture—Mrs. Surratt.

Upon his return from Texas, while on the train, General Wallace was shocked to hear of the death of President Lincoln. He proceeded immediately to Baltimore, and was temporarily relieved of the command of the Middle Department to serve on the commission, in Washington, appointed by President Johnson for the trial of the assassins.

The first question raised was whether the prisoners should be given a civil or military trial. The attorney-general at length decided that the assassins of a president were public enemies, and as such should be tried before a military tribunal.

Nine competent officers were accordingly detailed as members of the court-martial: Major-General David Hunter, U. S. V.; Major-General Lew Wallace, U. S. V.; Brevet Major-General August V. Kautz, U. S. V. ; Brigadier-General T. M. Harris, U. S. V.; Brevet Colonel C. H. Tompkins, U. S. V.; Lieutenant-Colonel David R. Clendenin, Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Brigadier-General Joseph Holt, judge-advocate and recorder, was assisted by Judge-Advocate Henry L. Burnet and Hon. John A. Bingham. Brevet General John A. Hartranft was made special provost-marshal. The court convened in Washington, May 10th, and organized with closed doors.

Major-General David Hunter was made president, General Wallace ranking second.

The orders convening the court were read in the presence of the prisoners: David E. Herold, Mary E. Surratt, George A. Atzerodt, Lewis Payne, and their accessories: Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin. John Surratt, who was also implicated in the conspiracy, succeeded in making his escape, being captured in Egypt. He was returned to the United States for trial in 1866 and acquitted. The prisoners were asked if they had objection to any member of the commission, and all replied in the negative. The principal witness for the government was Louis A. Weichmann, who died recently in Anderson, Indiana. He was studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood, had been a classmate of John Surratt, and a member of Mrs. Surratt's household.

Of this witness General Wallace said: "I have never seen anything like his steadfastness. There he stood, a young man only twenty-three years of age, strikingly handsome, intelligent, self-possessed, under the most searching cross-examination I have ever heard. He had been innocently involved in the schemes of the conspirators, and although the Surratts were his personal friends, he was forced to appear and testify when subpœnaed. He realized deeply the sanctity of the oath he had taken to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and his testimony could not be confused or shaken in the slightest detail."

The prisoners were specifically charged with aiding armed rebellion within the United States, co-operating with John Wilkes Booth, John Surratt, Jefferson Davis, and others to murder Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States; Andrew Johnson, Vice-President;

William H. Seward, Secretary of State; and Ulysses S. Grant, Lieutenant-General of the United States Army.

The trial continued nearly two months; scores of witnesses were examined, a determined effort being made to save the chief conspirators, especially Mrs. Surratt. In his lengthy and comprehensive argument, in which the case was carefully reviewed, John A. Bingham, special judge-advocate, said, in conclusion:

"I leave the decision of this dread issue with the court to which it alone belongs. It is for you to say, upon your oaths, whether the accused are guilty.

"I am not conscious that in this argument I have made any erroneous statement of the evidence, or drawn any erroneous conclusions; yet I pray the court, out of tender regard and jealous care for the rights of the accused, to see that no error of mine, if any there be, shall work them harm. The past services of this honorable court give assurance that, without fear, favor, or affection, they will discharge with fidelity the duty enjoined upon them by their oaths. Whatever else may befall, I trust in God that in this, as in every other American court, the rights of the whole people will be respected, and that the republic in this, its supreme hour of trial, will be true to itself and just to all—ready to protect the rights of the humblest, to redress every wrong, to avenge every crime, to vindicate the majesty of law, and to maintain inviolate the Constitution, whether assailed secretly or openly, by hosts armed with gold or armed with steel."

The prisoners were found guilty. Spangler, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Mudd were sentenced for life to the military prison at Dry Tortugas, Florida, but were subsequently pardoned by President Johnson, with the exception of O'Laughlin, who died in prison. Mrs. Sur-

ratt, Herold, Payne, and Atzerodt were condemned to death, the findings of the court being approved by President Johnson, and they were executed July 7th.

Many efforts have been made to create sympathy for Mrs. Surratt, whom the evidence proved to be deeply implicated. She was zealously defended by Father Walter, a secular priest, who visited her frequently in prison, and administered the sacrament before her execution. He was responsible for the statement that within a few years all the members of the commission died violent deaths. Of this misstatement General T. M. Harris, a member of the commission, said:

"The truth is, at this writing, April, 1892, all the members of the commission are alive except General Hunter and Colonel Tompkins. General Hunter lived to over four-score years, and Colonel Tompkins to seventy-three. The present writer is nearly seventy-nine, and is still able to vindicate the truth in the interest of a true history of his period. "Is it not high time," he adds, "that the American people should be fully informed as to this most important episode in their history, in order that they may not be misled by men who were not the friends, but the enemies of our government in its struggle for its preservation and perpetuation." [1]

During the progress of the trial, when the proceedings were tedious and unimportant, General Wallace employed himself sketching in pencil the members of the commission, the distinguished spectators that thronged the court, and even the prisoners themselves. Drawings made of the latter were utilized in a picture which is now in his study in Crawfordsville. Mrs. Sur-

[1] *The Assassination of Lincoln*, by T. M. Harris, late Brigadier-General U. S. V., a member of the commission, p. 210.

ratt does not appear in the group. General Wallace gave as a reason for this that he saw her face but once during the trial. She came into the court always wearing a heavy veil, which she raised but once for identification.

V

The Wirz commission—Cruelty shown by the evidence—Wirz condemned and hanged—Tedium of trial—Letters from Washington — 1866 — Book on tactics rejected — Romero — Presentation of battle-flags to Governor Morton, July 4, 1866.

After the sentence of the first commission had been carried out, a second was appointed by President Johnson, also to meet in Washington "on August 19, 1865, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of such prisoners as might be brought before it." Its chief task was to inquire into the acts of the notorious Captain Henry Wirz, of the Confederate army, keeper of Andersonville prison.

In order that he might serve upon this commission, General Wallace was again temporarily relieved of his command at Baltimore.

The sittings were held in the rooms of the court of claims, General Wallace being made president of the commission. His repeated selection for such duty was owing in part, no doubt, to his practical knowledge of the law. The vigilance of General Wallace throughout the trial was abundantly shown in the official reports. It may be guessed from a letter of the correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* who, describing his personal appearance, said that, of his striking features, the eyes were remarkable, "never seeming to sleep and never to see, and yet whose observation nothing escapes."

The following extracts from his letters to his wife

give a clear idea of his strong distaste for the irksome routine, and the heavy responsibility of his office:

"HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, *July* 10, 1865.

"To-day I expect General Hancock in Baltimore. He comes to my relief—that is, to assume command of this department. The order requires me to report to the adjutant-general in writing or by letter. What is to be done with me I do not know. All surmise on that point, however, will very soon be at rest. If I am not to be retained in the service, I will very soon be so informed; and the sooner the better. I am quite ready for the surrender when Hancock makes his appearance.

"I am having an easy time. The city very quiet, there is far less to do in the office than ever before. And for employment and recreation, I turn to my skirmish-book, and work at it slowly—my habit, you know—and with painstaking exactness. . . ."

"WASHINGTON, *August* 20, 1865.

"I went to the War Office this morning and found myself president of the military commission assembled for the trial of one Captain Henry Wirz, late rebel, and charged with starving Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia.

"I learn that the prisoner's defence will be that he obeyed orders received from his superiors—in other words, it is expected that out of this investigation will come proof of the leaders' connection with that criminality.

"The investigation will occupy at least two months—the hot, unwholesome, malarial months here by the Potomac.

"*August* 21.

"The commission organized yesterday. From the manifestations it is composed of able and well-disposed gentlemen. My venerable friend, the advocate-general, has more experience than the rest of us — the wisdom which goes with years.

"The prisoner is undoubtedly of opinion that he is in danger of some kind of punishment. You have only to

get and read the pleas his counsel has prepared and entered for him to satisfy yourself on that point.

"Wirz is a singular-looking creature. He has a small head, retreating forehead, high on the *os frontis* because the hair, light in color, is very thin, threatening him with speedy baldness; prominent ears; small, sharp-pointed nose; mustache and beard heavy enough to conceal the mouth and lower face, and of a dirty, tobacco-stain color; eyes large, and of mixed blue and gray, very restless, and of a peculiar transparency, reminding one continually of a cat's when the animal is excited by scent of prey. In manner he is nervous and fully alarmed, avoids your gaze, and withers and shrivels under the knit brows of the crowd. His complexion is ashen and bloodless, almost blue. Altogether he was well chosen for his awful service in the warring Confederacy.

"At the last period Colonel Chipman announced that the commission was dissolved by order of the secretary of war. So we go! I have requested General Geary to write my farewell address. . . .

"(*Later*).

"Am just now informed again we are to reassemble tomorrow. I hope that I, at least, will be released from this onerous duty."

"*September* 4, 1865.

"I am very dull, easily disturbed by noises, and irritable over the most pointless cross-examination of a witness that I ever listened to, and I have suffered under many.

"Out of these testimonies has come an idea, or, as the French put it, a *motif*, for a picture to be named 'Over the Dead Line.' I have already made the first draught, and while in New York I laid in a little stock of oils and shall work it up on canvas. It had its beginning in this wise: one of the witnesses before the Wirz commission testified that a poor prisoner, half dead with thirst, in the Andersonville pen, crawled under the bar called the 'dead line' to reach a brook outside where the water was not so poisonous. The sentinel on duty shot him dead, and the tin cup dropped

from his hand beyond the boundary. That is my scene. Only the fallen figure in faded-blue uniform, the stream for which the starving man longed, a portion of the stockade, the bar, the cup.

"The details of that place of torture are horrible.

"On second thought I send the testimony which suggested the painting. The witness's name is Henry C. Lull, of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York regiment."

This testimony fully corroborated the opinion of General Wallace, that the details of Andersonville, "that place of torture," are horrible. It was well summed up by Judge-Advocate General Holt in these words:

"A review of the proceedings leads to the opinion that no prejudice to the legal rights of the prisoner can be successfully claimed to have resulted from any decision which excluded testimony he desired to introduce. The trial is believed to have been conducted in accordance with the regulations governing military courts, and the record presents no error which can be held to invalidate the proceedings.

"The annals of our race present nowhere, and at no time, a darker field of crime than that of Andersonville, and it is fortunate for the interests alike of public justice and of historic truth that from this field the veil had been so faithfully and so completely lifted. All the horrors of this pandemonium of the Rebellion are laid bare to us in the broad, steady light of the testimony of some one hundred and fifty witnesses who spoke what they had seen and heard and suffered, and whose evidence, given under oath, and subjected to cross-examination, and to every other test which human experience has devised for the ascertainment of truth, must be accepted as affording an immovable foundation for the sentence pronounced.

"The proof under the second charge shows that some of our soldiers, for mere attempts to escape from their op-

pressors, were given to ferocious dogs to be torn in pieces; that others were confined in stocks and chains till life yielded to the torture, and that others were wantonly shot down at Wirz's bidding, or by his own hand. Here, in the presence of these pitiless murders of unarmed and helpless men, so distinctly alleged and proved, justice might well claim the prisoner's life. There remain, however, to be contemplated crimes yet more revolting, for which he and his co-conspirators must be held responsible. The Andersonville prison records (made exhibits in this case) contain a roster of over thirteen thousand (13,000) dead, buried naked, maimed, and putrid, in one vast sepulchre. Of these, a surgeon of the rebel army, who was on duty at this prison, testifies that at least three-fourths died of the treatment inflicted on them while in confinement; and a surgeon of our own army, who was a prisoner there, states that four-fifths died from this cause. Under this proof, which has not been assailed, nearly ten thousand, if not more, of these deaths must be charged directly to the account of Wirz and his associates. This wide-spread sacrifice of life was not made suddenly or under the influence of wild, ungovernable passion, but was accomplished slowly and deliberately, by packing upwards of thirty thousand men, like cattle, in a fetid pen, a mere cesspool, there to die for need of air to breathe, for want of ground on which to lie, from lack of shelter from the sun and rain, and from the slow, agonizing processes of starvation, when air and space and shelter and food were all within the ready gift of their tormentors. This work of death seems to have been a saturnalia of enjoyment for the prisoner, who amid these savage orgies evidenced such exultation, and mingled with them such nameless blasphemy and ribald jests, as at times to exhibit him rather as a demon than a man. It was his continual boast that by these barbarities he was destroying more Union soldiers than rebel generals were butchering on the battle-field. He claimed to be doing the work of the Rebellion, and faithfully, in all his murderous cruelty and baseness, did he represent its spirit. It is

by looking upon the cemeteries which have been filled from Libby, Belle Isle, Salisbury, Florence, Andersonville, and other rebel prisons, and recalling the prolonged sufferings of the patriots who are sleeping there, that we can best understand the inner and real life of the Rebellion, and the hellish criminality and brutality of the traitors who maintained it. For such crimes human power is absolutely impotent to enforce any adequate atonement.

"It may be added, in conclusion, that the court before which the prisoner was tried was composed of officers high in rank, and eminent for their faithful services and probity of character, and that several of them were distinguished for their legal attainments. The investigation of the case was conducted with patience and impartiality, and the conclusion reached is one from which the overwhelming volume of testimony left no escape. It is recommended that the sentence be executed."

The verdict of the court-martial found Wirz guilty of "combining, confederating, and conspiring with Jefferson Davis" and others. President Johnson refused to interfere, and Wirz was executed on the morning of November 10th at the Old Capitol Prison in Washington.

During the progress of the Wirz trial, as a relief from its worries and tedium, General Wallace had employed his leisure moments in revising the book on tactics, which has been mentioned, especially embodying his original ideas as to skirmishing. This was completed at his home in Crawfordsville.

In a letter from Washington, dated March 7, 1866, the year following, he wrote his wife:

"I have just come in from the Capitol, where General Butler was delivering an argument before the Supreme Court, in the case of Milligan, Bowles & Company. The room was crowded, and as this is the first time I have

seen him, I was much impressed by the appearance of the famous 'Ben.'

"The commission in the matter of the skirmish-book is to meet to-morrow—where, I do not know. That business done, I shall go to New York, then home. I shall meet the commission and explain everything that wears the semblance of innovation, for the board is composed of conservatives.

"Dust, dust everywhere, sweeping the streets in blinding columns. From the Capitol steps it really looks as if the earth had been pulverized and the breath of fiends was scattering it. Draw your finger on this page and you will see that a portion of it has penetrated the closed windows, making blotters unnecessary.

"The fight, political, continues warm, but is gradually dying out. Johnson is getting the worst of it. It looks very much as if he were going back to the old party, body and soul. Still there is hope. The air is thick with rumors, and the state convention of Pennsylvania has about finished the old Tennesseean."

"*March* 12th.

"I write from the House, inside the bar. The noise, the hubbub, the confusion, the laughter, loud talk, clapping of hands, are really bewildering, and not at all edifying.

"Some days ago the commission was appointed to report on my skirmish-book. I supposed then that the officers assigned to the duty would act promptly in the business. To-day, however, I saw General Hunt (one of them), who tells me that the board is not in the city. Such is military promptitude in time of peace, and there is nothing to do but wait in patience. I am too much interested to leave my work without some energetic support. A wretched cold does not contribute to my amiability of temper."

"WASHINGTON, *March* 18th.

"It is now two weeks since the order appointing the commission to examine my book was made out, yet one of the members, General Crook, has not made his appearance,

and in consequence not a step in the work has been taken. I should go home at once but that I do not like to throw away the time and money already spent. Then I am solaced by the idea it will take but little more time, after the board is assembled and begins its examination; and by the further reflection, if I succeed in the desired authorization, I can certainly sell the book for several thousand dollars. I linger on and must continue to do so, being now satisfied that my presence is a material contribution towards possible success.

"The members of the board now present are polite and clever gentlemen, as, it must be recorded, West-Pointers always are. In the interview with them on Friday I made two points—that my work had no competition, and that it was merely an elaboration of the undeveloped system laid down in the old tactics. They examined my manuscript, and we had a frank conversation on the great subject—military. I confess to pretty strong hopes of success and will, for the reasons given, await results with such philosophy as I can command.

"If General Crook is not here by to-morrow, I will see Secretary Stanton and try for a substitute in his place."

As has been stated, the commission, after recognizing certain evident merits, finally rejected the book. Of his relations with Romero at this time, General Wallace wrote:

"I spend my time studying Spanish, and performing duty as a spectator and listener in the Senate gallery. Of the two occupations, Spanish is the more pleasant and instructive. Once in a while I see Romero, the Mexican minister, who is very open and confidential with me. I have great interest in Mexican affairs."

July 4th, of the same year (1866), General Wallace was called upon to deliver the speech at the formal presentation of the battle-flags of the Indiana regiments

to Governor O. P. Morton, in Indianapolis. It was an eloquent review of the services rendered by the veterans at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Stone River, Missionary Ridge, and elsewhere. In his final eulogy, he said:

"You know sir how prone men are in prosperity to forget the pangs of adversity. Ordinarily, what cares the young spendthrift happy in the waste of his father's fortune, for that father's life of toil and self-denial? It is to be hoped that these flags will prevent such indifference on the part of our posterity. Think of them grouped all in one chamber! What descendant of a loyal man could enter it and look upon them and not think of the ancestral sacrifices they both attest and perpetuate? And when the foreigner, dreaming it may be of invasion or conquest or ambition, political or military more dangerous now than all the kings, come into their presence, as come they will, though they be not oppressed with reverence or dumb-stricken with awe, as you and I and others like us may be, doubt not that they will go away wiser than they came; they will be reminded of what the Frenchman had not heard when he landed his legions on the palmy shore of Mexico; of what rulers of England overlooked when they made such haste to recognize the Rebellion; of what the trained leaders of the Rebellion themselves took not into account when they led their misguided followers into the fields of war; they will be reminded that this people, so given to peace, so devoted to trade, mechanics, and agriculture, so occupied with schools and churches, and a government which does their will through the noiseless agency of the ballot-box, have yet, when aroused, a power of resistance sufficient for any need however great; that this nationality, yet in its youth's first freshness, is like a hive of human bees—stand by it quietly, and you will be charmed by its proofs of industry, its faculty of appliance, its well-ordered labor; but touch it, shake it rudely, menace its population, or put them in fear, and they will pour from their cells an armed myriad whom there is no confronting.

"Fellow-Citizens, Comrades:

"When we come visiting the old flags, and take out those more especially endeared to us because under them we each rendered our individual service, such as it was, we will not fail to be reminded of those other comrades—alas, too many to be named!—who dropped one by one out of the ranks or the column, to answer at roll-call never more; whose honorable discharges were given them by the fever in the hospital or by a bullet in battle; whose bones lie in shallow graves in the cypress swamp, in the river's deepening bed, in the valley's Sabbath stillness, or on the mountain's breast, bleakened now by tempests human as well as elemental. For their sakes, let us resolve to come here with every recurrence of this day, and bring the old colors to the sunlight and carry them in procession, and salute them martially with roll of drums and thunder of guns. So will those other comrades of whom I speak know that they are remembered at least by us, and so will be remembered by them.

"In the armies of Persia was a chosen band called the Immortals. They numbered ten thousand; their ranks were always full, and their place was near the person of the king. The old poet sings of this resplendent host, as clad in the richest armor, and bearing spears pointed with pomegranates of silver and gold. We, too, have our Immortals! Only ours wear uniforms of light. And they number more than ten times ten thousand. And instead of a king to serve they have for leader and lover that man of God and the people, Lincoln the Martyr. On their rolls shine the heroic names, without regard to paltry distinctions as to rank or state; among them are no officers, no privates; in the bivouacs of heaven they are all alike Immortals. Of such are Ellsworth, Baker, Wadsworth, Sedgwick, and McPherson. Of such also are our Hackleman, Gerber, Tanner, Blinn, and Carroll, and that multitude of our soldiers who, victims of the war, are now 'at the front,' while we 'are waiting in reserve.'"

VI

General Sturm (from letter to Diaz)—Resignation from the army November 4, 1865—Mexican loan—History of personal claims against Mexico—Offer of commission by Mexico—Private letters from Matamoras, Roma, etc.

When the commission detailed for the trial of Wirz finished its work and was dismissed, General Wallace returned to his home in Crawfordsville.

During this time he was constantly occupied in various ways, as was his habit. Although, through the disbanding of the Confederate armies at the close of the Civil War, the danger of coalition between those forces and the Mexican Imperialists had been happily averted, he still maintained a keen interest in the cause of the Mexican Liberals. He was on friendly terms with Señor Romero, the accredited diplomatic representative from Mexico to the United States, and with General Carvajal, who still remained in Washington befriending his countrymen by advancing their interests wherever it was possible. General Wallace secured a strong aid in General Hermann Sturm. Of their combined efforts, a little later, he wrote in the concluding paragraphs of the letter to President Diaz, a portion of which has been already quoted.

"Under full persuasion that General Carvajal's authority was ample to justify him in attempting, assisted by Minister Romero, to place a loan in my country, from the proceeds of which the two together could supply the needs of President Juarez; persuaded, also, that this was

the best course to be taken to prevent Confederates joining Maximilian, particularly after General Grant approved my action, I returned to my command at Baltimore. About a month afterwards I received a note from General Carvajal, informing me of his inability to do anything, and claiming my help, as promised. I advised with President Lincoln and General Grant, and obtained their permission to go to his assistance. In New York it soon became apparent that other assistance was required, and I suggested the employment of General Hermann Sturm, then chief of ordnance for Governor Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. I knew him to be an honorable man, and expert in arms and munitions of war, full of experience in their purchase, and especially favored with a general acquaintance with the business men of New York, outside of which it was hopeless attempting anything. His military rank was that of brigadier-general. But what was of special influence, I knew him to be possessed of money in his own right, and that he could command more from members of his family and friends. I say this was influential for the reason that General Carvajal did not have means sufficient to pay his hotel bills. I was doing that for him. At the same time Minister Romero was in no sense responsible for General Carvajal's condition. He would doubtless have assisted him if it had been in his power.

"The suggestion proved acceptable both to General Carvajal and Minister Romero. I telegraphed General Sturm, then at Indianapolis. An arrangement was effected with him. The terms of the arrangement I do not remember. I only know that at the time neither of the contracting parties had any approximate idea of the time and labor that would be exacted of them.

"The first effort was to place a loan on behalf of the Mexican Republic. Bonds were printed and the certification was all that could be asked. They proved unacceptable. In the effort General Sturm was so efficient, so energetic, so faithful, that he commended himself to Minister Romero, who, when General Carvajal was retired,

continued the business, and General Sturm as his chief assistant. In course of that attempt it was discovered that the bonds could be made available for the purchase of guns, pistols, cartridges, powder, sabres, torpedoes, ships, etc. The loan was abandoned. In the new scheme again General Sturm was invaluable. Here his experience, skill, knowledge of dealers and prices, his tirelessness and loyalty were successful. Of all this, Minister Romero is a better witness. In one of his reports—I refer to it from recollection—he states officially that six or seven armies of the republic were provided through the instrumentality states. This, your excellency, was due in very great part to General Sturm. The arms were good. With them every time your troops met the enemy they were victorious. How shall the value of such services be measured? By what standard, except the liberty of your people, not to speak of the life of republican Mexico? It would insult you to speak here as an accountant; time, energy, judgment, faithfulness, especially money advanced in aid of the cause he espoused, are items which cannot all be tabulated and cast up. One thing I know, he impoverished himself, his family, and many of his friends in the work to which he dedicated himself."

In this letter General Wallace made a strong and generous appeal to President Diaz that the Mexican Republic, by this time firmly established, should deal justly with his friend and co-worker.

The co-operation of J. N. Tifft, a New York broker, had also been secured, and the extent to which his sympathies had been enlisted is shown in a letter dated September 14, 1865, where he writes:

"Personally I have honor, reputation, and money at stake, and the claims will not be neglected nor suffer, if my life and health are spared; and in addition to these claims are the hopes and fortunes of a suffering, outraged people, as

well as those of their generous friends and defenders. Be assured I am fully 'up' to the work before me, and my partners and associates are eager and confident. We shall place this loan, if the people of the United States are not crazy, and entirely lost to the principles of humanity and self-interest."

November 4, 1865, General Wallace formerly tendered the resignation of his commission as major-general of U. S. Volunteers, to take effect on the 20th of the month, the disbanding of the great volunteer army, which had fought so heroically for the preservation of the Union, having already begun. The resignation, which had been presented in Washington to the assistant adjutant-general, concluded in the words:

"I have no knowledge of indebtedness to the government, or any reason why the tender should not be accepted."

Shortly after this he went to New York, still interested and active in Mexican affairs. From General John M. Schofield he received a note to General Grant, in which the writer stated that General Wallace would call upon him, and he was asked to comply with General Wallace's wishes, if practicable, as the matter which he would present was of importance.

The call, apparently, was not paid; but on November 16, 1865, General Wallace wrote to General Grant as follows:

"You will be so busily engaged to-day, and I myself will be so busy, that to make certain I've concluded to put my matter in form of a note.

"Colonel H. Clay Crawford, of Tennessee, is now *en route* for the Rio Grande, with instructions and authority and means to rendezvous all soldiers whom he may be able

to procure in that vicinity for the Mexican service. Wouldn't it be advisable that the commanding officer in that district be advised of the fact, so that the colonel be not too closely watched? This step will also require that some of the arms at New Orleans be put in our reach at a moment's notice. For this purpose, I submit to you, as does General Schofield, whose note, hastily written, I enclose, whether it would be advisable immediately to direct an officer, or some competent person, to overhaul the arms in depot at New Orleans, ascertain their caliber, and put them (if they are not already) in condition for service and shipment.

"As will be readily understood, it would be of immense service to us, if we could have the shipment of the arms and two or three millions of cartridges by the government to Brownsville. I do not mean the whole store, but five or ten thousand muskets, the latter number if possible. If you conclude to send a party to overhaul the arms, wouldn't it be better that the person authorized be one in our confidence? There would then, it seems to me, be no need of explanation on your part.

"I will be back between twelve and one o'clock to make an effort to get word with you; if that is impossible, I trust you will extend our confidence far enough to give me your views and conclusions on the points submitted."

His errand was unsuccessful, so far as his efforts to negotiate a loan in New York was concerned, a measure at that time of vital importance to Mexico, and he returned to Indianapolis. One month later (December 14, 1865) he wrote a letter to General Grant, in which he said:

"After working in New York in behalf of the Mexican loan until I became satisfied that it was for the present hopeless in that section, I came West; now, after a pretty thorough trial, I have concluded, greatly against my wishes, that the enterprise is equally desperate here. With all the

influences at my command, backed by a confidential report of an interview had with the president by Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in which the former almost directly requests capitalists to interest themselves, I cannot get respectable bankers to do so much as undertake the sale of the bonds.

"In General Schofield's absence, I have thought it best to inform you of the failure, that you may understand the true cause of the delay in our movement, and be able to submit the matter to the president, and devise, if you consider it best, some remedial action.

"Everywhere I find sympathy with the cause. I will even go so far as to say that I have not met one intelligent man, East or West, who does not assert that the government should take position and immediate action to relieve Mexico. Unfortunately, this opinion is the very cause of the failure of the loan. People whom I address on the subject say, with a unanimity really astonishing:

"'Why should we take a Mexican bond? We doubt the Mexican faith; we have no assurance that if Maximilian were driven away the Mexicans could manage their resources so as to meet promptly the interest or principal on their bonds. The inducements offered don't compensate for the risks.'

"'But,' I reply, 'our government is friendly to this loan. It would like to see our citizens take every dollar of it.'

"'Then let the government say so publicly. Let it assure us that we will be indemnified.' In short, the invariable conclusion is that it is the duty of the government to give instant notice to Maximilian to get out, and, if he declines, to drive him by force of arms. And everybody believes that it will do so before the winter is over. Inquire the reason of this faith, and the reply is, 'Grant is in favor of that course, and he wouldn't say so unless the president agreed with him.'

"One of the consequences, therefore, is, that unless the president or Congress will do something more explicit towards the relief of Juarez, we can do nothing further in raising the necessary funds from our citizens.

"In my last interview with Mr. Romero I urged him to let me have the use of the bonds for the purpose of contracting for material and transportation, and in the way of bounties and monthly pay. This he declined on the ground that it would ruin the loan. And now I find myself at my wits' end, compelled to turn to you or the president."

General Grant was urged to lend his aid in the matter, and it was suggested that the Senate might be empowered to take action in executive session, Mr. Romero, on his side, having full authority from his government to take such steps as he deemed prudent. General Wallace wrote, in conclusion:

"Please consider these suggestions, and see if something cannot be done to enable me at least to begin the expected operations. I grow more and more impatient every day. I feel that Matamoras, as a base, ought to be in Liberal hands before General Schofield returns from France. Help us if you can."

It is not to be supposed that a man so courageous and persevering would be baffled or turned aside from his purpose by ordinary discouragements; in this crisis, as in all others, they simply roused in General Wallace a more steadfast determination to aid in all possible ways what he believed to be the vindication of Mexican independence.

His personal transactions with Juarez and Carvajal, and what followed, briefly touched upon in the letter to President Diaz, were more fully stated in a formal claim lodged with the Mexican government in 1869, through which he was years afterwards reimbursed for money which he had personally expended in its behalf.

"General Carvajal," he says, "set foot in Washington City in the latter part of March, 1865 Never was a man

more solicitous to do his duty and serve his country. In all Mexico, probably, there was not another better qualified for the task intrusted him. He graduated at Bethany College, Virginia; he talked and wrote English as if it had been his mother-tongue; he was American in tastes and ideas. Yet with all these advantages he found himself unable to start his business. He knew nobody; the proprieties, to say nothing of his doubtful relations with Mr. Seward, held Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, to the utmost circumspection of conduct; a single violation of our neutrality laws might not only defeat the object of the mission, but subject all enlisted in it to criminal prosecutions; superior to all, however, was the total lack of faith in the Mexican character and ability; that was the real giant to be overcome. In his emergency he turned to me, then in command of the Middle Department, headquarters at Baltimore, Maryland, and on April 26 (1865), by letter tendered me a major-general's commission in the Mexican service, with command of a corps of Americans."

With this tender of a commission, proper remuneration was promised, which, as General Wallace states, "would secure my family beyond the chances of want, or, provision in the event of my death."

As to the proffered commission, General Wallace makes a satisfactory explanation, referring to a letter from General Carvajal, which he had received April 26th.

"It will be seen that it was expressly stipulated that I was not to resign my commission in the United States army until the progress of our war would permit me to do so honorably.

"My connection with General Carvajal, from his coming to me at Brazos to the day of my resignation, was known and sanctioned at the headquarters of that army."

The duties assigned General Wallace upon his acceptance of Carvajal's propositions, the following year (1866) were to put him in communication with persons best able to aid him financially, and to assist him in procuring munitions of war to be despatched to the Mexican Liberals, and finally to organize and conduct a corps of American veterans to take service under the Liberal flag, if this were possible without violation of the neutrality laws. At this crisis General Hermann Sturm was interested, as has been shown. At General Wallace's suggestion General Carvajal gave General Sturm "authority in writing duly authenticated, to do and perform for him duties which, under the military regulations of the United States, belonged to the bureau of the quartermaster, commissary and ordnance departments, a post which he was free to accept, the Civil War in the United States being at an end.

Messrs. John W. Corlies & Company, of New York, with whom Mr. J. M. Tifft was associated, had been unable to sell the bonds which they issued, though a few were disposed of through the efforts of General Wallace and General Sturm, and they were finally allowed to use them for the purchase of arms and supplies. But this was accomplished, as General Wallace wrote, only after long delay—"months precious to the Mexican cause." In the mean time General Carvajal had been ordered by President Juarez to submit all his contracts to Señor Romero for his approval, which led to difference and further delay.

In spite of all difficulties, and they were many and discouraging, supplies were bought, as General Wallace stated, "to the amount of millions, including everything essential to the equipment of an English, French, or American army, and steamers were chartered to transport and deliver the purchases."

Continuing his statement from this point, General Wallace writes:

"Thereupon General Carvajal hastened home to secure possession of the port of Matamoras, while I went West and made arrangements with chosen officers for the organization of three brigades of veterans, one in Illinois, one in Indiana, and one in Tennessee. In the midst of this work, but not until my Tennessee brigade was so far perfected as to be ready to move upon orders, a telegram came for me to return to New York. Arriving there I found the steamer *Everman* loading with military stores, and that it was thought best for me to undertake to deliver them to General Carvajal in Matamoras, which by a turn of fortune had fallen into his hands. Two other steamers, the *Suwanee* and the *General Sheridan*, were to follow, the former loaded with arms, guns, etc., the latter to be turned over to the Mexican authorities. I am free to say it was no fault of mine that Napoleon and France were not made, by bitter experience, to know how easy it is for one vessel to destroy the commerce of a great nation.

"The *Everman* sailed from New York the latter part of July, after notice given of the day and hour of her departure. With Mr. W. F. Stocking as supercargo, I took her to Matamoras. While delivering the goods to General Carvajal at that port, a successful revolution fomented by General Canales (an Imperialist) took place. The governor was driven to Brownsville (Texas) literally at the lance's point. The stores became the property of the revolutionists and I their prisoner. When released, at the risk of our lives, Mr. Stocking and I succeeded in transferring the cargo to the American side of the river, and ultimately it was delivered, a part to the Liberal authorities at Tampico, and a part to General Escobedo in Monterey. In due time the *General Sheridan* arrived. The *Suwanee*, less fortunate, was wrecked off the Florida Keys, and nothing saved but her crew. Meantime Carvajal's misfortune had deranged our programme of operations. For instance, to whom was

I to report the *Sheridan?* What was to become of my American soldiers? . . . Carvajal was an exile; Escobedo, commanding at Monterey, refused at that time to take any responsibility; nothing, in short, was left me but to report to President Juarez himself, then at his seat of government in the remote city of Chihuahua, whither, accordingly, I proceeded.

"I remained in Chihuahua about five months, pressing my business and accomplishing nothing except a release from that part of my agreement with Carvajal relating to the division of Americans."

In the subsequent shifting of the seat of government from Durango, where it was removed from Chihuahua to Zacatecas, General Wallace was left alone, as he says, "to find his way as best he could through the desert and over the infested highways to Saltillo." He says, in his conclusion:

"Meanwhile General Sturm, in connection with Mr. Romero, persisted in his work in the United States, and was fortunate enough to be able to land and deliver a cargo of arms to the agents of General Porfirio Diaz, operating between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. The withdrawal of the French began, and as they retired the Liberals closed in upon the capital in four columns, one from the north, under Aranda; one from the Rio Grande, under Escobedo; one from the Pacific, under Corona; and one from the south, under Diaz. Of these columns, the most important, that of Diaz and that of Escobedo, were in great part equipped by Sturm and, I under the Carvajal arrangement—most of the effective muskets, or quite all that could be accounted first-class arms, borne by those armies, were furnished through our instrumentality."

On May 11, 1867, by letter to Mr. Romero, in Washington, General Wallace concluded his connection with

the Mexican government, except as its creditor. From the beginning to the end he paid his own way "without receipt of the value of a *claco*" from the government, and no reimbursement was made until twenty years later.

The cargo which the *Everman* carried, stored under her decks and hidden in other safe places, was a secret which was carefully kept from the public. The loading had been a time of anxiety, as appears in the following letter which he wrote his wife on the eve of sailing:

"NEW YORK, *July* 26, 1866.

"The whistle has just blown in signal of departure. A little tug lies alongside of us to tow us out. Our clearance papers are correct, and now nobody can interfere with us. So I may write the promised farewell letter. Yesterday the morning papers mentioned our vessel, the *Everman*, as loading with bread-stuffs for Texas, taking a few arms for anybody who would buy them. Something similar is repeated to-day. With these exceptions no attention has been paid to the loading and departure of a vessel which may yet occasion a great deal of international excitement, simply because we take out enough war *material* to outfit a column of nearly seven thousand soldiers.

"I am very well and glad to be getting off. Impatience has caused me a deal of trouble, as you may imagine. I have only to repeat that my confidence in the result is still undiminished. I believe I can be of great service to that people. It is all in the hands of Providence. Will write again at Brazos; be of good cheer. . . .

"The captain assures me that the steamer will arive off Brazos about nine o'clock this evening; and as it is necessary for me to go with speed to Matamoras, I write about eighty miles out, to forward the letter from Brazos.

"We left New York on Thursday, July 24th; supposing the captain right in his reckoning, we will have been thirteen days at sea, longer by five days than the time required to

go to Europe. Our course was down the coast, often in sight of land, the object being to keep inside the Gulf Stream, whose current would be against us at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. This, of course, carried us between the West Indies and the Keys of Florida. We passed the Dry Tortugas, and then steered due west out into the heart of the Gulf of Mexico.

"Our captain, an ancient mariner, says he never saw so many delightful days following each other in succession as on this voyage. Except a storm, the second night out, there has been nothing to break the calm of the sea. Placid it must have been to allow us to see the bottom, fifty feet below us, as distinctly as if we were separated from it only by a sheet of pure plate-glass. This lasted for many miles between Cuba and the Keys. It would have delighted Henry. Looking over the steamer's prow, he could see, distinctly as in a trout-brook, myriads of flying fish, dolphins of brightest color, with here and there hungry sharks, following us with bloody hope, and very often great lubberly sea-turtles, sprawled out on the glistening white sand, or half-hidden in little coral graves, over which we sailed as aeronauts sail in a balloon.

"My health is perfect. Of sea-sickness I know nothing. On the contrary, I have actually enjoyed the motion of the ship swinging ceaselessly on the long rolls of the waves. Of course, the sun has shone fiercely. In the day it has seemed as if we were floating on an ocean of molten silver. The nights were unspeakably beautiful. I have felt all that made Byron so distraught with the deep and dark blue sea.

"The question close upon us is: can I succeed in landing in Matamoras the *material*—contraband with the French—now in our ship's hold? Of that I can say nothing positively. I do not know what is in waiting for us; what I fear is that something may have transpired since leaving New York to alter the policy of the government towards us. Sheridan, in that case, would be more formidable than any Frenchman. Still, I am hopeful and confident. I will

do and dare to the utmost, trusting in the Providence which seems thus far to have been so favorable to us. I shall decide nothing rashly or hurriedly, and shall take all precautions the situation will allow.

"At Brownsville I hope to find mail, and am curious to know if the newspapers have got hold of our enterprise, and what is said of it. Considering the long time we were loading at one of the most public piers in New York harbor, it is strange the press did not open on us long ago. Indeed, the management up to our sailing was very good. A reporter for the *Evening Express* did get on our track; fortunately, we found it out in time to buy him up. Altogether, the land will be a great deal more interesting than it ordinarily is at the end of a voyage."

Again he writes from Brownsville, August 16th:

"I am very well, except that hands and face are swollen with mosquito-bites, and feet and ankles raw with flea-bites.

"By the papers there will doubtless be terrible stories of the fortunes and misfortunes of this expedition, growing out of the revolution which took place the day after our arrival in Matamoras. Whatever the stories may be, taken altogether, that was the funniest affair I ever beheld.

"General Carvajal had to run for his life. I remained behind to take care of his family, and make terms for his two boys. In the town not a shot was fired, not a person hurt, yet the revolution was complete. General Carvajal went out, his adopted son, and (as he has since proved) his true friend, went in. My greatest trouble was that the goods of the New-Yorkers, consisting of large quantities of arms and munitions of war, were being landed on the Mexican side of the river. Next day, however, I succeeded in getting an order from Canales, the new governor, to return the whole cargo to the American shore, and to-day they are being brought over.

"The revolt was certainly disgraceful. It was conceived

and executed by the thieves, bandits, and outlaws who have congregated by hundreds in Matamoras, which, as respects the rest of Mexico, has always been what the Five Points are to New York. For about two hours I was a prisoner, in some danger, not knowing my doom. The governor, Canales, quickly released me, with General Carvajal's family, and the Americans who were with me. Ever since we have been living in the city unmolested after the 'bloodless revolution.'

"I shall soon go to Monterey in behalf of the New-Yorkers whose goods are so unexpectedly thrown on my hands for disposition. Fortunately, I have a bright young man to assist, full of energy and admirable in such business. Soon as the property is sold I will come home, and remain until the Mexican government sends the 'sinews' required to carry out its purposes.

"The weather is very warm, but not more so than at home. There is no sign of cholera or sickness of any kind. Be warned against newspaper reports. Correspondents are here revelling in news over which they pour floods of ink in exaggerated colors. Their head-lines and details will be in hectic chromo."

From Roma he writes, August 27, 1866:

"I am setting out for Monterey. We have for mode of travel a first-rate 'cab,' Washington City style. My companions are two pleasant gentlemen, and the journey will take three days, or, rather, nights, as the sun is too powerful for day travel. Our way is exactly the road we marched over eighteen years ago. I will have old memories at every step. It is supposed President Juarez will be in Monterey when we reach there. A possibility of interruption by brigands on the road will keep us on the *qui vive*, and make the transit the more interesting.

"Terribly hot. I am oozing at every pore. The nights, however, are sweet and sleepful."

VII

Private letters from Monterey, Chihuahua, etc.—Evacuation of the French—Execution of Maximilian, July 17, 1867.

General Wallace's next letters are from Monterey to his wife, the first dated September 7, 1866:

"Here again; it really seems incredible. To fix the fact in mind I have sometimes to go to the door of my room, or to one of my iron-barred windows, and look out to where the great purple mountains lift their treeless crests against the sky, overshadowing everything.

"My first view of this place was through eyes not yet twenty-one years old. You know how enthusiastic I have always been when speaking about the beauty of its situation. Over and over again have I said, if this region should ever become the property of our government, I should live in Monterey. I was almost afraid to look upon it again; twenty years may not change the valley, or alter the faces of the mountains, but they have much to do with the effect produced upon us by the appearance of things. So I was fearful of disappointment. But I can say now that I have seen just two things that did not fail my ardent expectation, born of long dreams—Niagara and Monterey.

"There are the mountains just as they used to be. Through the pure, wonderful atmosphere which seems to be an enlargement, like a telescope, they stand close to us—so close that one can form no idea of distance. If I did not know that a certain peak is quite ten miles away, I should feel sure I could throw a stone on the top of it. I go along the street or the road thinking, and, looking up suddenly, am,

for a moment startled by what appears a cloud, not suspended in air, but resting solidly on the earth. What fascination high mountains have for me, whose life had been upon the plain! In one of Dickens's novels is a boy, half foolish, who is made to sit for hours talking to the clothes drying upon the line and flapping in the wind. Sometimes I think of the poor fellow when I catch myself watching, with strange interest, the white clouds which linger the long day through, half-way up Saddle Mountain, curling round and round it in wreaths lighter than mist.

"According to the custom of this country, one takes coffee in bed and breakfast at eleven. I have improved on the fashion. When the boy brings coffee he also brings a tray of fruit. On the table now are peaches, apples, pears, grapes, oranges, pomegranates, fresh and luscious—especially the grapes and pears. This is luxury to a lover of fruit like me. And then the water, so cool and refreshing you forget all about ice. What a difference between a glassful from the mossy old well at my door and the red-stained, sandy fluid which makes life on the Rio Grande intolerable!

"There are no mosquitoes to molest me, and in this soft, sweet night air we may sleep with the sky for a tent, and fear neither rain nor fever. There is a satisfactory trust in the climate unknown at the north. I repeat, if it was under our flag, I would rather live in Monterey than any spot I ever saw.

"Yesterday, with a party, I went about two leagues on the Saltillo road to visit one of my countrymen, very wealthy, intensely loyal, and at the head of a manufacturing company.

"In the factory, at the foot of a great mountain, he manages countless spindles, almost rivalling those of Lowell. I never received a heartier welcome from a stranger than he gave me. It was a pleasant thing, coming in Old Mexico, and next week I am to spend a few days with him in a retreat he has built by a lake away up in the mountains which overlook his factory. He promises a white

frost at night, speckled trout in abundance, and the grandest scenery I ever beheld.

"This state (Nuevo Leon) is governed at present by General Escobedo. Through his courtesy I have a carriage and horses at command. After four o'clock I ride through the city or out in the valleys. The characteristic indolence and procrastination of the Mexican make it impossible to predict a conclusion. There is much to see and enjoy, and I bide my time more patiently than usual. How I wish I had brought my box of colors, for here are palms, plantains, bananas, etc., without end, and living pictures innumerable!"

"MONTEREY, *September* 11, 1866.

"To-morrow we are to visit 'Walnut Springs,' the place of our old encampment, and for daily amusement we are having the grand *fiesta*, which is to last ten days. It is understood to be a 'fair.' The word recalls to mind the idea of a great cattle and manufacturing show, like those at Indianapolis. A Mexican fair is simply a great assemblage of people from all parts of the state to indulge the national passion for gambling. By night the grand plaza will be illuminated, and there will be seen a mass of booths and tents, each containing its different gambling apparatus from '*monte*' to 'chuck-a-luck,' and thither press crowds in best attire, old and young, men, women, and children, eager to try their chances. And such a scene! And to think that this monstrous popular demoralizer is actually licensed by the church and state for the express purpose! It is only when I move through the actors in this play that I feel the cause of Mexican regeneration is hopeless. Who can change it? And when can the change take place? I question, but may not answer.

"The opinion is fast becoming general among officers and citizens that the French must leave the country. A few days ago I saw some captured official letters which indicate that the evacuation is not far off. The same documents show that Maximilian has no intention of going.

He will stay if that is possible; and such an attempt is idle. The Mexican people, factious in everything else, are a unit against him, and for that reason they will win."

"MONTEREY, *September* 23, 1866.

"Sunday again; overhead and along the mountain-sides it looks like the holy day, all peaceful and still; but in the city there is no Sabbath sign, except that the ancient and cracked bells, ironically called the chimes, are rung about every fifteen minutes instead of every hour as on week-days.

"I have found a congenial friend, not of the school-boy article, in the travelled correspondent of the New York *Herald*. I set out with him at the usual hour, half after ten o'clock, to see the service in the cathedral. To reach it we traversed the main streets. The shops, groceries, etc., were open and in full blast. In the plaza the *fiesta* still holds. At every booth we found the usual crowd of gamblers, male and female, mixed this time with a heavy reinforcement of beggars. And such beggars! Loathsome, wretched, appalling specimens of humanity. Thank God for the poor-houses of our land! I never valued them before. The cathedral we found nearly empty. Only a few worshippers were present — all women. The men were out in the square loafing or 'fighting the tiger.' The women were gazing at the figures with fixedness and awe. A few turned to look at us as we entered. I looked at two fantastic attempts in wax, life-size, profanely christened 'Christ' and the 'Holy Mother,' happy recipients of homage. The former is covered with dust. His principal garment is a nondescript gown of faded purple velvet. Appealing to a former experience of mine, I am sure the out-stretched hand contains 'something catching.' The gown is rich enough, but not long enough to conceal a defect in one of his legs. A surgeon could best say whether the limb had been broken and badly set by a quack, or whether it was really a leg or not. The Virgin was more respectable; woman-like, she was also more pretentious, since she wore

hoop-skirts. A brass apparatus about her head was intended to represent a halo. Altogether, I could not feel devotional; probably because I am *uno de los demonios del Norte.*

"From the cathedral we crossed over to the chapel, formerly a priory of the Franciscan order, I believe. I found it full of corn, fodder, and forage. Decay was everywhere. The floor consists of long rows of trap-doors, each door covering a tomb in which rest the bones of generations of monks and nuns. The walls yet display fading traces of glory, little altars of alabaster, and a few columns to which cling fluttering rags of tinsel. My impression on leaving the house was that it fitly represents the condition of the Church in Mexico, the Church as it now is.

"In my last note, sent by way of San Antonio, I was about to describe a cave to which I have been. I have no doubt the Pescaria cavern, while not the longest, nor the most beautiful, has qualities which make it one of the most remarkable in the world. Such proportions, such majesty in everything, is the first impression it conveys. There are rooms in it large enough to contain two such buildings, piled one above the other, as the Capitol at Washington. Each one is lined with stalagmites, columnar and fluted, and wrought by nature so exquisitely that the famous old Greek would blush to find his best work set up in comparison. Eight of them would have given Angelo a dozen St. Peters, each one superior to that which has crazed the world in Rome. Moving through it, candle in hand, I felt as though I were traversing a mountain within a mountain. If I should ever be employed to illustrate a new 'Paradise Lost,' and lacking ideas of hell, I shall return to and live awhile in Pescaria cave.

"We are looking for President Juarez."

From Chihuahua, October 5th, he wrote:

"A mail leaves to-day. That is, an individual sets out for El Paso, travelling nights and hiding in the bushes by

day. Such are the postal facilities of this region; and as the Indians have the roads, my chance is small.

"The attachés of this government, from President Juarez down, are very polite and kind to me. My opinion of the president grows better every day. Without doubt he is a true patriot and a great man; and as to his cabinet, it is composed of men equal to ours. I have seen a good deal of them lately, and what I thought before I am sure of now.

'Chihuahua lies deep in a valley ringed with mountains. Ask the name of this and that, and you will be told, and that a famous mine old and new is in it. In other words, this is the heart of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, silver-mining regions of the earth. And as respects climate, it is equal if not superior to California. We have been here two weeks, and in that time there has been a variation of three degrees by the thermometer, which takes place every day after set of sun. No fire is needed by day, at night two blankets. And then the air is indescribably sweet and pure, like wine of which you cannot drink too much. And the water, clear as glass, cold as snow—delicious!

"We were nineteen days out. A long, toilsome journey, but full of interest. Our road was through the old mineral region of Chihuahua. It led through broad, grass-covered valleys, with mountains blue and beautiful always in sight. The eye wandered continually from the thousand varieties of cactus, from palmetto and yellow herbage, bordering the way, up to the Sierras, which we studied wonderingly, thinking that somewhere within their gray ridges lay hidden wealth enough for all the kings, if only the 'leads' could be discovered. It was a delightful journey.

"Of the towns on the route none attracted me so much as Hidalgo; not on account of its beauty, for the Mexican town is beautiful only in situation, never *per se*, but because of its antiquity and locality. It is over two hundred and fifty years old. The Spaniards of the Cortés school penetrated Mexico in all directions—from Mexico City to Chihuahua they marched; from Chihuahua to California; and

as they proceeded they ferreted out, doubtless aided by Indians, all the mountains rich with silver and gold, and in *their* vicinity founded a colony, and gathered in the natives and set them to digging in gangs. Every abandoned mine—abandoned because driven down to the water-line or because exhausted of ore—is a black, dreary memento of the poor wretches lost in the hopeless, stony labor. Such is Hidalgo. Its houses, built of adobe, with foundations of silver ore, creep up on the mountain's side, until from their doors you can step into the doors of the mines.

"Walking out you find the mountain literally honeycombed with tunnels. Each mine has its name, and around it lingers some sad or wonderful tradition, known well by the sooty workmen with whom you may stop to speak. At the furnaces are hills of slag, or refuse metal from which the ore has been extracted, which will repay working over with modern processes. Pick up the broken masses of quartz or stone with which the whole base of the mountain is covered, and upon inquiry you learn that the specimens in your hand are worth from eight to a hundred dollars for three hundred pounds. How rich those mines have been, and yet are! How much they would yield if governed by intelligence!

"Thanks to Governor Viesca, we have relays of mules and horses, and easy carriage, and sharp, practised servants enabling us to make easily fifteen leagues and sometimes twenty leagues a day. Arriving at a town or *hacienda*, where it was necessary to pass the night, we drove to the *casa grande*, or house of the judge or *administrador*, who, upon the production of our papers, at once gave us most comfortable rooms. With their assistance, also, we went where we pleased—to mines, cathedrals, gardens—and with little trouble and no hinderance picked up everything in the several localities which had an interest for the stranger.

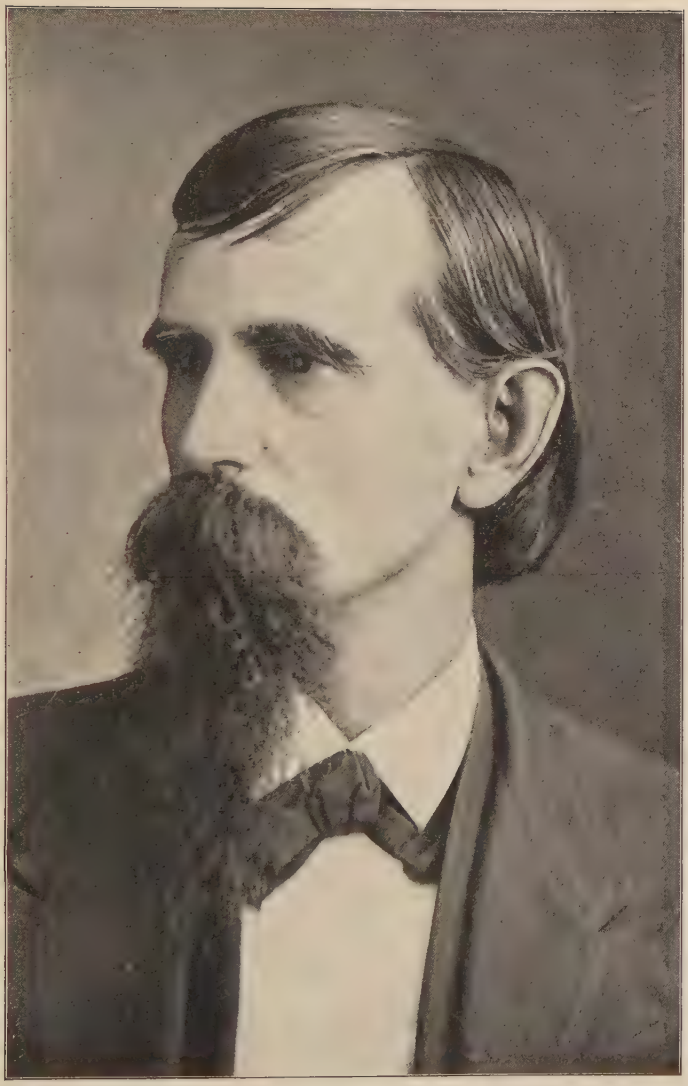
"Such an opportunity to 'do' northern Mexico seldom comes to the traveller, and now I am here I look back and wonder at my ignorance of the country. I had been

accustomed to think of Coahuila, Durango, and Chihuahua as deserts broken with mountains and valuable only for their minerals. What a mistake! They are really interminable pastures. I have seen cornfields continuous, fifteen and twenty square miles, now ready to give the farmer his second crop for this year. I have seen vast wheat-fields, side by side with fields of cotton white with bursting bolls. I have ridden a whole day across pastures, including plain and mountain, rich and soft as those in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and have never been out of sight of herds—sheep, cattle, goats—which graze and fatten there, without resort to other food, all the year round.

"You ask why more is not made of the country?

"There are three reasons. Wars which render peaceful pursuits impossible to foreigners; second, the whole country belongs to a few men—one man, Carlos Sanchez, owns more than the whole State of Coahuila; third, the Indians and robbers. The sad effects of the latter cause are discernible at every step. You see them in the arms the men carry on the roads, and to their fields and pastures; in the universal distrust which they have of one another; in the construction of houses, each being a fort more than dwelling; more than all, you are conscious of the effects I speak of when you find yourself putting on pistols, knowing them as essential as boots or hat.

"To illustrate: at Mapini the judge notified us that a party of Indians were on our track committing horrors indescribable. Twice in one day we halted and prepared to fight. At a place named Salitre we slept in the midst of eighty-two Apaches who had the day before killed seven persons there and driven off the inhabitants. At Cerro Gordo we found about fifteen hundred people, refugees driven into the town for safety. To our question of the men, 'Why don't you go out and kill the savages?' they replied, 'We have no arms.' And such was the fact. The wars have taken up all the arms; so much so that these poor wretches were shivering under their blankets on the ground, from fear the Apaches would ride into the



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plaza and begin an indiscriminate massacre. I hated to go forward and leave them to expect no mercy from the merciless savages. It was almost inhuman. Our party was composed of three white men and eight Mexicans. When it was told in Cerro Gordo that we had passed the night in Salitre, they cried, '*Per Dio, que valor!*' (My God, what courage!)"

In another letter, of a later date, he gives this account of the social life of the capital:

"CHIHUAHUA, *November* 11, 1866.

"It must not be supposed this part of the earth is devoid of polite society. Quite a number of foreigners reside here, living in ease and elegance. Slowly but surely their rich Mexican neighbors have been imitating and adopting their modes and manners. Ten years ago such things as fireplaces, windows with glass, carpets, were unknown among the natives of this city. Now they are common. But a stranger has only furtive glimpses of home life when taking his afternoon stroll. The interiors of the houses are sealed to him, and usually the ladies of the house are not to be seen by visitors.

"I was at a dinner yesterday with eight Mexican ladies and five American gentlemen, our host being married to a Mexican, himself a New-Yorker. We were at table eight hours—a thing impossible except in a land of leisure and idleness. Wines from the vineyards of Mexico and France made the feast as merry as these solemn people ever become. A Steinway piano and the finest harp I ever saw, well played, gave us delightful music—an unexpected feast.

"It is quite cool here now, yet how different from the weather at home, where, under bare trees and in snow, Henry is tracking rabbits and waiting for the ice to bear. Here the trees are green, and up the mountain-side, even to its top, the smiling face of the lingering summer is visible. In the morning and evening a little fire takes off the edge of the atmosphere, and all doors and windows are open.

And it is winter, broken only by a sharp north wind, leaving a skim of ice out-doors. I have been here nearly a month, and the mercury has varied from sixty-three to sixty-seven degrees. I wish I could bottle up the climate and carry it home with me.

"The slow mail brings news of Johnson's defeat. Down with him goes that mass of Union men, civil and military, who fell before the seductions and promises of office—the set who thought to break up the strength which the soldiers gave to the Union party.

"Last week I spent three days among the mines of Santa Eulalia. You know I have always had unqualified admiration for the old Spaniards who came with and followed Cortés. Leaving their battle-fields, to learn the full extent of their daring and force, one must come to the mines. Think of the wonderful results of their labor when I tell you that in many places they have dug into the mountain-side great rooms in which our town, court-house, churches, college could be deposited and still leave room for me to drill a brigade. When I come home I must write a magazine article on Santa Eulalia.

"The 10th of next month the president and his cabinet take up their line of march for the city of Durango, with an excellent prospect for continuing, slowly but surely, to the capital. I shall accompany them as far as Mapini, which is *en route* to Monterey. Homeward bound, but not in time for a Christmas dinner."

The cause in which General Wallace had been so deeply interested, and for which he made many generous sacrifices, finally triumphed. Through the representations of the United States government the French troops were withdrawn, Maximilian's forces were defeated, the emperor fell into the hands of Juarez, and was executed July 17, 1867. Although the country was for some time disturbed by insurrections, the republic was at length permanently re-established.

VIII

The completion of *The Fair God*—Crocker's letter to Messrs. Osgood & Company—Castelar, Dufferin, Dilke, Donn Piatt—Letter to Mrs. Lane—The romance relating to the Jews—Congressional Library.

General Wallace spent portions of two years in Mexico following the varying fortunes of Juarez. He then returned to Crawfordsville, where he occupied himself for a time with the final revision of *The Fair God* and finishing his picture, "The Dead Line." He took part in the political campaign of 1870, and was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of his district. He was attacked by the Democratic press, and was charged with speculating in Mexican bonds while aiding the Liberals in their struggle against the Imperialists. To this he replied:

"Permit me to say that I never did own a Mexican bond; that I do not now own one; that I am not interested, presently or prospectively, in such bonds; that I am not connected with any Mexican ring, or ring of any kind; and that, if elected to Congress, I shall oppose the assumption by our government of any part of the national debt of Mexico. Moreover, the subject of Mexican claims has passed into a treaty, long since ratified and exchanged between the United States and Mexico, any modification of which, as every intelligent citizen knows, is the exclusive business of the Senate, not of the House, for which I am a candidate."

While this statement was readily accepted, General Wallace was defeated by four hundred and fifty-

eight votes, owing to flagrant frauds, chiefly in one locality.

The Fair God was completed, and its merit at once recognized by Mr. Crocker, the reader for Messrs. Osgood & Company, to whom the book was submitted. He wrote of it:

"*Mr. J. R. Osgood:*

"Dear Sir,—It is safe to pronounce this book (I haven't its title) remarkable in theme and treatment. It is a romance founded on incidents in the invasion of Mexico by Cortés, and seems to be a translation from some old Spanish author, who personally knew some of the actors in that drama, and who has impressed his narrative with a realism truly astonishing. The book is specially fascinating; and, indeed, valuable, by reason of its minute and vivid pictures of Aztec civilization, whose characteristics it brings out in impressive and beautiful relief. The chronicles of fighting, or rather of massacre, are somewhat tedious, abstractly considered; but in their connection the reader can hardly grow weary of them.

"In view of the novelty of its theme—its effective representations of the life of a people almost lost from history, of their strange theogony and their slavish yet noble devotion to it, their unquestioning patriotism, and their desperate maintenance of an unequal struggle against the invaders; in view, especially, of its realism—for every line of it seems to date from the time and place with which the narrative deals—and of its quaintly beautiful style, I do not hesitate to commend it as hardly surpassed in historical fiction, and as a book that there would be honor as well as profit in publishing.

"It is so utterly unlike ordinary novels, so fresh and fascinating, that I think there can hardly be a doubt of its popularity. It is somewhat too long; but some passages might be cut out without injury to the work."

The book was published in the fall of 1873.

In England the verdict was most friendly; even the London *Athenæum*, then as now difficult to please, said:

"We do not hesitate to say that *The Fair God* is one of the most powerful historical novels that we have ever read. . . . The opening, like that of most archæological novels, is dull, but the scene where in the sunrise Montezuma reads his fate, the dance scene, and the entrance of the Spaniards to the capital, are drawn in a style of which we think few living writers capable, and the battles are Homeric in their grandeur."

Of course the book did not escape the fate of every such departure from the beaten track. There were many imitators, and there were charges of plagiarism. Some one discovered that General Wallace had borrowed his theme and many of his ideas from *Malmistic the Toltec, and the Cavaliers of the Cross*, a romance then out of print and almost forgotten. Like all such misrepresentation the story soon died a natural death, and was no more heard of.

Letters of congratulation poured in upon the author. General Sherman was one of the first to send his expression of the pleasure that the book had given him. Through General Sickles, then representing the United States at Madrid, Castelar transmitted the following acknowledgment of the copy he had received and read:

"MADRID, *November* 4, 1873.

"*General Lew Wallace:*

"DEAR SIR,—I received your very beautiful work, which I preserve in my library as a literary memento and in my heart as a mark of friendship. The cultivation of Spanish history by the most eminent men of Saxon America proves that our nations will be brothers in the succeeding centuries. The sentiments which you have expressed to me are the rescript of those I return to you. I, admir-

ing in you the writer who by his genius has illustrated the history of my race, and the soldier who has bared his sword in defence of the greatest and most illustrious of modern republics, have expressed to my friend General Sickles my thanks for his care in sending to me your delightful book. Rely always upon my friendship and admiration for you and your country.

"EMILIO CASTELAR."

From Lord Dufferin:

"*December* 4, 1881.

"MY DEAR GENERAL WALLACE,—I have the pleasure of sending you the enclosed copy of a note I have just received from Sir Charles Dilke. I congratulate you most warmly upon the pleasant terms in which it is couched.

"Yours sincerely,

"DUFFERIN."

From Sir Charles Dilke.

"*November* 25, 1881.

"MY DEAR LORD DUFFERIN,—I was very sorry to miss General Lew Wallace, and, not having his address in London, not to be able to write him. His *The Fair God* is in my humble estimation the best historical novel that ever was written: better than *Romola*, better than *Rienzi*, better than *Old Mortality*. Yours ever sincerely,

"CHARLES W. DILKE."

The Aztec names were difficult to pronounce, and this gave the author some embarrassment in the choice of his title. The list from which he finally made a happy selection included: "The Last of the Tzins"; "The Last Days of Montezuma"; "Gautamozin the Aztec"; "Montezuma, the God of the Aztecs"; and, finally, "The Fair God."

In a letter written to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lane, the widow of the late Senator Henry S. Lane, dated December 21, 1873, he gives the first hint of the new book which he immediately began planning. In this

letter, which contains some interesting comments on the Congressional Library, he wrote:

"The library grows visibly. Books, books, a mountain of books. How very delightful to sit among them and lift your eyes from page to picture, to the alcoves and balconies, stories in height, and follow the shelves extending into dim perspective! How the gold lettering on the grounds of scarlet and green illuminates the shadow and seems to people the silence! How intuitively visitors entering the charmed space uncover their heads and move across the tiled floor speaking in whispers—two hundred and fifty thousand volumes! What labor they represent, and what laborers—the thinkers of all lettered times, and of all nations! They overflow the walls. A new building is projected. Sixty plans are already submitted by as many architects. The site chosen is the northwest corner of the garden adjoining the Capitol. Think of a building four stories, a quadrangle four hundred feet on each side, in the centre a circular reading-room one hundred feet in diameter, from which in all directions the deep alcoves radiate—a building to hold three million volumes. Such is the design. When you and 'your good man' make up your minds, as you ought at once, to live in Washington, the library will be more than an attraction, it will be a wonder, one of the wonders of the earth. And we, poor wretches, looking hungrily from afar, will envy you the privilege of spending your leisure in the bookish sanctuary, and the happiness thereof. . . . I spend most of my time in the library. Mr. Spofford and I are on excellent terms. He thinks I have a book in mind—not a very remarkable case of shrewdness, seeing that I have gone through everything on the shelves relating to the Jews. From the mass I selected two works indispensable to my plot. . . . Donn Piatt made himself very agreeable to me a few evenings ago. 'I was in a cab going down-street, one foggy day in London,' he said, 'when I saw your name (mine) in letters a foot long. I couldn't think what they were doing with

you over there; so I jumped out and ran back to see. It was a big hand-bill announcing your book. I went in and bought one, but had to give it to a lady before having a chance to tell what kind of creation it was. The shopkeeper said it was having a great sale. After that I took pains to inquire; and if we had an international copyright law I am satisfied you would make more money in England than in America.' Of course I told the colonel how much obliged I was. He went on:

"'It was a hit over there. I was out in a literary company one time when the conversation turned on books. I ventured the assertion that no American novel had yet been written. A gentleman took me up quicker than a flash. "You are mistaken, sir. Have you read *The Fair God?*" "No," said I. "Well, I have," said he, "and it is the great American novel.'"

"From these bits you can understand how very agreeable the colonel made himself. Upon coming down-street, I sent him a book with compliments, etc. That was day before yesterday. Next Sunday I suppose he will 'go for me' in the Capitol. Such is his way."

In an interview with the representative of a Chicago newspaper, a little later, General Wallace set at rest exaggerated stories as to the composition of the book.

"I began it," he said, "about 1849, a year or two after the conclusion of the Mexican War, in which I served, when nineteen years of age, as a lieutenant. The work was continued at intervals as I could find time. Sometimes the intervals were years—once, seven years. It was my habit to give the long winter evenings and the Sundays, while in Crawfordsville, to the composition. As I didn't write for bread, I took my leisure. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh books were written after the Rebellion. The experience there gained was invaluable to me—in fact, I don't think I could have got on without it. Somebody started the story that I had fin-

ished the book a long time ago and received a rejection. That is a fabrication. Messrs. Osgood & Company, of Boston, were the first publishers to whom I made overtures for the publication. You know the result. In this connection I may as well speak of another fabrication of the same school, and that is, that I wrote and rewrote the book twelve times. You see, they pretend to have got the exact number of times—even twelve. If it had been said of some of the paragraphs, the point would have been good; some of them were written oftener than twelve times. Such, for example, is the speech Cortés makes to his men in council after he resolves to take Montezuma prisoner. It would be hard to say how often I have written and rewritten that paragraph."

When the book appeared, "The Dead Line," the picture which had its inspiration in the grewsome disclosures of the Wirz trial, was placed upon exhibition in Boston. It was pronounced by a writer in the *Transcript* "bold and original in conception, vigorous in handling, and showing great knowledge of drawing and technical skill. Another critic said that it was decidedly realistic, "with much of the terrible in it"; the drawing was commended as "good, while the sombre color well comported with the character of the scene." A third, acknowledging the talent the picture displayed, found it "horribly realistic and revolting," but, in view of the fine execution, expressed a hope that the artist "might try his hand on some pleasanter subject."

From the date of its publication, in the fall of 1873, to April, 1905, there were sold one hundred and forty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty copies of *The Fair God*. With this success the verdict of the first critic to whom the author, then a very young man, submitted the introductory chapters of his story is strangely at variance. This was no less a person than Dr. Charles

White, the second president of Wabash College, a lineal descendant of Peregrine White of the *Mayflower*, and a man of eminent scholarship.

The young author, unabashed by the somewhat austere dignity of the old president, asked permission to read to him what he had finished. Dr. White listened politely, took off his spectacles, and then gravely advised Mr. Wallace to abandon the field of authorship. He had been long in his grave when *The Fair God* appeared, or he might have had an opportunity to learn how little the wisest of men can foresee the fate of any book.

IX

Letter to the veterans of the Mexican War—"Commodus"—Letter from Lawrence Barrett—The Florida commission—Interview in the Indianapolis *Journal*—Letter to the illegal "commission."

As soon as the success of *The Fair God* was assured, the author began to shape the Jewish story. But, as with the first book, the work did not progress without frequent interruptions. He was called upon to perform many public duties, and occasionally turned aside to take up something that offered change and diversion for the time, then returning to the romance with renewed interest and energy.

In May, 1874, the veterans of the Indiana regiments that had served in the Mexican War held a convention in Indianapolis. General Wallace received an urgent invitation to be present, which he could not accept. He wrote the following letter to the chairman, however, which was read and warmly received:

"Dear Sir,—It is a matter of great regret to me that I cannot be present at the meeting to-morrow. No one esteems comradeship more highly than I do; to no one are its memories more delightful; more than anything else, more than business and its cares, more than the hopes and expectancies of the future, they serve to while away my hours of rest and reverie; and for that alone I would not part with my experience as a soldier for any consideration. Since the campaigns of 1847–48, which you are preparing to commemorate, many of us have trodden a much broader field of war, with appointments much more grand; yet I

venture to assert that there is not one of us to whom the service in Mexico is not a recollection surpassing in interest the most brilliant operation of the Rebellion. The reason is plain. Mexico was a strange land to us all, and full of novelties. There was nothing upon the face of the country with which we were familiar; the trees, the grass, the dusty wastes, the mountains, the modes of cultivation and building, the villages, towns, cities and their inhabitants, and their customs, costumes, and habits, charmed us irresistibly; the sun that shot us full of fevers was a wonder, because of the climate he ruled; but most of all, we reached the unfriendly land by the sea, which we then rode upon the first time, and will remember always as a sounding mystery. I can well understand how every soldier who made the march from Brazos to Matamoras and Monterey, and thence to Saltillo and Buena Vista, would like once more to go over the route and see the country and people again. It has been my fortune to do so several times. The camping-places are all as when we left them. The ranches are unchanged. A few of the towns, like Meir and Caiderita, are considerably grown. Walnut Springs still bubble up from the plain, and the creek they form glides away cooled and darkened by the shade of the same old oak and pecan trees. Passing from them to Monterey, off to the right, one sees the black fort, and above and beyond it, under the brow of the mountain, like a sentinel, the bishop's castle stands overlooking the most beautiful valley on earth, not to say the most beautiful city. It is spattered from base to cupola with bullet-marks and perforated with round-shot, received, many of them, since Worth scaled its rocky pedestal; for civil wars have eddied round it with reddening tides many times since that glorious hour. From the breast of the bluff at the castle's foot leaps the torrent which, divided into channels, rushes through the streets below, now right, now left, passing from garden to garden, here a cascade, there a pool, a moment reflecting the sky, the next green with orange-trees and the banana leaf, broad as a banner, and

the palm, 'a joy forever.' The vale from Monterey to Saltillo is matchless. The curtains of purple that covered the scarred crags and tinted mountains in the ancient times are there yet, softening everything. On the hill beyond the Rinconada, up which one must go because there is no other way—must go, though it flamed with fire and musket—must go, if he would reach Saltillo—are the earthworks which Taylor's vanguard took in a twinkling, but which the same vanguard could have held against a hundred times their number. Saltillo is but little less flourishing than Monterey. A more un-American place may not be found this side of old Damascus. Yet the traces of the conqueror are everywhere in and about it. Fort Washington is intact, ditch, parapet, and embrasure. Standing on its superior slopes, one sees the whole city at his feet; turning right about, he catches a view of the mountain, six miles off, under which spreads the plateau of Buena Vista—a name to stir the American pulse while America lives.

"I have ridden over the old field three times in the seven years last past, and always with the same feeling of wonder at the audacity of the chief who, with his forty-five hundred, abided there the shock of the Mexican Napoleon's twenty-two thousand, and of admiration at the pluck and endurance of the few who, turned and broken, crushed on the right and left, and, by every rule of scientific battle, whipped oftener than there were hours of the day, knew it not, but rallied and fought on, the infantry now covering the artillery, the artillery defending the infantry, the cavalry overwhelmed by legions of lancers, and union of effort nowhere, fought on, and at last wrung victory from the hands of assured defeat.

"The field is but little changed. The road to La Angostura is still the thoroughfare across it, winding along the foot of the hills on its left, and looking down into the fissures and yawning gaps which made the valley to the right so impassable even to skirmishers. I stopped where the famous battery was planted across the road, literally our last hope, and tried to recall the feeling of the moment,

On the left all was lost; Clay, McKee, Hardin, and Gell were dead; where all were brave, but one regiment was standing fast, the only one which through all the weary hours of the changing struggle had not turned its face from the enemy—I mean the Third Indiana. Against the battery so supported, along the narrow pass, surged a chosen column of Mexicans. History tells how they were rolled back. In all the annals of war nothing more gallant on both sides, scarcely anything more bloody and terrible!

"From the position of the Third Indiana at that moment, away over the plateau, quite to the mountain, reaches a breastwork not there when our comrades fought, but signalizing an incident in the war of the Mexicans against the French.

"You may imagine my feelings when I rode to the position of our second regiment. It was easily identified. A few days after the battle, when the blood of the fallen yet blackened the rocks, I had been along the very line. Looking thence back to where the nearest support was posted, I hardly knew which to do most heartily, curse the inconsiderate confidence of the leader who advanced them to such a position so far in the front, or admire the valor that held the regiment, with two guns, fighting single-handed full one-third of the whole force of the enemy, until ordered irregularly to retreat.

The last time I was on the sacred ground I saw a Mexican working with a hoe on the side of the hill by which we identify the position of the Third Indiana at the turning-point of the battle. My curiosity was excited. I rode to see what he could be doing. A moment ago I said the field was unchanged. I was mistaken. The man was conducting a little stream of water from the mountain miles away to irrigate a wheat-field below the mouth of the very ravine down which the regiments of Hardin, Gell, and McKee had retreated, seeking the cover of Washington's battery—the very ravine where the blood was thickest on the rocks at the end of the fight. I looked down upon the velvet green of the growing stalks, darker from the precious

enrichment the soil had that day received, and then at the stream of water which came creeping after the man, like a living plaything. I looked at them, and, understanding the moral of the incident, thanked God for the law that makes war impossible as a lasting condition, however it inspires the loves and memories of comradeship, and teaches that each succeeding generation of freemen are as brave as their ancestors.

"I sat down to excuse myself for not attending the convention; the result is this chapter. If it is too long, I pray pardon. Very respectfully,

"LEW WALLACE."

In the winter of 1875, under the auspices of James Redpath, General Wallace lectured on "Mexico," a subject with which both his military and literary career had made him thoroughly familiar. Of this especial effort it was said: "The whole lecture seemed less words of description than a series of vivid lifelike pictures, and in every sentence betrayed not less the artist than the cultivated author."

Notwithstanding this friendly verdict, both then and thereafter, he had no liking for the platform. The long journeys, the crowds, the ill-considered demands upon his time, made it irksome to the last degree, and he placed it in the same category to which, long before, he had assigned the profession of the law, which he termed "the most detestable of human occupations."

In 1876, a year crowded with important and varied work, he finished a tragedy entitled "Commodus." It was founded on the story of Maternus, an escaped slave who rebelled against his country, placed himself at the head of a band of outlaws, planned the capture of Rome and his own elevation to the throne. He was finally betrayed and killed by Marcia, his mistress.

The tragedy was submitted to the late Lawrence Barrett, who wrote to the author:

"You have written the best play since 'Richelieu,'" adding, "Both as a poem and an acting play, 'Commodus' is the best English drama."

Mr. S. R. Crocker, who had been so enthusiastic in his praise of *The Fair God*, did not concur in Mr. Barrett's opinion. While he admitted the fidelity of the picture of court life, with its luxury and extravagance, he pronounced many of the lines lacking in strength, while others were "powerful rather than melodious."

Mr. Crocker's opinion was accepted, and the tragedy was never produced upon the stage. It was published with "The Wooing of Malkatoon," a later poem, by Harper & Brothers, in 1898.

In June, 1876, Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, was nominated for president, with William A. Wheeler, of New York, for vice-president, at the National Republican convention held in Cincinnati. The campaign throughout the country was very exciting, and in the South there was great lawlessness. After the election, as the result of unquestionable fraud, it was found that Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, had received one hundred and eighty-four of the required one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes. President Grant had taken every precaution to secure peace and order in the turbulent southern districts, and, if possible, to enable every voter to cast his ballot without intimidation.

While at his home in Crawfordsville, General Wallace received a letter from the chairman of the state Republican committee informing him that Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, asked that a number of representative Republicans should attend at New Orleans, and be present at the official count of the returning board for the state,

He was urged to go, and consented. He remained in New Orleans a few days, and was then invited by Governor Noyes, of Ohio, to go to Tallahassee and witness the count in progress there.

When the board finished its work, he went back to Indiana. Upon reaching home he received a telegram from Senator Chandler asking him to return to Tallahassee as attorney, to attend to certain proceedings which had been instituted in the Florida courts, and the same day one from Mr. Hayes, the president-elect, making a like request.

Upon his arrival in Florida he wrote his wife:

"TALLAHASSEE, *November* 26, 1876.

"This is Sunday, and I will celebrate it with a scrawl to you. We reached here last Monday at 3 P.M., and it seems to me a full month. I scarcely ever passed a week under such depression of spirits; the whole north seems covered by a cloud through which I cannot see—not even a hope of peaceful solution of the political troubles. The feeling that depresses me may and does come from the fact that I have not heard a word from home since I left there. In a great measure, however, I am suffering from that which is the only absolute conclusion gleaned from this visit south, the utter demoralization of the people. It is terrible to see the extent to which all classes go in their determination to win. Conscience offers no restraint. Nothing is so common as the resort to perjury, unless it is violence—in short, I do not know whom to believe. To-morrow the board meets to canvass or count the election returns here. Up to this time both parties have been taking affidavits in preparation for the trial. In this field the Democrats have the advantage. All the lawyers in the state but two are Democrats. Money and intimidation can obtain the oath of white men as well as black to any required statement. A ton of affidavits could be carted into the state-house to-morrow, and not a word of

truth in them, except the names of the parties swearing, and their ages and places of residence. Now what can come from such a state of things? If we win, our methods are subject to impeachment for possible fraud. If the enemy win, it is the same thing exactly—doubt, suspicion, irritation go with the consequence, whatever it may be.

"I have spoken of the moral condition of the states South. You cannot understand it; good people in the North cannot. I do not know what the result of the count to-morrow will be. There are able lawyers in attendance on both sides. The board consists of two Republicans and one Democrat. The latter has already expressed himself, and the counting will be but a form to him; the others are more careful, and up to this time behave with great propriety. I believe they will listen to and be governed by the evidence and give judgment according to the facts. Happily, neither side dared approach them with money. Now you would like to know exactly how the vote stands. I cannot tell you more than that there is a small majority for Hayes upon the returns which have come to hand, with observance of legal forms; upon informal return Tilden has the state. You see, I don't give figures. This I avoid lest my letter may fall into the hands of a stranger. I await to-morrow with anxiety.

"I would have left this place four days ago, if I could have gone decently. My companion here is Governor Noyes, of Ohio, and it would have been shameful to desert him. We have done our best to restrain our friends, some of whom are moved to carry the end by the means resorted to by the opposition. Up to this time I can say with truth I am not a party to any international wrong, and, further, I don't mean to be. If the proof shows Tilden entitled to the state, I shall say so.

"Our hotel is called the Warwick House, a pretentious name. The meals are simply wretched; consequently my main reliance to stay the inner man is oranges. On Thursday a Mrs. Egan sent Governor Noyes and myself a bushel of them. The days are simply delicious, while the nights

are so cool I take two blankets and a counterpane. The window just behind me is raised, and everybody is abroad. I reserve description till we meet."

On his return home, after the work of the commission was finished, General Wallace gave a clear and unbiassed account of its labors in an interview which appeared in the Indianapolis *Journal*, the truth and fairness of which cannot be questioned:

"It was a matter," he said, "which did not come within the scope of the common law, but had to be referred to a local statute which the State of Florida enacted in 1872. This act created a board of canvassers composed of the secretary of state, the comptroller, and attorney-general, to count the vote of the several counties for presidential electors, governor, and lieutenant-governor, other state officials being appointed by the governor. If it could be shown that there had been no fraud, irregularity, or intimidation in the election, the board were required to certify to the governor the persons elected.

"There was no denial of the jurisdiction of the board," said General Wallace. "The Democratic lawyers in their final argument claimed that the board could not go behind the returns for inquiry; that they had no faith in the position whatever," he continued, "is proved by the fact that in the contest they furnished and filed bushels of exhibits to sustain the charge upon which they relied, all having relation to alleged misconduct on the part of Republican officials. Among other things they made a most determined effort to throw out the returns from the Republican county of Jefferson, on the ground of fraudulent registration and wholesale illegal voting."

Of the politics of the board he said: "The secretary of

state (Mr. McLin), and the comptroller (Dr. Cowgill) were Republicans, while the attorney-general (Mr. Cocke) was a Democrat. On account of his legal experience and ability, it was thought the attorney-general was qualified to detect and check any unfairness on the part of his colleagues. A few days before the meeting of the board, the gentleman had published in a Baltimore paper a statement that the returns showed a majority for Tilden, adding, 'Now let us see if the Radicals'—meaning his two associates—'can cheat us out of the vote.'

"When the board met, the Republican candidates for electors filed a protest against Mr. Cocke, alleging that he had prejudged the case and disqualified himself for canvasser. The protest was overruled by the Republican majority, to the great satisfaction of the Democrats. Then the board began the canvass and count of the returns, with reference exclusively," said General Wallace, "to what appeared upon their face. The result was clear but small majorities for the Republican electors—the lowest was thirty-six, the highest forty. The announcement was received by the Republicans with rejoicing, greatly heightened by the fact (made more conspicuous by the letter referred to) that Mr. Cocke assented to the conclusion. In other words, Governor Hayes, on the face of the returns, was entitled to the vote of Florida; after which it could not be charged that he was counted in by affidavits. It was only possible by affidavits to count him out."

General Wallace said, further:

"At a third meeting of the board business began in earnest. The roll of the counties was called, and when concluded the Republicans had given notice of a contest of every county with a Democratic majority, and

the Democrats had [done the same] in a like notice against every Republican county.

"It was soon manifest that the Republicans labored under great disadvantages—two in especial. In some counties evidence was obtained by them at peril of life; in others the roads were systematically picketed against their messengers, some of whom were turned back as if they were spies in an enemy's country. In the next place, all the respectable attorneys in the state, except two, were Democrats, and would serve only the opposition. To add to the embarrassment, our leading home counsel took to his bed sick. In the emergency the Republican visitors imitated their Democratic brethren from abroad, and all went in as counsel. From that time things were pushed on both sides. I doubt if in any state or country such a trial was ever witnessed; and yet throughout there was not a discourteous word, while the deportment of the board was the theme of common remark and compliment. I will not attempt to give figures. They will no doubt be published and thoroughly overhauled. The conclusion finally reached and announced by the majority was that Hayes had the state by a true vote of nine hundred and thirty, and that the Republican candidates for governor and lieutenant-governor were elected by smaller votes. Two Republican congressmen were also declared elected.

"One particular," he said, "I must not omit, as it will serve to show the unreliability of certain matter of occurrence subsequent to the decision of the board, from which my Democratic fellow-citizens are deriving consolation and hope. You heard much of resorts had by the Democrats to the courts. Thus a writ of *quo warranto* was served upon the Republican electors, requiring them to appear on the 28th of the month and show cause why they cast the vote of the state for Hayes

instead of Tilden. This point will be disposed of to the satisfaction of every intelligent person by the remark that Attorney-General Cocke, whose duty it was to prosecute the proceedings, refused to have anything to do with it. The Democrats next enjoined the board of canvassers from issuing certificates to the governor and the lieutenant-governor elect. This was of more consequence than the other resort. When the writ was served there was no board; it had performed its duties, and by resolution stood adjourned *sine die*. Moreover, the injunction had reference solely to the state officers, not the presidential electors.

"You ask if it can be impeached by the Congressional committee now in session at Tallahassee. I think not. The absurdity of the attack upon it I can make apparent to every one. Hayes, as has been shown, had forty majority by the count from the face of the returns. The nine hundred and thirty majority was obtained by striking out the returns from certain Democratic counties on account of frauds and illegalities proved. Now, without argument of details, one point will settle the opinion. Among others, the Republicans contested the returns from Jackson, Monroe, and Hamilton counties. In Monroe the Democrats had a majority of three hundred and forty-three returned, in Hamilton their majority was one hundred and sixty-three—making together more than one-half of the nine hundred and thirty. No doubt everybody who has read how Mr. Cocke protested against the action of the board, and how he has since gone the length of giving his certificate of election to the Democratic electors, will be surprised to learn that the returns from the two counties named (Monroe and Hamilton) were struck out by the unanimous vote of the board. That is to say, Mr. Cocke, the Democrat, now the chief objector, actually

voted with the Republicans in the motion to strike out those counties, thus increasing Hayes's majority by his action five hundred and six, when without him it would have been but four hundred and twenty-four. So this record of the board convicts him of concurrence in the result, and stops him from making serious trouble except to himself. I explain his conduct in this way: when the board concluded its labors by passing a resolution of adjournment, Mr. Cocke, from the hall of the state-house, was carried into the caucus of his Democratic brethren. When the latter found what he had done, they rose up and gave him a sharp reprimand, to such an effect that he gave in to all they demanded of him, including a shameful protest against his own action as a member of the board, and the farce of issuing certificates to the Tilden electors.

"This is a crude and general statement," said General Wallace, in conclusion, "but it is sufficient to show where the right is, and assure the people that there is nothing to fear from the work in Florida."

It will be recalled that the investigation of the returns in the so-called doubtful states did not end with the report of the commissions. That there might be no remaining suspicion attached to the result, upon the motion of Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, a committee of seven members from the House was appointed to act in concurrence with a similar committee from the Senate. The joint committee met in the House of Representatives, February 1st, where the vote was counted in concurrence with a bill which had been passed to that end.

In cases where there were more returns than one from a state, the true and legal vote was decided by a special committee composed of five members from each House, with five associate justices of the Supreme Court. The

members of this committee were: George F. Edmunds, Vermont; Oliver P. Morton, Indiana; Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, New Jersey; Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware; Francis Kernan, New York; Henry B. Payne, Ohio; Eppa Hunter, Virginia; Josiah G. Abbott; Massachusetts; James A. Garfield, Ohio; George F. Hoar, Massachusetts; Justices Clifford, Miller, Field, Strong, and Bradley.

The disputed returns were passed upon by this nonpartisan commission, which approved and confirmed the count that had been witnessed by General Wallace and his associates. It was officially declared that Hayes and Wheeler were elected. Congress accepting the report of the special committee, which adjourned March 3d.

As might be supposed, the Democrats of Florida had not been disposed to accept the count made by the legally appointed commission, and the state, on its own responsibility, ordered a third. Either in a spirit of bravado, or with intentional impertinence, General Wallace was formally invited to be present at the deliberations of this third and avowedly partisan board. He declined in these terms:

"TALLAHASSEE, *January* 19, 1877.

"*Messrs. Bloxham, Raney, and Drew, Board of State Canvassers:*

"GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of a curious paper which informs me that the writer, who signs himself 'secretary of the board,' is instructed by the board of state canvassers, convened to canvass the electoral vote of the election held November 7, 1876, in the State of Florida, under the provisions of an 'Act to be entitled an act to procure a legal canvass of the electoral vote of the State of Florida,' as cast at the election held on the seventh day of November, A.D. 1876, to notify you (me) that the board

will meet at 10 A.M. to-morrow, at the office of the secretary of state, and proceed to canvass said vote.

"I am somewhat at a loss to know the object of the notice. In the first place, the writer does not assure me anywhere in the notice that the board desires me to attend its session or stay away from it.

"In the next place, it addresses me as 'attorney for Hayes's electors.' In a proceeding before Judge White, I am defending four gentlemen who, on December 6th last, as electors for the State of Florida, in formal college assembled, cast the vote of the state for Rutherford B. Hayes for president, and William A. Wheeler for vice-president, after which they ceased to be electors.

"If the object was to invite me to be present at the canvass you are about to make under the act of the present legislature, accept my thanks for the intended courtesy.

"There will be no novelty in the spectacle of the canvass. You will be good enough to remember that within less than two months I have witnessed two canvasses of the returns, one under the (state) law of 1872, the other under the order of the Supreme Court. The only novelty your proceeding could have for me would be that it is a third canvass of the same returns, this time under orders of the legislature.

"If the notice is sent me under an opinion that your canvass may have effect upon the counting of electoral returns from the states, on February 14th next, please accept my disclaimer of part in such opinion. There are good lawyers in both halls of Congress, and if they do not laugh at the act from which you derive authority for your proceeding, it will be because, like myself, they suffer from restraint derived from the respect they must needs have for the law-makers of a great state. I beg you kindly to receive the suggestion that the lawyers of whom I speak all know that there is at least one limitation upon the enacting power of the legislature of every state in the Union. They all know that an act that divests rights, or what assumes to control or exercise judicial powers, is unconsti-

tutional and void. They all know, too, that a canvass once made and declared by a board is a duty once and forever performed, and that it does not lie in courts or legislatures to revive such boards when once dead, or to order a recanvass by a succeeding body of the same or other sort. It is not going too far, I think, further to remind you that this knowledge is not by any means confined to lawyers in Congress, nor even to lawyers elsewhere; it is a piece of information very generally distributed among the people of the land, who will not fail to apply it in this case.

"If the purpose of the notice was to give me the opportunity to fence public opinion against the effect of your canvass, or the law by virtue of which it is to be, I hope you will take no offence if I respectfully decline to avail myself of the privilege. Public opinion in our country is very practical; it is unpoetic and dispassionate; it subsists on the actual; it breakfasts on facts, dines on facts, sups on facts; it goes through strategies as cannon-balls go through cobwebs. Indeed, if I were to try, I could not fence it around any more than able and learned gentlemen can blind it when disposed to do so.

"If you will allow me to formulate present public opinion upon the subject of the electoral vote of Florida, it is that a final judgment of a competent tribunal, once entered and signed, cannot be altered or reversed by a subsequent enactment of a legislature or direct individual effort.

"With repeated thanks for your intended courtesy, I have the honor to be, very truly,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"LEW WALLACE."

X

The mission to Bolivia—Martial law in New Mexico—Disturbance quieted—Letter from Mrs. Wallace to Henry L. Wallace—Letters from General Wallace to his wife—The article in the *Youths' Companion*, "How I Came to Write *Ben-Hur*."

After the close of his labors in Tallahassee, General Wallace returned to Crawfordsville and resumed his work on *Ben-Hur*.

The year following (1878) he abandoned the practice of law.

In August he was tendered the mission to Bolivia, concerning which the secretary of state wrote:

"Department of State, Washington, *August* 6, 1878.

"My dear General Wallace,—I am desired by the president to ask you whether you would be willing to undertake the mission to Bolivia, which the last Congress made provision for. The position is that of minister resident and consul general, and the salary is five thousand dollars. I believe the climate is very good. At one time the president supposed you had some inclination to go to South America, but is not certain that it is so now, or that you would like this place.

"Please write the president, as I may be away the greater part of this month.

"I have in mind your good wishes for a speech from me.

"Yours very truly,

"William M. Evarts."

General Wallace wrote, in reply, to President Hayes:

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, *August* 12, 1878.

"*To His Excellency, President R. B. Hayes:*

"DEAR SIR,—Secretary Evarts informs me that you have desired him to ask me whether I would be willing to undertake the mission to Bolivia, the position being that of minister resident and consul general, and the salary five thousand dollars. He also requests me to write you directly upon the subject, as he may be away the greater part of the month.

"In reply, frankly speaking, I will not go so far with my family and attempt the duties required for the five thousand dollars. The sum would not enable me fairly to represent our country, and leave me a compensation for two years of life lost.

"I am, nevertheless, sincerely obliged to you for the present offer, and greatly pleased that you have had me so kindly in mind.

"Very truly your friend and servant,

"LEW WALLACE."

In the latter part of August, 1878, General Wallace was appointed governor of New Mexico. The journey at that time was made by rail to Trinidad, Colorado, and thence by buck-board, two days and one night, across the barren plains. Mrs. Wallace, who joined her husband the following year, thus describes Santa Fé as it then appeared:

"The narrow streets are scarcely wide enough for two wagons to pass. The mud walls are high and dark. We reached the open plaza. Long, one-story adobe houses front on every side. And this is the historic city! Older than our government, older than the Spanish conquest; it looks older than the hills surrounding it, and wornout besides. . . .

"I used to think Fernandina was the sleepiest place in the world, but that was before I had seen Santa Fé. The drowsy old town, lying in a sandy valley enclosed on three

sides by mountain walls, is built of adobe laid in one-story houses, and resembles an extensive brick-yard, with scattered sunburned kilns ready for the fire. The approach in mid-winter, when snow, deep on the mountains, rests in ragged patches on the red soil of New Mexico, is to the last degree disheartening to the traveller entering narrow streets which appear mere lanes. Yet, dirty and unkempt, swarming with hungry dogs, it has the charm of foreign flavor, and, like San Antonio, retains some portion of the grace which lingers about, if indeed it ever forsakes, the spot where Spain has ruled for centuries, and the soft syllables of the Spanish tongue are yet heard." [1]

Upon his arrival in Santa Fé, General Wallace took up his residence in the old palace, with the territorial offices under the same roof, which Mrs. Wallace has described:

"The archives of the leaky old Palacio del Gobernador hold treasures well worth the seeking of student and antiquary. The building itself has a history full of pathos and stirring incident, as the ancient fort of St. Augustine, and is older than that venerable pile. It had been the palace of the Pueblos immemorially before the holy name, Santa Fé, was given in baptism of blood by the Spanish conquerors; palace of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown; and palace ever since its occupation by 'El Gringo.' In the stormy scenes of the seventeenth century it withstood several sieges; and was repeatedly lost and won, as the white man or the red man held the victory." [2]

In describing the situation in the territory when he reached Santa Fé, General Wallace said:

"For many years previous to the present time, New Mexico was occupied by hundreds of herders who were

[1] *The Land of the Pueblos*, pp. 13, 14. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 14, 15.

regulated by no especial law, except a common understanding, but who lived in tolerable peace. A rich stock-raiser from Texas came up to New Mexico, and in a short time had three hundred thousand dollars worth of cattle. He settled on the Pécos River, and in a little while had succeeded in driving away almost all the small grazers. To retaliate, they began stealing from him. Now, they do not steal in that country as they do farther east, but they drive off large herds of cattle, sometimes five hundred at a time. To protect himself, the Texan went down into his native state and recruited about seventy men—murderers, thieves, and dangerous men of all classes, together with a number of sharp-shooters and buffalo-hunters. His enemies, seeing these warlike proceedings, banded together in common defence, and the result was open war. When I reached Santa Fé, I found that law was practically a nullity, and had no way of asserting itself. The insurrection seemed to be confined to one county, which, strangely enough, was called Lincoln, and which was as large in area as all New England and a part of New York. I could not possibly have stopped that trouble by civil means, and, accordingly, I was forced to resort to arms. I received the statements of the judges why they dared not hold court in certain districts. The United States marshal told me that he had a large number of warrants which he dared not serve, and could not find deputies rash enough to attempt service, when they knew their lives would pay the penalty. The military commander at Fort Stanton sent a list of the murders that had been committed in his part of the county. I forwarded these combined statements to President Hayes, and asked him to proclaim an insurrection in New Mexico, which he did. That was the only way for me to have the use of the troops for the purposes I desired. I finally had

four companies of cavalry for two months, and at the end of that time the desperadoes were driven out of the country, the armed factions were broken up, and the best grazing section of country in the United States was opened to immigrants."

Upon his arrival in the capital, the newly appointed governor was fortunate enough to find there the leaders of the warring factions. He sent for them separately, questioned them, and obtained from each his statement of the feud that had almost depopulated Lincoln County. He learned enough to realize that there was nothing to be gained by pursuing the inquiry, which he therefore abandoned. The facts which he obtained from trustworthy sources induced President Hayes to approve a proclamation of martial law should less severe measures fail. A preliminary proclamation of amnesty to those who had taken part in the insurrection, with the exception of persons indicted for crimes or misdemeanors, or who were undergoing punishment, with the presence of the troops, were all that was necessary. The people returned to their homes, no longer in dread of assassination, confident of protection.

With the support of Americans of the better class, General Wallace received from the Spanish residents the utmost respect. In one instance this was amusingly illustrated. The legislature had prohibited the Sunday festivities permitted under the old Spanish-Mexican rule. The arrival of the governor in one of the small towns, where he could remain but a short time, gave them no choice as to the day for an official reception in his honor. The law was in the way, but, they argued, was he not the head of at least that part of the universe? But how could a reception be held without a *baile*, or ball? This was forbidden on Sunday.

"But it is illegal," General Wallace objected, when the situation was explained.

"Not at all," was the confident reply. "Is not the governor the end of the law? Can he not suspend all law?"

"Very well," he replied, "if I can suspend it, it is suspended; proceed with the *baile.*"

Needless to say there was immediate relief on the part of the committee. Guitars were brought, and Father Felician smiled on the gay fandango.

In his message to the territorial legislature, January 5, 1880, General Wallace made many practical suggestions: better provisions for the public schools and the enforced teaching of English; a resurvey of disputed boundary-lines; a careful revision of the laws, notably the criminal code.

The Indians were becoming troublesome, especially the Apaches, of whom he said: "Kindness makes no impression upon them. They are what they were when the Spaniard found them—cunning, blood-thirsty, untamable."

There had been many atrocities, and the governor, scouting the sentimentalism of Eastern philanthropists who urged peaceful methods in dealing with the savages, advised the territorial assembly to aid the people in defending themselves. This body had expressed willingness to raise, arm, and equip one thousand militia, and in addition General Wallace wrote to Carl Schurz, secretary of the interior, asking that more United States troops be sent to New Mexico.

"The necessity is very great," he urged. "The Comanches are in the Guadalupe Mountains, southeast. The Mescaleros on the Stanton reservation are about to break Guadalupe. Victorio's bands are already loose in Grant County. Life and property are in imminent peril."

To this Mr. Schurz replied:

"*General Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico:*

"Upon submitting your telegram of the 16th to the War Department, the following answer was received: 'Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior: Upon the subject of your telegram, the general of the army (Sherman) informs me that no more regular troops can be spared for New Mexico without abandoning other parts of the country exposed to similar and greater danger. The law confers upon the president and secretary of war no power to accept for the service of the United States any more troops than such as compose the regular army. If the territory of New Mexico calls a thousand men for defence of her scattered settlements, the governor should be notified that the territory must pay and provide for them. It is stated that the necessity for troops has not been reported by General Hatch, who is on the spot, and that the dangers reported by Governor Lew Wallace are greatly exaggerated. The Comanches are in the custody of an authorized agent in the Indian Territory, more than a thousand miles from the Guadalupe Mountains of south New Mexico. The only Indians there are the nomadic Apaches fleeing from Major Morrow's command. The Mescaleros are on the Fort Stanton reservation, few in number, and not enough to call for the extraordinary measures contemplated by the New Mexico legislature.

"'ALEX. RAMSEY, Secretary of War.'

"(*Signed*) CARL SCHURZ."

To this General Wallace replied:

"SANTA FÉ, *January* 19, 1880.

"*Hon. C. Schurz, Washington:*

"Answering yours of the 17th instant, I have nothing to say about remarks personal to myself therein, except that all my assertions in telegram of 16th instant rest upon letters from reliable citizens and information from

General Hatch, with whom I conferred just previous to telegraphing. Unless you otherwise direct, I will to-morrow submit the answer of the secretary of war declining to send more regulars to New Mexico, and state that it is the ultimatum of the general government on that point, and that I will hasten preparations to execute the law just passed giving me men and money for defence against the Indians. As to the Comanches being more than a thousand miles from the Guadalupe Mountains of south New Mexico, people in Alabama will be astonished to hear that they have such an addition to their population.

"LEW WALLACE, Governor of New Mexico."

But even this last proposal was opposed by Mr. Schurz. His reply to General Wallace was as follows:

"WASHINGTON, *January* 22*d*.

"*Governor Lew Wallace:*

"Your despatch of the 19th has been considered, and it is thought that the employment of citizen volunteers against Indians should be resorted to only in extreme necessity, which information so far received from military officers does not show. C. SCHURZ."

The arbitrary decision of the authorities in Washington speedily became known to the hostile Indians, and the condition that followed was described by General Wallace in an interview, while on his way to Washington the following March to confer personally with the president. He said:

"I suppose very few people in the East know that there is an Indian war now in progress in New Mexico, but such is the fact. Last year an Apache chief, Victorio, a man seventy-five years old, became hostile and took to the war-path. In some respects," he explained, "he is a wonderful man, and, commencing with a band of seventy-five warriors, he succeeded in uniting tribes

always hostile to one another before, and in a few weeks he had three hundred well-armed followers. He has held his own against us from that day to this, in open conflict, and he has murdered about one hundred men, women, and children in the most horrible manner. He is an enemy not to be despised."

When asked if he had not sufficient troops to crush Victorio, General Wallace replied: "That is just the trouble. The few men that I have can only check, but cannot crush him. Our officers and soldiers have displayed the utmost gallantry under the most discouraging circumstances."

Before the Indians were finally subdued over four hundred persons perished. Among them were Judge McComas, a warm personal friend of General Wallace, and his family, whose dead bodies were found, after surprise and butchery, lying in the road. Long afterwards General Wallace related an incident of this period of his administration.

"I set out from Santa Fé," he said, "to investigate difficulties in a remote region of the territory. I went in an ambulance, then the usual mode of travel, with a strong guard armed with Winchester rifles. After a few hours, Indians began to appear in the distance. My men held up their Winchesters, and the savages were careful not to approach within range. When we reached the town the people came out and greeted us with amazement; had we been newly raised from the dead, they could not have shown greater awe. We presently learned the cause. After returning the salutations of the officials, we followed them to the church. There was the explanation. Before the altar were sixteen corpses, men, women, and children, some of them shockingly mutilated. The head of one little child had been crushed to pieces by beating it over the wheel of

a wagon. In view of all this butchery, it is no wonder that they considered our escape little short of a miracle."

In her private letters Mrs. Wallace has accounts of life in the new territory which give a definite idea of the conditions which the governor encountered, as is shown in the following, selected at random:

"FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO, *May* 11, 1879.

"*Susan E. Wallace to Henry L. Wallace:*

"MY DEAR, — General Sherman was right. We should have another war with Old Mexico to make her take back New Mexico. I did not think anything could make me think well of Sante Fé, but this hideous spot does.

"We are at the post-trader's, and I am the only feminine creature except an old hen. The cook who fries the bacon is a Mexican giant with long, straggling black hair, and when not frying he stands in the Colossus of Rhodes pose and gazes at us. They sent miles away for a chicken, and when brought and fried by the giant, I could not manage the famished thing—all bone and fibre. I remarked to General H. (commandant), this country was not made for civilized men. He replied, 'I have held that opinion a long while.' It should be a buffalo-range for the Indian, who can find the springs curiously hidden on the tops of mountains.

"A horrible dust-storm is blowing gravel against the window, beating it like hail. I taste the alkali dust; my clothes are gritty, and the last box in the bottom of my trunk is grimy with sand. Yet I have heard of this as the garden spot of the territory. Garden! There has been no rain in six months, and what can grow in soil made of fire-clay, alkali, and sand? I have some faith in mines, because nothing is made in vain, and there is nothing else here. Saying this to Mrs. D., she triumphantly asked, 'What is the desert of Sahara made for?'

"We journeyed across a plain lying in the midst of a stone wilderness; in every direction mountains grim and fixed as walls of adamant, seeming immovable as the

throne of God. No water, 'the eye of the earth' glancing up towards heaven; no waving branches beckoning like friendly hands to shade and shelter; no wagon-road or foot-path to mark the track of men; no bee or bird, not even a grasshopper's chirp. The earth was still as the sky before the winds were made.

"The Lincoln County reign of terror is not over, and we hold our lives at the mercy of desperadoes and outlaws, chief among them 'Billy the Kid,' whose boast is that he has killed a man for every year of his life. Once he was captured, and escaped after overpowering his guard, and now he swears when he has killed the sheriff and the judge who passed sentence upon him, and Governor Wallace, he will surrender and be hanged. 'I mean to ride into the plaza at Sante Fé, hitch my horse in front of the palace, and put a bullet through Lew Wallace.'

"These are his words.

"One of my friends warned me to close the shutters at evening, so the bright light of the student's-lamp might not make such a shining mark of the governor writing till late on *Ben-Hur*. 'Billy' (whose name is Bonney) has a gang of admirers and followers, and they dash up to a ballroom, shoot out the candles, and gallop away and nobody hurt.

"This way of living does not suit me; some men find an unaccountable fascination in the danger and outlawry of the frontier far beyond my understanding. Sweet home was never sweeter to my thought than now in this wilderness without the manna.

"When the manuscript is ready we will go to New York with it, and how glad I should be to think there will be no return to the 'most desirable of all the territories'—a phrase continually sounded in our ears."

Letters from General Wallace to Susan E. Wallace, after her return to Crawfordsville, November, 1879:

"I am well; how one can be anything else in this climate I do not know. The air is so clear and pure, the

sunlight so delicious; no fear of cloudy to-morrows; when one dies away another as bright and as shining comes on. I wish you could fill your lungs with this sweet air. Last week I spent three days among the old Spanish mines. You know I have always had a great admiration for the old Spaniards who came with and followed Cortés. Leaving their battle-fields, to learn the full extent of their daring and force, one must come to these records. . . . And yet they but bored gimlet-holes in the mountain. We are trying to get titles to the mines, subject to such conditions as will give us time and enable us to work them. . . .

"To my surprise my message has given satisfaction. I had a mixed audience of ladies and gentlemen, and when I had finished reading, and the paper was interpreted—a wretched performance by-the-way—I received what I never heard of before during the delivery of a message—applause. Think of that!

"I am busy putting in every spare minute copying my book for publication. It is curious this jumping from the serious things of life to the purely romantic. It is like nothing so much as living two lives in one. To pass from a meeting of the Wise Men in the Desert, to effecting a reconciliation in a legislature and breaking a deadlock, are certainly wide enough apart. The latter I did within an hour after I took hold of it, and so effectually that Democrats voted for Republicans and Republicans for Democrats. They are now at peace. How long will it last?"

"SANTA FÉ, *December* 4, 1879.

"I came in last night sound and well; the journey across the *fornada* was dangerous, and possible attack from Indians necessitated hands on rifles and pistols all the way, and pockets full of cartridges, which grew heavy before night came on. We saw smoke-signals of Victorio's band high up the mountain-tops, and, as we were without escort, there was some excitement among us.

"I note your criticisms of the march to Golgotha, and am of the opinion that they are all just. Some of them I

had in mind with intentions to correct them. From this time on I shall have more time for you and my book, and shall be supremely happy when the work is done. When it is complete, and a few other things are finished, I don't see much left that is worth the care and toil of this world; besides which I confess to a reverent curiosity to see what there is in the next one.

"One day I wrote from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. I have so many and all sorts of interruptions in this land of ample leisure. I am trying to do four things: First, manage a legislature of most jealous elements; second, take care of an Indian war; third, finish a book; fourth, sell some mines.

"Can you fancy a greater diversity of occupation? There are sometimes a dozen men at the same time waiting turns. I must see them all, and, what is worse, hear them through. There is no escape, not even in the night. Last night, for instance, four men were with me till one o'clock. The first upon railroads; the second upon Apaches; the third and fourth upon mines. So runs my time away, and *Ben-Hur* is unfinished. I began writing at nine-thirty to-night. If I could have a few months to myself I could soon finish the copying for the press. I will copy yet, to-night, six pages.

"A poet of the Sierras (not Miller) called yesterday and asked me, confidentially, if my wife had not helped me in writing *The Fair God* and my new book. I told him yes—that I never put away a chapter as finished without first reading it to you to get your criticism. In many instances I had great help in that way. He came in evidently thinking you were joint author. The poor little verses in *Ben-Hur* will be credited to you; of that I feel certain; yet if you can stand the imputation I can.

"My time is so broken I can only snatch a little mornings, if any, before night.

"(*Later*).

"I have given thought to your point — that there is nothing in my last chapters to relieve the meekness with which Christ went to the cross. The point is correct as an

observation, but not as a criticism, since that was exactly what I sought to give in the description. My idea is that at a certain time—viz, when Christ arose from the table to go to Gethsemane, his spirit had not yet been brought to the condition in which he could go meekly to death; a little later—viz, after the struggle in Gethsemane, his mind, to use a common expression, was made up, and after that he delivered himself to his captors, prepared for death. In the apostolic account there is not a word, nor an act, nor a gesture, indicative of any resentment, defiance, or impulse of resistance; on the contrary, when Peter cut off the servant's ear, he not only rebuked the disciple, but restored the ear whole. Go now and read the several accounts of the four apostles, descriptive of the capture, the trial, the march to Golgotha, and the dying upon the cross, and every exemplification is that of absolute submission, which, with the prayer, 'Father forgive them,' etc., uttered the moment the tree dropped into the hole ready for it, marks the difference between the *divine* Christ and the *common* man. To me the conduct of the sufferer in the very particular of which you speak is the most conclusive proof of His divine nature, and—think of this!—it was not possible by words or acts to show more plainly His strength, derived from knowledge of what He was, than by the meekness with which He endured and died—no flashing of the eyes, no pointing towards heaven, no threat of what He could do if He was so disposed, no boast of His divinity could have served that purpose so well. He was the 'Lamb of God' at no time in His career so completely and purely as in the agony of His last hours. So I mean to stand by the description exactly as you have it, so far as this point is concerned.

"When I reach the words '*The End*,' how beautiful they will look to me! What a long, long work it has been, a labor of love! How many hours and days and weeks it has consumed! Frightful to think of; and yet I know no happier way of passing time, none which takes me so completely out of this world and affairs of the present, a per-

fect retreat from the annoyances of daily life as they are spun for me by enemies, and friends who might as well be enemies.

"Colonel Church asked leave to read the sheets on my table. He started in at once, and read all night. A high compliment. There will be errors in it, because I cannot be in the office to read the proof.

"I wonder how many average readers will see in 'How the Beautiful Came to the Earth' my view of the woman question, and how many meanings there are known only to the writer and his wife. . . .

"How would you like to go to The Hague? Take down the atlas, and spy out the land which literally lies under the sea, the land of William the Silent, of cheese and canals and fat burgomasters, the land with a history of heroism, for such was its rise of free cities and its sixty years contest with the Spaniards, a monarchy under the cloak of republicanism. The pay is insufficient, but the life there would be better than this, and we could be together again.

"Would you go to Brazil with me?[1] I am tired of this place, and the territorial climate is too severe for you. Many invalids find health here. If not friendly, it is very unfriendly to the new-comer.

"This is Sunday. The band is playing to the usual motley crowd — whites, blacks, Mexicans, Indians, men, women, children; men on horseback, families, friends, and lovers in carriages. I wish my successor, whoever he be, was come. Of course he will do just as I did, have the same ideas, make the same attempts, and with the same heartiness of effort, soon cool in zeal, then finally say, 'All right, let her drift.' Every calculation based on experience elsewhere fails in New Mexico.

"In six years more I shall be sixty. I have spent enough time in this place. You do not care to try Bolivia

[1] This mission was also offered General Wallace by President Hayes and declined.

nor do I—the only thing to take me there would be hope of making enough to free me of the law forever. I want a study, a pleasure-house for my soul, where no one could hear me make speeches to myself, and play the violin at midnight if I chose. A detached room away from the world and its worries. A place for my old age to rest in and grow reminiscent, fighting the battles of youth over again."

General Wallace has given this detailed account of the writing of *Ben-Hur:*

"'How came I to write *Ben-Hur?*'

"The question has been put to me so often, and in the same form, that the world shall have an answer; although I confess it not a little difficult, seeing the different aims the interrogation may take.

"The very beginning of the book lies in a quotation from St. Matthew:

"'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.'

"Far back as my memory goes of things read by or to me, those lines took a hold on my imagination beyond every other passage of Scripture. How simple they are! But analyze them, and behold the points of wonder!

"The saying that they came from the east is altogether unsatisfactory. How many were they? And oh, the star! the star!

"It was a speaking star, for we are left to infer it told them a king was born to the Jews, and that they must go find and worship Him; and when, doubtless, they asked where He was, they were bid follow it, for it was the King's star. So, too, it could not have been set in the heavens, else it could not have led them; for one

may go round the globe, and up and down from pole to pole, without ever getting under the far pin-point of light called the north star.

"Then when, after months and possibly years of journey to and fro, on ship or horse or camel, bearing presents of value—they could not have walked—how did they know their journey at last finished?

"And when they entered a cave near an obscure hamlet, Bethlehem by name, and beheld a speechless baby in swaddling-clothes, and nowise different in appearance from other babies, who told them it was He they were seeking? What, a king in a stable-manger!

"But they did not laugh; they stopped there and worshipped the little boy, and gave Him their gifts. Was the mother astonished, or was she looking for them?

"In 1875—the date is given from best recollection—when I was getting over the restlessness due to years of service in the War of the Rebellion, it occurred to me to write the conceptions which I had long carried in my mind of the Wise Men. A serial upon the subject would admit of any number of illustrations, and might be acceptable to one of the magazines.

"So I wrote, commencing with the meeting in the desert, numbering and naming the three upon the authority of the dear old tradition-monger, Father Bede, and ending with the birth of the Child in the cave by Bethlehem.

"At that time, speaking candidly, I was not in the least influenced by religious sentiment. I had no convictions about God or Christ. I neither believed nor disbelieved in them.

"The preachers had made no impression upon me. My reading covered nearly every other subject. Indifference is the word most perfectly descriptive of my feelings respecting the To-morrow of Death, as a French

scientist has happily termed the succession of life. Yet when the work was fairly begun, I found myself writing reverentially, and frequently with awe.

"This was purely natural; for it is with me, presumably, as with every writer who creates as he goes. My characters are essentially living persons. They arise and sit, look, talk, and behave like themselves.

"In dealing with them I see them; when they speak I hear them. I know them by their features. They answer my call. Some of them I detest. Such as I most affect become my familiars. In turn they call me, and I recognize their voices. Such being the case, think of the society to which the serial directly admitted me!

"Think of riding with Balthasar on his great white camel to the meeting appointed beyond Moab; of association with the mysterious Three; of breaking fast with them in the shade of the little tent pitched on the rippled sand; of hearing the 'grace' with which they began their repast; of listening as they introduced themselves to one another, telling how and when and where they were severally summoned by the Spirit; of the further guestship in the final journey to Jerusalem, the star our guide!

"Think of attending a session of the Sanhedrim; of hearing Herod the Builder ask Hillel, more than a hundred years a scholar, where the new King of the Jews was most likely to be discovered!

"Think of lying with the shepherds in their sheepfold that clear, crisp, first Christmas night; of seeing the ladder of light drop out of the window of heaven; of hearing the Annunciator make proclamation of his glad tidings!

"Think of walking with Joseph from the Joppa gate across the plain of Rephaim, past the tomb of Rachel, up to the old khan by Bethlehem; of stealing glances at

the face of the girl-wife on the donkey, she who was so shortly to be, in good old Catholic phrase, the Blessed Mother of God!

"Think of seeing that face so often and with such distinctness as to be able to pronounce that there are but two portraits of her in the world, Raphael's and Murillo's, all the others being either too old, too vulgar, or too human! Then tell me, was it strange if I wrote reverentially, and sometimes with awe? Or that I was unconsciously making ready to cast my indifference as a locust casts its shell?

"Well, I finished the proposed serial and deposited it in my desk, waiting for a season of courage in which to open communication with the Harpers.

"In the time of writing, down to the hour I laid the manuscript by, as said, never once did the possibility of a formal book occur to me.

"If any reader before whom this confession may chance to fall will return to the volume now known as *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ,* and examine critically the commencement of the part designated Book Second, he cannot fail to be struck with its similitudes to the opening of a novel. Such, in fact, it was.

"It is possible to fix the hour and place of the first thought of a book precisely enough; that was a night in 1876. I had been listening to discussion which involved such elemental points as God, heaven, life hereafter, Jesus Christ, and His divinity. Trudging on in the dark, alone except as one's thoughts may be company good or bad, a sense of the importance of the theme struck me for the first time with a force both singular and persistent.

"My ignorance of it was painfully a spot of deeper darkness in the darkness. I was ashamed of myself, and make haste now to declare that the mortification

of pride I then endured, or, if it be preferred, the punishment of spirit, ended in a resolution to study the whole matter, if only for the gratification there might be in having convictions of one kind or another.

"Forthwith a number of practical suggestions assailed me: How should I conduct the study? Delve into theology? I shuddered. The theology of the professors had always seemed to me an indefinitely deep pit filled with the bones of unprofitable speculations.

"There were the sermons and commentaries. The very thought of them overwhelmed me with an idea of the shortness of life. No; I would read the Bible and the four gospels, and rely on myself. A lawyer of fifteen or twenty years of practice attains a confidence peculiar in its mental muscularity, so to speak.

"Next the subject was considered dry. Was there no way of making it the least bit light and savory? No incidental employment or task which would give it a color of pastime, and, while compelling thorough investigation, keep me interested? Then it came!

"The manuscript in my desk ended with the birth of Christ; why not make it the first book of a volume, and go on to His death? I halted—there was a light in my mind! And it brought the difficulties—a host of them—to the surface.

"One ought never to speak except he sees his opening and conclusion; the intermediate will take care of itself—so a successful after-dinner orator is reported to have said. The remark applies well to addresses; but I doubt its wisdom in the matter of book-making. Here in the very outset the intermediate presented itself a Giant Despair.

"I had my opening; it was the birth of Christ. Could anything be more beautiful? As a mere story, the imagination of man has conceived nothing more crowded

with poetry, mystery, and incidents pathetic and sublime, nothing sweeter with human interest, nothing so nearly a revelation of God in person. So, too, I saw a fitting conclusion.

"Viewed purely and professionally as a climax or catastrophe to be written up to, the final scene of the last act of a tragedy or a tale, what could be more stupendous than the Crucifixion?

"But the unities are inexorable. Because they run through every life they must be observed. And here in this story there was a lapse of eighteen or twenty years—being the interval between the remarkable appearance of the Holy Child in the Temple, what time He came up to the Passover, and His reappearance a man with a mission.

"The Days of Ignorance of the Arabs, when there was no history, were not denser with a want of knowledge than that interval. What was I to do with it? Now it seemed a gulf in my way; now an Illimani high as the sky.

"I scarcely dare tell of my travail; but after weeks of reflection, at last I decided to use the blank to show the religious and political condition of the world at the time of the coming. Perhaps those conditions would demonstrate a necessity for a Saviour.

"Having weathered this point, I passed on to the constituents of the tale. There was no lack of incident, none of persons; only, I was hampered in the selection by the requirement to discard all which did not serve the conditions mentioned.

"Rome furnished the politics, and made the evolution of Messala easy. Save the few pearls of faith glistening on the marble steps of the Gate Beautiful in the Herodian Temple at Jerusalem, there was nowhere a suggestion of religion; out of that circumstance I wrought Ben-Hur,

his mother and sister, Simonides and Esther—naming the latter after my own dear mother, departed long ago in the fairness of her youth.

"The commitment to the galley, the sea-fight, the chariot-race and its preceding orgies were Roman phases; just as the love marking the Hur family, the steady pursuit of vengeance by the son, and his easy conversion by Simonides to the alluring idea of the Messiah a ruler like Cæsar, were Jewish.

"The derivation of what may be termed the Christian incidents is apparent. Wanting to convey a commensurate conception of the awful power underlying a miracle, I struck the mother and sister of my hero with leprosy. It was cruel, but essential. Finally, wanting a connecting thread for the whole story, but more particularly for the two periods so wide apart—that given to Christ the Child, and that given to Christ the Saviour—I kept Balthasar alive to the end.

"In the next place, I had never been to the Holy Land. In making it the location of my story, it was needful not merely to be familiar with its history and geography, I must be able to paint it, water, land, and sky, in actual colors. Nor would the critics excuse me for mistakes in the costumes or customs of any of the peoples representatively introduced, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, especially the children of Israel.

"Ponder the task! There was but one method open to me. I examined catalogues of books and maps, and sent for everything likely to be useful. I wrote with a chart always before my eyes—a German publication, showing the towns and villages, all sacred places, the heights, the depressions, the passes, trails, and distances.

"Travellers told me of the birds, animals, vegetation, and seasons. Indeed, I think the necessity for constant

reference to authorities saved me mistakes which certainly would have occurred had I trusted to a tourist's memory.

"But the greatest of the difficulties! Veterans in the fine art of story-telling are likely to say off-hand it was either the invention of incidents or the choice of characters. No, no!

"The Christian world would not tolerate a novel with Jesus Christ its hero, and I knew it. Nevertheless, writing of Him was imperative, and He must appear, speak, and act. Further, and worse as a tribulation, I was required to keep Him before the reader, the object of superior interest throughout.

"And there was to be no sermonizing. How could this be done without giving mortal offence? How, and leave the book a shred of popularity? It does not become me to intimate any measure of success in the accomplishment; yet I may be pardoned for an outright confession of the rules I prescribed for my government in the dilemma.

"First, I determined to withhold the reappearance of the Saviour until the very last hours. Meantime, He should be always coming—to-day I would have Him, as it were, just over the hill yonder; to-morrow He will be here, and then—to-morrow. To bring Balthasar up from Egypt, and have him preaching the Spiritual Kingdom, protesting the Master alive because His mission, which was founding the kingdom, was as yet unfulfilled, and looking for Him tearfully, and with an infinite yearning, might be an effective expedient.

"Next, He should not be present as an actor in any scene of my creation. The giving a cup of water to Ben-Hur at the well near Nazareth is the only violation of this rule.

"Finally, when He was come, I would be religiously

careful that every word He uttered should be a literal quotation from one of His sainted biographers.

"Of the more than seven years given the book, the least part was occupied in actual composition. Research and investigation consumed most of the appropriated time.

"I had to be so painstaking! The subject was the one known thoroughly by more scholars and thinkers than any other in the wide range of literature.

"After comparing authorities, I had frequently to reconcile them; failing in that, it remained to choose between them. There is nothing, not even a will-o'-the-wisp, so elusive as a disputed date. Once I went to Washington, thence to Boston, for no purpose but to exhaust their libraries in an effort to satisfy myself of the mechanical arrangement of the oars in the interior of a trireme.

"Nor must it be supposed I wrote day after day continuously. I wanted to; but through the whole period I was a bread-winner. Consequently my book-making hours were such as I could snatch from professional employment.

"Sometimes Ben-Hur or Simonides or Balthasar or Sheik Ilderim the Generous would call me imperiously; and there being no other means of pacifying them, I would play truant from court and clients. There are numberless paragraphs in the volume recognizable as having been blocked out on the cars 'between cities' or in the waits at lonesome stations.

"Thus Tirzah's little song, 'Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love,' is the resultant of a delayed passage from Indianapolis home. A man can carry his mind with him as he carries his watch; but like the watch, to keep it going he must keep it wound up.

Of course most of the writing was done at Crawfords-

ville, with night as the favoring time. Of summer days, business permitting, the preferred spot was beneath a beech-tree, one of many kings of its kind airing their majesties around our homestead. Its spreading branches droop to the ground, weighed down by their wealth of foliage, and under them I am shut in as by the walls of a towering green tent.

"How often, while lending me its protection and fragrant coolness, it has been the sole witness of my struggle to whip an obstinate thought into comeliness of expression; and how often, out of respect for me, it has maintained a dignified silence when it might have laughed at my discomfiture.

"I am under the great gray arms of the same tree at this present writing. The hum of singing things imparts life to the silence; the sunlight freckles the sward, the birds hunt their prey almost to my feet, all as when I wandered with Ben-Hur through the Grove of Daphne.

"Everybody has heard of the old palace in Santa Fé, New Mexico. A rambling, one-story adobe structure, with walls in places six feet thick, and hard as friable stone, it covers the whole of the north side of the plaza.

"Authentic history connects it with the occupation of the Cibolan region by the Spaniards; while traditionally every room in it is the habitat of ghosts more or less numerous, of which some are said to mutter their tales of woe in the vernacular of the Pueblos, some in the liquid Castilian of Isabella, some in what a lively French ambassadress, wishing to flatter me, once called American English.

"The second door from the west end plaza front opens into a spacious passage; and does one seek a conference with his excellency, the governor of the territory, he must knock at the first left-hand door in the passage.

Back of the executive office is an extensive room provided with a small window and one interior entrance.

"The walls were grimy, the undressed boards of the floor rested flat upon the ground; the cedar rafters, rain-stained as those in the dining-hall of Cedric the Saxon, and overweighted by tons and tons of mud composing the roof, had the threatening downward curvature of a shipmate's cutlass. Nevertheless, in that cavernous chamber I wrote the eighth and last book of *Ben-Hur*.

"My custom when night came was to lock the doors and bolt the windows of the office proper, and with a student's-lamp, bury myself in the four soundless walls of the forbidding annex. Once there, at my rough pine table, the Count of Monte Cristo in his dungeon of stone was not more lost to the world.

"The ghosts, if they were ever about, did not disturb me; yet in the hush of that gloomy harborage I beheld the Crucifixion, and strove to write what I beheld.

"The name Ben-Hur was chosen because it is Biblical, and easily spelled, printed, and pronounced.

"As this article is in the nature of confessions, here is one which the reader may excuse, and at the same time accept as a fitting conclusion: Long before I was through with my book, I became a believer in God and Christ." [1]

Some years after his residence in Constantinople, General Wallace wrote:

"One of the advantages of my position was that it gave me an opportunity to visit Jerusalem and Judea, under the most favorable circumstances possible. Every door was thrown open, and every place of interest exhibited to the fullest extent possible by the authority of the sultan. Only four persons who were Christians had preceded me in being allowed inside the old mosque at Hebron, and

[1] "How I Came to Write *Ben-Hur*," by Lew Wallace, in *The Youths' Companion*, February 2, 1893.

they were the Prince of Wales and his two sons, and the present Emperor of Austria. I was permitted to pass through every part of that place of wonderful historic interest, except the Cave of Machpelah, which is entirely closed up, and at this point, as well as during my entire journey throughout Judea, I had every opportunity of testing the accuracy of the descriptions given in *Ben-Hur*. I started on foot from Bethany, proceeding over the exact route followed by my hero, walked to Mount Olivet, saw the rock at which the mother and sister waited for Christ to come and heal them of their leprosy. Then I went to the top of Olivet and saw the identical stone, as I thought, upon which my hero sat when he returned from the galley life. I went down into the old Valley of Kedron, and from the old well of Enrogel looked over the valley, and every feature of the scene appeared identical with the description of that which the hero of the story looked upon. At every point of the journey over which I traced his steps to Jerusalem, I found the descriptive details true to the existing objects and scenes, and I find no reason for making a single change in the text of the book."

XI

The manuscript of *Ben-Hur* — Letter from Garfield — The sales— Translations—Forgeries—Mahan—Library of St. Sophia.

When it was finally finished, General Wallace, accompanied by his wife, went to New York, where the manuscript of *Ben-Hur* was offered to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. After the arrangements had been made, which involves some delay, they published the book, November 12, 1880.

It was written in purple ink with fastidious care, every sentence wrought to the most perfect finish of which the author was capable. When Mr. Joseph Harper opened it, he said:

"This is the most beautiful manuscript that has ever come into this house. A bold experiment to make Christ a hero that has been often tried and always failed."

It was probably the last book read by President Garfield, and he sent the author the letter reproduced here:

General Wallace's commission as minister resident of the United States to Turkey was dated, "at the city of Washington, the nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifth." Across the left-hand corner is written *Ben-Hur*.

Mr. Harper believed that the book obtained for its writer his appointment to Constantinople.

"I called on Garfield one evening," he said, "and he

EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON April 19/81

Dear General

I have, this morning, finished reading "Ben-Hur" — and I must thank you for the pleasure it has given me —

The theme was difficult; but you have handled it with great delicacy and power.

Several of the scenes

such as the wise men in the desert — the sea fight, — the chariot race — will I am sure take a permanent and high place in literature

With this beautiful and reverent book you have lightened the burden of my daily life — and renewed our acquaintance which began at Shiloh —

Very Truly Your
J. A. Garfield

Gov. Lew Wallace
Santa Fe N.M.

came into the room with his finger between the pages, and asked:

"'Do you know anything about the composition of this book?'

"'I think I do,' I replied.

"'Well,' said Garfield, 'it has made a good impression on me. I offered Wallace a place in South America which he would not take. I think I will send him to Turkey in the place made vacant by Horace Maynard's death. *Ben-Hur* indicates that he can improve his opportunities in the East.'"

Mr. Harper remarked, in conclusion, "My observation of Garfield was that he liked to make appointments of his own suggestion."

For the first year of its existence the book showed no signs of its future popularity, nor did its sale improve much in the second year. Then it began to grow steadily, until now (1905) the sales are as great as ever.

It has never been issued in cheap form, fourteen different editions [and innumerable printings] having been published from time to time. It has been translated into German, French, Swedish, Bohemian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic, and has been printed in raised characters for the blind.

The Arabic translation was made by Rev. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyke, who lived in Syria fifty years, senior representative of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and who was acknowledged to be the greatest Arabic scholar in the world.

The first Italian translation, published in Modena in 1895, was made, with the sanction of the Church, by Alfonso Maria Galea.

A second appeared later, by Professor Henry Salvadori, honorary chaplain to his holiness Pope Leo XIII., introducing "various modifications of ideas into

the work in the interests of piety." Professor Salvadori received the blessing of the pope as a recognition of his work.

The success of *Ben-Hur* encouraged several bold plagiarists in their effort to take to themselves at least a portion of the honors which it achieved for its author. In February, 1891, a friend wrote to General Wallace from Denver:

"A short time ago a gentleman, Colonel B., from Montana, I believe, was visiting in this city. During a conversation with a friend of mine, he is reported to have made the assertion that he was an intimate friend of yours, and that he wrote the story of 'The Roman Chariot-Race' in *Ben-Hur*. I told my friend that I did not credit the statement fully, and would write to you for confirmation or denial. Your answer is awaited with considerable interest by several of Colonel B.'s friends here, as well as by myself."

The denial asked for was promptly furnished, and nothing more was heard of the claim of Colonel B., of the United States army.

The most important and daring pretension, however, was that of Rev. W. D. Mahan, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Booneville, Missouri, who incorporated the story of "The three Magi" in a book which bore his name on the title-page and was published at the author's expense.

He professed to have found the story in a Hebrew manuscript, which he discovered in the library of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople.

As his book did not appear until 1884, four years after the publication of *Ben-Hur*, his statement was at once questioned.

The attention of General Wallace was called to the

matter, and charges of fraud were brought against Mr. Mahan by his presbytery. In order to collect evidence for the formal trial that followed, certain questions were transmitted to General Wallace, who was then in Turkey. The substance of his reply, which was qualified, as requested, before a notary public, was as follows:

"The book *Ben-Hur* was not in whole or part founded upon a European translation of any such manuscript into European or other language. Previous to the writing and publication of *Ben-Hur* I had neither read, seen, nor heard of any manuscript Hebrew story found in Constantinople or elsewhere."

General Wallace said, further, that he knew nothing of the visit of Rev. W. D. Mahan to Constantinople in 1883, and that he had not given him permission to publish in his book that portion of *Ben-Hur* which relates to "The three Magi." No one attached to the United States legation in October, 1883, had any knowledge of the visit of Rev. Mr. Mahan; nor could any of the American missionaries in and about Constantinople, to whom General Wallace had spoken, recall at any time such a visitor to the capital, although few clergymen, especially those conducting such a research, seldom stopped in Constantinople without making themselves known at Robert College and the Bible House, the doors of which are always open to respectable people of whatever nationality.

Mr. Mahan also professed to have seen in the library one of the fifty copies of the Bible made by order of the Emperor Constantine, a parchment in Latin bearing the emperor's name, two and one-half by four feet, and two feet thick.

Of this assertion General Wallace said:

"If such a copy was there, I believe the sultan, ap-

prised of the fact, would have no disposition to keep it hidden away. In any event, it was of the highest importance that all the circumstances of the finding should be witnessed by people well known and of unquestionable character."

General Wallace received permission from the sultan to visit the library in company with a member of the imperial board of censors, President Washburn of Robert College, Dr. Riggs, Dr. Long, and Professor Grosvenor of the faculty, Pangeris Bey, an aide-de-camp of the sultan, and a distinguished translator, and Mr. Gargiulo, the dragoman of the American legation.

When the visit was paid all were present except President Washburn, Professor Grosvenor, and Dr. Riggs. A diligent search was made, and no book answering to the description given by Mr. Mahan was found, nor was there any trace of Hebrew manuscript in whole or in part, relating to the story of the Magi.

Zia Bey, the librarian, assured General Wallace that he had been in charge of the library for thirty years, and it contained no such manuscripts as Mr. Mahan professed to have seen.

General Wallace said that, to the best of his recollection, the books and manuscripts were almost all in Turkish and Arabic, but he recalled a Bible in Greek of ordinary size, printed at Leyden, with a copy of the psalms in Latin and Greek, on parchment.

In his corroboration, Dr. Albert A. S. Long wrote to General Wallace:

"No one, I think, who is familiar with men of his race, faith, and position, could have any doubt of the sincerity of the librarian, Zia Bey, in his statements disclaiming all knowledge of such books as those described by him. I may be allowed, also, to say that the description of the

volume as given by your American correspondent is such as to cause me greatly to wonder why the fortunate discoverer of such rare archæological and paleographical treasure has failed to report the same to the American Oriental Society, or to some other learned society, who would be delighted to receive any well-authenticated account of discovery throwing light upon so many disputed points."

"The librarian also certified that except those named by General Wallace, all the books in the library were in Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages; and that during his thirty years' incumbency, but three or four parties, besides that of General Wallace, had visited the library, of whom he recalled the Emperor of Austria and the Empress Eugénie.

"Mr. Mahan was charged with unchristian and unministerial conduct, falsehood, and fraud. By some strange method of reasoning he was exonerated from accusations of falsehood, but, all the other charges being sustained, he was suspended from the ministry for one year.

Shortly after President Garfield's inauguration, General Wallace wrote to him, finally declining, however, the reappointment which was offered him. The letter was as follows:

"*March* 9, 1881.

"*His Excellency, President Garfield:*

"Sir,—The newspapers report quite a number of gentlemen from different sections of the Union as applicants for the office of governor of New Mexico. It may serve your policy, not to speak of your personal preferences, to appoint one of them in my place. To leave you perfectly free to do so, I respectfully offer my resignation, remarking that if it should be your pleasure to continue me in the office, I will do my best, as heretofore, to discharge its duties satisfactorily.

"It may be proper to say in explanation, and speaking from experience, that whoever your appointee may be, the conditions of the territory are so peculiar that his ad-

ministration cannot be successful without some affirmative act in assurance to the public of your confidence in him, and your determination to give him your hearty support.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your friend and servant,

"LEW WALLACE, Governor New Mexico."

He was subsequently tendered the mission to Turkey, which he accepted.

XII

Letters relating to *Ben-Hur:* Paul H. Hayne—Dufferin—W. W. Story—F. Marion Crawford—General C. P. Stone—Priest's letter.

PAUL H. HAYNE TO GENERAL WALLACE

"COPSE HILL, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, *December* 2, 1880.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I did not think that the man lived in America who could have written such a book as *Ben-Hur*.

"It is, *me judice*, a noble and very powerful prose poem. A work which must be placed on the same shelf with Kingsley's *Hypatia*. What can I say more in its commendation?

"Pages in it have thrilled me through and through, while I remark that never on any occasion have you sunk below the dignity of your majestic theme.

"What may be termed the prologue to the moving drama—the description, namely, of the manner in which the 'Three Wise Men' were called to visit the sacred city and recognize the infant Redeemer—is singularly beautiful, pathetic, and, I may add, original.

"Ben-Hur's misfortunes, and the disappearance of his family, and the grand sea-fight and its results, struck me especially; yet beyond these even I appreciate the wonderful reserve of power exhibited in your introduction of the young Christ, where he gives the poor prisoner of the Roman water to refresh him by the road-side.

"Simple, straightforward, but eloquent, your narrative carries one irresistibly along from the impressive opening to the no less impressive *dénoucment;* and, moreover, there are episodes in it full of significance and instruction. For

example, I am glad that a scholar like yourself should confirm an opinion I have long held, and maintained against odds, to the effect that the unspeakable corruption of Roman morals during the latter years of the empire did *not* originate in Rome herself, but rather in the East—that corrupt and fast-decaying Orient which subtly revenged itself upon the Roman vanquisher by lapping him in luxury and filling his veins with sensual poison. . . ."

"SATURDAY, *December* 4th.

"Since writing the above, I have reread the latter half of your tale, and its effect (as always happens in the case of any genuine work of art) has been intensified by examination and analysis.

"Your picture of the chariot-race at Antioch, where Ben-Hur gains the advantage over Messala, is so vivid and stirring that, 'by the splendor of Solomon,' as your Sheik Ilderim would exclaim, it is almost enough to make an old man young. But perhaps the master-scene of the book occurs in that chapter which describes the disentombing of Ben-Hur's mother and sister, and their midnight visit to their old home in Jerusalem.

"The blended horror and pathos of this *tremendous* encounter—for what other adjective can be used?—this meeting, after the lapse of a decade, between the members of a desolated household, where passionate affection must be stifled, and the loving women pass like ghosts or shadows by the form of the unconscious son and brother, are indeed inexpressible, and would, if embodied in some great painting, electrify all observers of sensibility, and take its place among the immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* of the pencil.

"I write with enthusiasm, because I feel deeply the unusual excellence of your production; nor can I fail to perceive how conscientiously you have worked up all its details. I have learned more (among other things) of the minutiæ of the discipline in the Roman navy from your narrative of the sea-fight, and conquest of the pirate fleet,

than ever I could gather from the lumbering prosiness of orthodox historians.

"Of course, in the ordinary sense of the term, *Ben-Hur* is not likely to become 'popular,' but by scholars and thinkers of every conceivable grade this singularly graphic performance must be cherished.

"It is an honor to its author, an honor to American literature in one of the purest and highest departments of art.

"You have published a previous work, I see, called *The Fair God*. May I learn from you (if you do me the favor of acknowledging the present letter) where I can procure this book?

"Meanwhile, with renewal of congratulations upon your successful accomplishment of a great and difficult task, and thanks for the hours of intense enjoyment derived from it, pray believe me,

"Faithfully yours,

"PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE."

GENERAL LEW WALLACE TO PAUL H. HAYNE

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, *January* 19, 1881.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter, with its good things so pleasantly said, chased me from Santa Fé to Washington, and from Washington to this place; and I avail myself of the first leisure moment to acknowledge it.

"I hope you will allow me to be candid. Many flattering letters have reached me, *Ben-Hur* the subject; somehow, though the reason for it is a trifle obscure, the one bearing your signature has given me as much pleasure as any of the others.

"It was a surprise. In thinking over the question, familiar doubtless to you as it is to every writer—the question everlastingly thrusting itself in the intervals between paragraphs and verses, *who will read my work when it is done?* it never occurred to me that it would find favor in the South; much more that *you*, admittedly the singer

of the South, personally a stranger to me, would put yourself to such trouble, and write me a paper so long, so plainly spontaneous, so enthusiastic. Not merely a surprise, it is a most agreeable surprise.

"I thank you, among other things, that you caught the idea underlying the First Book of the volume. It was designed to be a kind of prologue, in which old Balthasar and the Christ might be crystallized, and the *tone* of all that comes after indicated—doing for the book what the symphony does for music.

"That thought of such a work has visited minds far more capable than mine cannot be doubted. Many and many a time the birth of the Christ as an incident and the Crucifixion as a catastrophe have passed weirdlike through goodly brains hot with the labor of invention; but dismissed because of one point of incurable trouble—what was to be done with the thirty years of silence, but once broken, between the beautiful beginning and the terrible ending? That, I own, gave me infinite perplexity, until at last I resolved to fill it with accessory incidents which should tend to give the reader an idea of the moral, social, and political condition of the world at that period; out of which shrewd minds might evolve one of the most powerful arguments for the divinity of Christ—evolve it, I say, for it would not do to say plainly that such was the object—*viz.*, that mankind in its organizations and ideas of all sorts was so debased as to be past salvation except by direct interposition of the Almighty. That idea gave me coherence and opportunity and rest in labor. *It made the book possible.*

"But I beg your pardon. I sat down to say in simplest phrase, 'Thank you for your letter.' If I have given way to egotism, bear with me; you have provoked it. Had you been less a poet well known to us here in the Northwest, I should not have been lured into the mistake.

"You are also kind enough to allude to my first venture in the literary field. I mean *The Fair God.* I have taken the liberty to order a copy of it to be sent you from

the publishers. Let me hope you will accept it; let me further hope you will find time and pleasure to write me again, and often.

"With renewal of my sincere thanks, I am most truly your friend, LEW WALLACE."

FROM LORD DUFFERIN

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 19, 1882.

"MY DEAR GENERAL WALLACE,—I sat up the night before last to finish your beautiful book, and I assure you I find it difficult to express my admiration of it. It is wonderful how you have interwoven the sacred elements of the story with the human interest, without producing any sense of incongruity, or wounding the reverential sensitiveness of the reader. All your characters live, and one takes the deepest interest in their fortunes. The spectacular descriptions are full of color, light, and exhilaration, and you have succeeded in introducing the gorgeousness of Eastern coloring with admirable force.

"Portions of the story are most affecting; and the sea-fight and the chariot-race are wonderfully dramatic. In fact, from beginning to end I read it with breathless interest and delight, and I can quite understand your having received the thanks of those whom you have aided to realize, more acutely than their own feeble imaginations enabled them to do, the heart-breaking incidents of the Crucifixion.

"It is with the utmost sincerity that I congratulate you on your great achievement.

"Believe me, my dear General Wallace,

"Yours very sincerely,

"DUFFERIN."

GENERAL WALLACE TO LORD DUFFERIN

"*April* 20, 1882.

"MY DEAR LORD DUFFERIN,—I could not help being delighted with the note you were good enough to send me yesterday, with remarks upon my *Ben-Hur*.

"Such praise is, after all, the incentive and true reward of a writer, and with all my heart I thank you for it; and none the less because in this instance it comes from one himself distinguished in the world of letters.

"Very truly your much obliged friend and servant,

"LEW WALLACE.

"*Earl Dufferin, British Ambassador.*"

W. W. STORY TO MRS. SUSAN E. WALLACE

"PALAZZO BARBERINI, ROME, *February* 15, 1884.

"MY DEAR MRS. BEN-HUR,—I was very much touched by your kind remembrance of me, and ought long ago to have thanked you, as I do now most heartily, for the handsome *Kifyah* which you were so good as to send me. It was a great surprise as well as a great pleasure to receive such a token of your kindly feeling towards us.

"My excuse for not writing before is simply this. I wanted first to read *Ben-Hur*, so as to be able to say something about it. But, with the thousand interruptions to which our evening life is subject, it was not easy to find a series of evenings which we could devote to the reading, and, as all were anxious to hear it, we determined to read aloud and enjoy it together. This, at last, we have done, my wife and I alternately reading to each other; and what do we say, now that we have finished the last page with deep regret to come to the end? We all agree that it is a most remarkable book; of deep and sustained interest, vivid to an extraordinary degree, full of life and character and power. Throughout it is masterly, and there are passages and scenes which stir one's blood like the sound of the trumpet. The galley life, the naval fight with the pirates, the race in the circus are so full of fire and life that we seem to have been there as spectators or actors. I cannot imagine how General Wallace could have created them, without ever having personally visited and been familiar with the life and scenery in the East. It seems almost impossible. There is no smell of books, no cram (to speak

slang) in any of it. The characters are admirably drawn, and are constantly consistent, and the entire book has left a deep impression on my mind. It ought to have a very great public success, and I hope it has. If it has not, then it has been badly mismanaged by the publishers. You must not think that, in saying this, I am simply wishing to say what is pleasant. I speak the truth according to my own feeling and judgment.

"We remember our only too brief intercourse with you and your husband with great pleasure, and only wish that it could have been prolonged. Some time let us hope that we may again see you here or elsewhere (but better here) for a longer time.

"With our united kind regards to you and General Wallace, I am, yours most faithfully,

"W. W. Story."

FROM GENERAL C. P. STONE

(Regarding *The Fair God.*)

"Florence, *February* 2, 1883.

"My dear General,—You see I am on the wing to get back and breathe the air of my mountains. But I fold my wings for the moment to express to you my gratitude for the pleasant hours I have passed in reading your admirable *Fair God.*

"I can truly say that never have I read with more pleasure a work of fiction. Mexico has been for me a land of delight for many long years; and there is no work on the conquest which I have heard of which I have not read —many works of romance have I read, too. But no one before you has approached my imagination of the Aztecs and their conquerors. You have filled my idea. I admire you and thank you for it.

"Your beautiful book arrived just as we were in the midst of our packing up to leave Egypt. My family left three or four days before I did, and sailed for Palmero, while I came to Brindisi and thence to Rome. There my family joined me, and we came back here together. I have

installed them on the banks of the Arno, to pass three months, so that they may avoid the winter passage of the Atlantic, but I shall make haste to get to the only good land, and then prepare for their reception.

"Just before leaving Egypt I had quite a long and interesting interview with Lord Dufferin, and it gave me sincere pleasure to listen to his appreciation of you and your course as American representative, and as a *man*.

"May good success and great prosperity go with you, my dear general.

"Please present my wife and myself most kindly to Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Lane, and believe me,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"C. P. Stone."

FROM F. MARION CRAWFORD

"Palazzo Altemps, Rome, *January* 25, 1884.

"My dear Sir,—When I last saw you at our door, and you laughingly suggested to me a journey to Constantinople, I little dreamed that the idea was likely to be realized. Now, however, it is more than probable that before three weeks have passed I shall be in Ionian waters, on my way to the Bosporus. I do not understand the strong impulse that drives me there, nor am I superstitiously inclined, and believe a hidden influence is brought to bear upon me by astral shapes, black magic, or bogies generally, but I cannot find courage to say 'no' to my inspiration. Moreover, in a few days I shall have finished my 'Winter's Tale,' and shall be free as the wind which bloweth hither and thither as it listeth, and no man can tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

"I will say this, however, that an attraction, and a very great one, too, lies in the prospect of meeting and knowing better the author of *Ben-Hur*. Had I been able to talk with you when you were here, I could have told you of sleepless nights spent in New York, two years ago, in reading and rereading the marvellous description of the chariot-race, and the many wonderful passages of vivid interest

you have so skilfully woven in those most fascinating pages.

"I need rest and sunshine warmer than this, and perhaps change, but for days the name Constantinople has been ringing in my ears, and I am determined to follow the instinctive prompting that calls me there.

"I write this by way of a foretaste to myself of the pleasure in store for me in meeting you so soon again; and in that most pleasant hope, I am, my dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"*His Excellency, General Wallace.*"

It was not alone the author of *Ben-Hur* who drew the "Roman Singer" to Constantinople as by subtle magnetism. He met there the beautiful Elizabeth Berdan, who became his wife.

The following letter was written by a Roman Catholic priest to a personal friend, and as it was not intended for publication, the names are withheld. It was sent to Mrs. Wallace, with the subjoined note:

"This hasty line is only for the purpose of asking you to read the enclosed letter. That a Catholic priest should make *Ben-Hur* the subject of confessional counsel is noteworthy and significant. There could be no higher word on the side of spirit. May God bless and keep you prays

"C. C."

The accompanying letter reads:

"DEAR MISS C.,—If I had known that my card was to reach the author's eyes, I should gladly have written further expression of the profound admiration I have ever held for his wonderful creation, which I have always found my most inspiring spiritual reading at Christmas-tide. During the play, when I felt the audience becoming a worshipful congregation under the influence of Christ's story,

I adverted for the first time to the immense missionary work *Ben-Hur* has done. I am sure the author will receive the blessing of the Master of the Harvest for the countless souls his labor has garnered. I have frequently, since Christmas night, recommended my penitents to go to the play.

"Oh, if we, all of us, might only keep its lesson in our hearts."

XIII

Friendly relations with the sultan—Release of Greek prisoners—Cleveland's election and General Wallace's resignation—Last interview with the sultan—Acceptance of a decoration—The parting gift to the sultan—*The Prince of India.*

FROM PROFESSOR E. B. GROSVENOR TO FRIENDS IN AMERICA

"In August, 1881, General Wallace was to be received in solemn audience by the sultan, for the formal presentation of his credentials as minister of the United States to the Sublime Porte. He did me the honor of inviting me to accompany him as a member of his suite on that important and interesting occasion. He also extended a like invitation to the Hon. S. S. Cox, member of Congress, and chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs, at that time visiting Constantinople, where four years later he was to become minister himself. The invitation afforded a rare privilege, and in both cases was accepted with delight.

"General and Mrs. Wallace were passing the summer at Therapia, a village on the European side of the Bosporus, nearly twelve miles north of the sultan's palace at Dolma Baghtche, and not far from the mouth of the Black Sea. My home was at Roumeli Hissar, about half-way between Therapia and the palace. There General Wallace had kindly proposed to stop as he descended the Bosporus in the state caique.

"The weather was never more ideal, even in the balmy East, than on the appointed day. The Bosporus, the most beautiful and the most wonderful stream on earth, was never lovelier and more entrancing than when I gazed

across it northward at the approaching caique. The graceful craft, snow-white save for a narrow band of gold, came on like a bird. It glided over rather than through the waves. The oars of the ten caiquedjis rose and fell in perfect unison. Even in the distance could be discerned, floating from above the prow and gladdening the eye, the stars and stripes. Soon the great golden eagle with wings outspread over the bow became distinct. Then the caiquedjis stood out in Oriental picturesqueness, men of statuesque physique, their crimson fezes and voluminous white *shelvars* and tiny scarlet jackets, gold-embroidered, combining in gorgeous effect. At the prow, still more bedizened in gilt lace and Turkish uniform, stood Mehmet, chief *cavass* of the American legation, himself a Moslem and a soldier, appointed by the Ottoman government thirty years before to watch over the person of each American envoy, and always faithfully and devotedly fulfilling his trust.

"Upon cushions at the stern sat General Wallace, and with him Mr. Cox, Consul-General Heap, and Mr. Bigelow, marshal of the American legation.

"Quickly the landing-place of the palace was reached. Here Ibrahim Bey, one of the imperial chamberlains, was waiting to receive General Wallace in behalf of the sultan. Also waiting, and to form part of the suite, were several consuls and vice-consuls, and, still more essential, Gargiulo, first dragoman, or interpreter, polyglot linguist, experienced and wise counsellor of all the American ministers since 1873.

"General Wallace, followed by his suite, was conducted to a spacious room in the Dolma Baghtche palace, where he was to be served with coffee and cigarettes, and to remain until court carriages arrived. The presentation was to take place not there but at Yildiz Kiosk, the Mansion of the Star, a plain though stately edifice, his majesty's favorite residence, situated on the summit of a commanding hill about a mile distant.

"Five minutes passed, possibly ten, but of the carriages

not a sign. And now was afforded an instance of that quick grasp of a situation, and of that promptitude to act which were to render General Wallace's diplomatic career in Turkey a remarkable success. He knew that almost all the arrogant customs, devised centuries ago, when the Turk was strong, to humiliate a foreign envoy, and through him the sovereign whom that envoy represented, had been discontinued in these later days of Turkish weakness. He knew that one such custom survived, inasmuch as newly accredited envoys were compelled, after arrival for their first audience, to wait until it was the good pleasure of the Turk that their waiting should end. Calmly, in his ordinary tone, General Wallace said to Mr. Gargiulo, 'Please say to his excellency, Ibrahim Bey, that I wish to know why the carriages are not here.' The message was given. 'They are coming,' replied Ibrahim Bey, astonished and confused. 'They are coming.' A moment later General Wallace remarked, 'Please say to his excellency that I do not wish to wait.' 'But they are here! They are here!' exclaimed the chamberlain. At once he led the way to the court-yard where the carriages stood. There they had probably been a long time standing, and there, had the new minister been a man less apt, they would assuredly have stood much longer.

"Thirty mounted *zaptiehs*, their guns pointed to the front, right, and left, galloped in advance as a guard of honor. Upon another impetuous steed towered the bulky form of the *cavass*, Mehmet. Then came the ponderous carriage in which rode General Wallace, attended by Mr. Gargiulo. In the next carriage, elaborate but less imposing, were Mr. Heap, Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Cox, and myself. Two other carriages followed with the rest of the retinue. A score of mounted *zaptiehs* brought up the rear. Up the hill the procession clattered at topmost speed, as if in apology for the attempted preliminary delay. At the gateway of Yildiz Kiosk the *zaptiehs* parted to form two lines, one on each side of the road. The massive gates swung open and clanged together after the admission of

the minister and his suite, the guard of honor being left outside. Another escort, a detachment of the sultan's private guard, walked slowly and sedately on the right and left, and at an almost funereal pace the procession moved to the main doorway of the kiosk.

"General Wallace and suite were at once ushered into the large but simple reception-room on the left. There the grand dignitaries of the empire waited to welcome the new minister. Among them were Osman Pasha, minister of war, short, broad-shouldered, swarthy, muscular, with whose praises Europe still rang because of his stubborn defence of Plevna; Assim Pasha, minister of foreign affairs; Osman Bey, first chamberlain of the imperial house, and Munir Pasha, an elegant gentleman, grand master of ceremonies. Nubian slaves brought in cigarettes and coffee. The coffee was served in tiny porcelain cups of almost fabulous lightness and beauty. The cups rested in *zarfs*, or holders, of solid gold, thickly encrusted with diamonds. Meanwhile the conversation was general and informal.

"In a few minutes the second chamberlain entered to announce that his majesty was ready. All the Turkish dignitaries at once withdrew except the minister of foreign affairs and the grand master of ceremonies. These latter officials remained to lead the procession to the audience. Behind them walked General Wallace and Mr. Gargiulo, then the suite two by two. After ascending a wide, winding stairway, at the moment we reached the broad platform above, great folding-doors in front were noiselessly thrown open, and we found ourselves at the entrance of the vast and splendid audience-chamber. This is sometimes called the throne-room, but in it was no throne or seat of any sort. On our left, lined against the wall in attitude of abject humility, one hand upon the sword which was thrust behind and one hand upon the breast, were most of the dignitaries whom we had met below.

"Opposite, at the farther end of the room, stood a slight gentleman of medium height, wearing no ornament or

decoration of any kind, dressed throughout in European costume save that upon his head rested the monotonous invariable crimson fez. Later on we were to remark the deathlike pallor of his face, the thinness of his lips, and his air of melancholy, almost dejection. This man, refined, unpretentious, almost shrinking, was his imperial majesty, Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan II., the thirty-fourth sabre-girded sultan, and the twenty-first in direct descent from Sultan Osman Khan I., the founder of his house.

"Assim Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, and Munir Pasha, the grand master of ceremonies, took their position facing us on the sultan's left, the grand master a little to the rear. General Wallace, Mr. Gargiulo on his right, advanced to within a few yards of the sultan, the minister and suite making a deep bow, to which the sultan responded.

"Assim Pasha was not blessed with a musical voice. In an attempted whisper resembling the croak of a raven, he stated to his imperial master in a few Turkish words the reason of General Wallace's presence. In low, faint, almost inaudible tones, the sultan replied, expressing his pleasure at meeting General Wallace and his interest in the United States. This reply Assim Pasha repeated in Turkish to Mr. Gargiulo, who repeated the same in English to General Wallace. And thus the sentences journeyed from sultan to minister and from minister to sultan, every sentence transmitted by two intermediaries. General Wallace then asked permission to present individually each member of his suite, which permission his majesty graciously accorded. Thus far everything had proceeded according to the prescribed programme, each word having been submitted and approved prior to the audience. Then followed a brief, less formal conversation between the sultan and the American minister.

"During the audience, it was my good-fortune to stand next to General Wallace, directly behind him. As I looked upon that martial figure, clad in the uniform of a major-general of the United States, splendidly erect, his head not bowed—so dignified, so composed, so manly—the one

absorbing sentiment in my heart was pride—pride in him as the representative of our country, and pride in the country which can produce and send forth such sons.

"The interview seemed drawing to its end. 'And now,' said General Wallace to Mr. Gargiulo, 'say to his imperial majesty that as representative of the American people I desire to take his majesty's hand.' This was a proposition unheard of and almost inconceivable. The Turks do not shake hands even with one another. For a foreigner, a Christian, a *giaour*, though an accredited envoy, to aspire to touch the hand of the padishah, would, in the mind of the orthodox Moslem believer, seem sacrilegious presumption. 'But—' hesitated Mr. Gargiulo. 'Say it,' insisted General Wallace. To the thunderstricken Assim Pasha was repeated what General Wallace had said. Assim Pasha remained dumb. 'What is it? What does his excellency say,' asked the sultan, who observed something unusual had occurred. With a protesting circumlocution, impossible to render in the English language, Assim Pasha, almost prostrate at his master's feet, conveyed the audacious request. For a second the sultan appeared equally perplexed. Then suddenly, with the faintest glimmer of a smile on his pallid face, he stepped forward, and the two hands met!

"A few words more, and the interview was over. The general and his party were again escorted to the reception-room below. There speedily reassembled all the dignitaries who had witnessed the presentation. Once more coffee was served in the marvellous cups. But in the social atmosphere a new element had entered, invisible, but felt. It made itself recognized in the furtive and bewildered glances which those exalted minions of an Oriental system cast upon the strange man from the West, who had overridden tradition, and as an equal had pressed their sovereign's hand.

"The minister was to hold many more interviews with the sultan. But in that first interview he had impressed his virile personality upon Abdul Hamid.

"The second interview occurred a few weeks later. At its conclusion the sultan remarked to his most intimate confidant, 'I believe that American is an honest man'—*doghru adam dir.* But the English word honest only partially indicates all the virtues that an Oriental crowds into the Turkish word *doghru*, with which the sultan had dubbed him. Because of this early recognition of his integrity and sagacity, General Wallace, during his four years' residence in Constantinople, exerted a personal influence upon the sultan such as no envoy of any foreign nation had exerted before, and such as no envoy has exerted since. Because of it, he was enabled effectually to guard all the varied interests of his fellow-countrymen in the East."

Life in Constantinople is described in the following letters:

TO SUSAN E. WALLACE

"HOTEL LUXEMBURG, CONSTANTINOPLE, *December*, 1881.

"As I am now pretty well, I may tell that I have been in bed six days and nights, the effect entirely of cold caught on the Danube, and the long term following during which I had no earthly chance to take care of myself. The lumbago was nothing but the old bone-ache premonitory of intermittent fever. Richard's himself again.

"If I had not suffered so much I could afford to laugh over one of my mishaps. At London, at Berlin, and Vienna, I was told that there is no quarantine against passengers from Varna. At Varna, nobody knew how the matter stood. I telegraphed the consul, and he replied, 'Ten days quarantine at Kavak.' A pretty state of affairs truly! The very thing I had gone through northern Europe to avoid. There was no help for it then. At Kavak, sure enough, the steamer dropped anchor for ten days. I did not despair. Mr. Gargiulo, the dragoman, met me in the morning early, and I sent him to Yildiz to inform the sultan of my arrival and imprisonment. So, the morning of

the fifth day, the quarantine was raised by imperial order; the ships and steamers waiting—a goodly company—lifted anchors and hurried towards the city.

"Hardly was I settled in a chair, before an aide-de-camp of the sultan presented himself, with his majesty's compliments, and requested me to come to the palace. Sick and wretched as I was, I must go, for a royal request is a command. What misery I endured in the three hours of private audience in the little kiosk! In full uniform, I thought my sword-belt weighed a thousand pounds and would kill me. Then it was so cold. The sultan might wear his furs, but I could not put on an overcoat. I thought of the Spartan boy who stole the fox, while I smiled away in regulation urbanity.

"From Yildiz I went to bed, and sent for the doctor.

"Weather wonderfully fine, like early June with us."

TO WILLIAM WALLACE

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *January* 10, 1882.

"I am getting on pretty well here. As you know, every American is supposed to be equal to any office, or rather the requirements of every position; but to me diplomacy was a new business and to be learned *ab initio*. I do not believe men are born to anything; art, poetry, oratory, the counting of money—mastery comes only by long study and practice. And I have acted on my belief in this matter and have tried to profit by the mistakes of others.

"The sultan is very friendly. He sent, a few days ago, to inquire if I was fond of riding, and to ask if I would accept the present of a horse. This in addition to his offer, in writing, of a decoration (enclosed find translation) I refused, declining all except his portrait, in oil, life-size, and the pardon of eight poor Greeks who are reported sick and in prison, dying here in Constantinople. Their offence was hooting and groaning at some other Greeks whom they saw marching in a column of Turkish soldiery. I have not heard his majesty's answer to the last request. The por-

trait he will send, so he promises, as soon as he can have it taken.

"Here is the letter, originally in French:

"YILDIZ, *December* 5, 1881.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I wish to inform you that in testimony of his sentiments of esteem and high consideration, and in the hope of giving expression of his desire of strengthening the ties between his government and that of the United States, his majesty has the intention of conferring on you the First Class of his Order Imperial *Medjiedie*.

"In congratulating you on the sympathy that you have known how to inspire in my august sovereign, I have the honor, Monsieur le Ministre, to seize this occasion of expressing the assurance of my very distinguished consideration. (Signed) MUNIR BEY,

"First Dragoman of His Imperial Majesty,
"Sultan Abdul Hamid."

Our wise law forbidding acceptance of valuable gifts obliged General Wallace to decline the order. A copy of *Ben-Hur*, handsomely bound, was sent to the palace, with this inscription:

"*To His Imperial Majesty, Sultan Abdul Hamid,*

"This volume is, with his permission, respectfully presented. And I pray to make known to him the admiration I have come to have for him as a monarch who nobly defends his sovereignty, and at the same time proves his enlightened love for his people, by founding schools, by patronizing learning, and, not least, by a wise toleration of religious opinion throughout his empire.

"LEW WALLACE."

The petition for the liberation of the eight Greek prisoners was granted, but by some mistake the wrong men were released, as will be seen by the following ex-

tract from a letter of Mr. Thomas Ath Pasquides, dated October 12, 1882, addressed to Mrs. Hill, American teacher in Athens:

"Concerning the release of some gentlemen of Janina (Epirus) from Constantinople prisons, the starry son of America heard favorably, and granted my prayer. General Wallace, the plenipotentiary minister, succeeded so well as to have an imperial ordinance issued on September 14th, the advertisement of which was also inserted in the *Times* on the 16th. But the ministry of Turkey, instead of releasing the imprisoned Epirotes, some of them sick and under treatment, caused others to be released, and the unhappy Epirotes still remain in prison. They rejoice, to be sure, at hearing that their brothers of Macedonia and Syria, who had been thrown into prison on the same day with the Epirotes, obtained their liberty.

"After this recital I solicit the respected Mrs. Hill to be so good, if possible, to address to the Hon. General Wallace, minister plenipotentiary for the United States of America, a few words and recommend him to speed the issue of a new imperial ordinance especially for the sick prisoners of Janina.

"God grant and repay it to her. Asking your pardon for the trouble, I remain always

"Your most obedient servant,

"T. A. Pasquides,

"Member of the Delegation from Janina."

After consultation with officials, the mistake as to the names of the prisoners was righted by allowing the release ordered to stand, and another imperial rescript was issued directing the liberation of the other eight also. Sixteen men rejoiced in deliverance from dungeons, where they might have died unknown had not a happy chance opened the way of escape.

In testimony of their gratitude, New Year's Day,

1883, General Wallace received a curious present of wood-carving, with a poem from the liberated Greeks.

"*February* 3, 1885.

"I have been to a crush ball at the Greek minister's fancy dress, and it was really beautiful. The costumes were striking and elegant, the maskers sustaining their parts well. I have never seen anything more brilliant.

"In my interview with the sultan the day I arrived, he remarked, 'The election in your country did not turn out as we hoped.' I replied, 'No, your majesty, and I am sorry for it.' He then asked, 'Are you to remain with us after the new president comes in?' I answered, 'No. There is a custom which has the force of law requiring me to resign my commission.' His face brightened, and he said, 'Well, why not, when you leave the service with your own country, take service with me?' I saw he was in deep earnest, and that I must be very cautious in reply. 'I feel very much, your majesty, the high compliment you pay me; you could not offer stronger proof of your confidence and good-will; but I cannot afford to accept your offer.' He then asked some questions of the interpreter about my salary, and, being answered, turned to me, and said, 'I will make you ambassador to Paris or London.' At this it was time to be decided, and I replied: 'I am a thousand times obliged to your majesty, but, admitting the overture is made in good faith, it will not be possible for me to avail myself of it, unless your majesty can see the way clear to give me opportunity to serve your interests in my own country. There it would be agreeable to me, and would not interfere with other business I have in mind.' He took the answer evidently as a declination, and said: 'Very well. I will write and ask President Cleveland to permit you to remain here as representative of your government through his administration.'

"'That would be a great compliment, and shows your majesty's good feeling towards me, but the custom of which I spoke is imperative. If I remain as minister under Presi-

dent Cleveland, I should be forever trying to explain to my party why I did so.' After I went out of the kiosk, the sultan called back the interpreter, and asked him privately if he thought I was serious in objecting to his proposed petition to the new president. Gargiulo replied that he thought I was, as he had heard me say several times that I could not stay in office under a new administration. Since that time I have heard nothing further on the subject, which may be considered at an end.

"Turning to something more pleasant, I have a letter from the Harpers reminding me that I am to write the Christmas article for their magazine next year. They want an outline of the proposed article now, in order to put their artists at work at once, the intention being to illustrate it in the highest style of the art by the best designers. I have answered accordingly, and my synopsis is in preparation, but it is slow work, owing chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining authorities here. If I were at home there would be no trouble at all, as I have at hand there the books of reference needed. Fortunately the paper will be an imaginative character, involving the Mother, the Divine Child, and Joseph—of which more hereafter.

"My good friends the missionaries have been in, and other visitors have filled the day."

LEWIS WALLACE TO SUSAN E. WALLACE

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *March* 3, 1885.

"Look sharp at that date; it is correct. To be sure of it I have just looked at the Longfellow Calendar, which hangs above my head, a present from and reminder of Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The hour is now just half after nine o'clock; five minutes after noon the day will go treading harder and harder on the heels of to-morrow, and to-morrow will be March 4th! At ten o'clock to-morrow I shall send out a telegram, of which this will be a copy, and you may record it in your book of remembrance—'Secretary of State, Washington,—The president will please con-

GENERAL WALLACE'S STUDY

sider my resignation tendered.—Wallace.' As there is no doubt of its acceptance, we may as well regard the curtain rung down on this act of my life. I have tried many things in course of the drama—the law, soldiering, politics, authorship, and, lastly, diplomacy—and if I may pass judgment upon the success achieved in each, it seems now that when I sit down finally in the old man's gown and slippers, helping the cat to keep the fireplace warm, I shall look back upon *Ben-Hur* as my best performance, and this mission near the sultan as the next best.

"If any looker-on of the play should ask whether in my secret heart I regret giving up the office, I answer, 'No, I have seen all there is of it; I have tasted its sweetness; I have squeezed out all its honor; my successor is now welcome to it, and the sooner he comes to let me off, the better I shall be pleased.' There is my answer, candidly spoken, and it has full sanction of my judgment.

"Well, what next?

"Four years ago that would have been a solemn question. It is not nearly so serious to-day. I am not now to be driven to the law again, that most detestable of human occupations. I look for better employment.

"Am I going home to idleness? No, no. My feet and hands may be still, not so the mind—that has its aspirations yet, and it will work, for it has a law unto itself. Idleness is one thing, doing is another. What I will do must be decided when I reach home. I know what I should love to do—to build a study; to write, and to think of nothing else. I want to bury myself in a den of books. I want to saturate myself with the elements of which they are made, and breathe their atmosphere until I am of it. Not a book-worm, being which is to give off no utterances; but a man in the world of writing—one with a pen which shall stop men to listen to it, whether they wish to or not. It has come to pass that writing is activity which makes a noise like the galloping of many horses. There are pens which give the sound of locomotives, and, hearing them in the distances, society waits for them impatiently. Such

a pen is what I want. Can I attain it? I believe so. It is my final ambition, anyhow, and, whether I do so or not, the opportunity is partly mine, and perhaps the battle half-fought when so much is won. I have letters from publishers on both sides of the sea, and so, may the end of life be swift or slow, I may be found at this work. Into such pleasant life but one hurt—the old wound at Shiloh.

"Soon as the new secretary arrives, I shall begin preparation for home; by which I mean getting a lecture on Turkey started, some pictures of Prince's Islands for a magazine article, and photographs of the fountains of Stamboul for another article—all to be written under the beech-trees.

"My return will be by steamer to Naples or Trieste. I shall never be caught in Europe between Vienna and Varna again. At Rome I shall arrange for *Il Pensiero*, which I must have for the ideal study. The cholera only will change my programme."

"*March* 10, 1885.

"March 4th has come and gone. We have a new president. The newspapers of this city noticed the event, and gave exactly seven lines to the revolution as our English cousins call it. See how important our influence is! What incense to our national vanity! I did not forget the fact. At twelve o'clock, March 4th, according to my Santa Fé nickel chronometer, the regulator of the world's time, I sent John to the telegraph office with the telegram, 'The president will please consider my resignation respectfully tendered.' At this date I have no answer. Nor was one to be expected so soon. In the hurly-burly, and swash of the waves of office-seekers around the White House, what is the mission to Constantinople?

"I have heard of two applicants for this place, and presume the two will now be multiplied many times. I have been deeply gratified by the action of our missionaries in Turkey. They have forwarded a memorial for presentation to Mr. Cleveland, asking that I may not be recalled, or if

a successor must be, that the appointee may be a person in sympathy with their work. I hold this a high compliment, and a reward worth working for.

"The *Quinnebaug*—what a name for a ship!—arrived at this port, and is at anchor off Dolma Baghtche palace. The captain called on me in the afternoon, while I was at the Sublime Porte, to interview my quondam friend Said Pasha, the grand-vizier. I must make haste to return the visit. By-the-way, he comes under orders to take me down the Syrian coast, if I wish to go. I might be tempted if I did not know how a stranger crowds their narrow quarters, and, as the voyage is left to my discretion, I shall not see Smyrna, Beirut, or Jerusalem as the guest of Captain Ludlow."

"*March* 28, 1885.

"A telegram from Washington to the Sublime Porte announces that Mr. S. S. Cox has been appointed minister to Turkey—an excellent one. All very well, but no reply yet to my letter of resignation. The great men of the capital move slowly. How the soles of applicants for office are being roasted on the gridiron of expectancy! I watch the papers carefully, and when I can start home is yet an unanswered question. It depends somewhat on Mr. Cox's movements.

"Yesterday the sultan sent a gorgeous individual in barbaric gold to tell me I was wanted at the palace to-day at twelve o'clock. I don't know what the business is, if business it be. He has been much exercised over the Egyptian question. He is threatened on all sides, and the conduct of Mr. Gladstone is most extraordinary. He seems unconscious of the fact that he may be forcing the Turks, of whom there are about thirty-five millions, with fighting force of about one million, into the arms of the Russians.

"Our spring hangs fire. It keeps dark and gloomy and invites to suicide. Once in long whiles the sun peeps out, but, as if ashamed of such rashness, goes back into hiding. It has been so fully a month."

"*April* 7, 1885.

"The city is much agitated just now over the sickness of a young Swedish prince. With a brother, he came here eight or ten days ago from Palestine, where he had contracted typhoid fever. He is said to be at death's door. The king and queen, his parents, will arrive to-day, and up at Yildiz there will be nothing but 'king and prince' played for days to come.

"Affairs in my office move slowly. Out of regard for my successor, I refrain from giving direction to new business. He might not agree with the views I take, or the modes resorted to, and that would be embarrassing.

"Nothing yet of my tender of resignation. I cannot understand it, and my impatience grows with the passage of days. I have written the department, requesting if the new minister does not reach the city by the last of this month, that my recall be telegraphed at that time or sooner. The effect will be, at least, to put me right on record, and establish that I am not 'hungry and thirsty' for office."

LETTER TO MRS. J. M. LANE

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 11, 1885.

"MY DEAR JOAN,—I concluded a letter, or rather note, yesterday with the news that at 3.30 P.M. I was going to a reception given by the King of Sweden and Norway to the diplomatic corps, and a promise that I would give you a description of it.

"To bring it about *en règle*, the dean of the corps, Count Corti, the Italian ambassador, sent around a collective note stating the time and place of the ceremony, and announcing that the dress would be *redingote et cravate noir* —frock-coat and black necktie. We dressed accordingly, and appeared promptly on time at the place of the Swedish legation, M. d'Ehrenhoff, minister, where the king and queen were in attendance on their sick son. The entire diplomatic body were present. Outside there was a crowd densely covering the whole Grand Rue, with a battalion of police to keep order.

"I was shown into a large reception-room handsomely furnished, and was kept waiting, with my colleagues, for quite half an hour, during which his majesty employed himself at the lunch-table, a very amusing occupation if he was hungry. At length it was announced, 'His majesty is coming.' We ranged ourselves in one rank facing the door of entry, each in his place from left to right according to rank. This put the dean first, and flung me about the middle of the line, furnishing me a good opportunity to take lessons.

"Very soon a tall man, quite six feet two inches, appeared, crossed the hall, and entered with a dash. As he came in front of the corps, he gave a bow, accompanying it with a long sweep of the right arm in salutation, and retired into an adjoining room.

"His grand chamberlain remained outside, and, at a signal from him, Count Corti moved out first. Upon opening the door and seeing the king, he stopped and made a low bow. Advancing to the royal receptionist, and taking the hand offered him, he made another bow; then the door closed upon the two, and the word passed down the line of diplomats, '*Chacun pour soi.*' And so it proved. One by one we were admitted, and were given about five minutes' audience.

"When my turn came, the chamberlain informed the king who I was, and beckoned me to enter. I bowed at sight of the tall man, who advanced and gave me his hand, at which I bowed again. He addressed me in very good English, but rather slowly, and with the air of one listening to a prompter hid behind the scenes. I have noticed that as the air one always puts on who is interpreting his thought as he speaks.

"He said he heard I had resigned. I answered, 'Yes.' He thought our custom of changing diplomatic officials a bad one. When the government was well represented, the incumbent should stay as long as he pleased to do so. I replied he had described my case exactly. I had stayed till I was impatient to return home. He asked if the

minister at his capital would be changed. Yes, the appointee was already named. He seemed surprised. Mr. Thomas, he said, was a great favorite at his court. He performed his duties most acceptably, and spoke the language fluently. 'Besides,' he added, 'I especially requested that he might remain with us.' 'Your majesty has paid my countryman a high compliment. The sultan has been pleased to propose the same thing for me, but I have declined the kindness. The truth is, I am tired of living so long away from home.'

"He went back to his first statement, that the policy of removals without cause was a bad one. Changing the subject, he said, 'From your title, I infer you are, or have been, in the army?' I answered that my title was won in the field. 'That is much to your credit,' he remarked. Then I took the initiative by saying, 'I hear the prince is much better to-day, and venture to assure your majesty that you have my earnest sympathy.' He took my hand and shook it warmly. 'Thank you! thank you!' And thinking that was a good place to retire, when he dropped my hand, I began moving backward—*exit*, and down went the curtain—the play was over. I shook hands with such of my colleagues as remained, and departed.

"The king was dressed in a frock-coat, black like his vest, light pantaloons, and, sadly for the received idea of royal personages, he carried no baton and wore no crown. A very tall man, of high carriage, pleasant oval face, good forehead, straight nose, thin, gray hair—and that was all. Even kings in this age bow to the democracy. That is the lesson of the hour.

"Your note, marvellously small, was very welcome. I made note of the request it contained. You may rely upon it that I will get the small gold ring marked 'Roma' and the St. Cecilia with her harp and heavenly look.

"The friends inquire for you often, and I always assume to give them your love.

"Against my home-coming, let me sign myself, as always,

"Your brother, most truly, LEW WALLACE."

TO MRS. SUSAN E. WALLACE

"*April* 14, 1885.

"I am packing for my departure, which cannot be much longer delayed. It is now impossible to determine upon a route. The uncertainty marking the relations between England and Russia throws all calculation into doubt. It is presumable that Russian cruisers, in case of war, will make themselves numerous upon the Atlantic. The track of the great steam-packets between Liverpool and New York will offer special inducements to the enemy; the prize-money derivable from one of the Cunarders captured would be a handsome bait. To be captured would be very inconvenient to a passenger though ever so neutral. Where the vessel would be sent, *quien sabe?* Any port would be better than the bottom of the sea; none would be so attractive and sedative as New York. I am very impatient to get off, and my interest in the office is absolutely dead. Overruling of the instructions of the former secretary of state by the new one has already begun, leaving me in the condition when *ne faire rien* is the only policy offering me a glimmer of safety.

"I have been visiting the Azarians at Prinkipo; entertained delightfully, and at the same time have tried to collect material for an illustrated article on the islands of the Marmora. In this project I think I have succeeded. At this season the historic isles are exquisitely beautiful. The air is so sweet and fresh, the water of the sea so blue and dreamy, vegetation already far advanced, and the cloudless nights without a sound. I slept through them without a break, no howling of dogs or yelping of puppies to disturb a dream, nor did I have one. A good chance to give myself up to the Christmas paper, 'The Boyhood of Christ,' and I have made use of it. How a subject does grow under one's hand! Actually there is scarcely a limit to the theme. What to choose in the mass of material, not what is there to write, is my trouble now.

"The last steamer from Varna brought a letter of recall,

the one I have so long been waiting for. It is very courteous, announces the appointment of my successor, and ends by requesting and hoping I will stay in Constantinople until shortly before Mr. Cox's arrival. The same mail brought a most agreeable letter from the incoming minister himself.

"In these last days I want to get about and do a little final sight-seeing. Broussa remains unvisited, and Mr. Pears is pressing me to take a trip with him to the famous city of Nicea; and the proposal is very tempting. From his account there is another illustrated article for *Harper's* in it."

"United States Legation, *May* 15, 1885.

"Look at the heading over the date and study it, for this is the last time I shall ever use it. I am no longer minister plenipotentiary, and how it came about I will explain. I have waited for my final audience with the sultan, and have had the disappointment of three postponements; but yesterday I actually had it. When it was set for Friday, Turkish Sunday, the day of leisure even to the overworked sultan, I knew it would come off; and when the time was appointed after *Selimlik*, I knew the sultan was proposing to give me the whole afternoon. So promptly was I on time that my carriage followed his body-guard up the hill to the palace. I was bound the opportunity should not slip. Mr. Gargiulo was my only attendant, the audience being strictly private. I should have taken the new secretary, but it was not in order.

"Our arrival being announced, the sultan asked if we had lunched, and, receiving a negative reply, he ordered a table to be set, and that immediately after luncheon I should be conducted to him. He also sent some genuine Havana cigars in way of delicate hint to take things easy and not hurry him too much. So with Munir Pasha, grand master of ceremonies, and the second chamberlain to keep us company, we ate heartily and cooled off with strawberries and cream, and very delicious they were. We finished our cigars before the messenger announced

his majesty was waiting. I put on sword and chapeau, being in full uniform, and followed the grand master out into the garden, now radiant with roses and the bloom of trees. After a little walk over towards the sacred limits of the harem, whose latticed windows no glance could penetrate, we were led to a carriage and driven to one of the new kiosks, beautifully situated in a new garden, which the one man absolute ordered in February last, and lo, it is finished—flowers, lake, cascades, old trees, rockeries, fountains, and house—the triumph of a regiment of workmen under intelligent direction. There we found the sultan.

"Now I had all along been saying to myself that I should be able, after my last interview with him, to say whether his professions of good-will and affection for me were genuine or merely diplomatic. I am prepared with my judgment. I believe thoroughly that he really and unaffectedly likes me, and that the sentiment is of one man towards another for whom he has more than ordinary esteem. After shaking hands with me, he remained standing, to give me opportunity to get the business of the occasion finished. So I said, quietly and without show of oratory, that I had the honor to deliver my letter of recall as envoy extraordinary, and as his majesty had chosen to have it in private audience, I understood it to be his wish that there be no ceremony; would he be pleased to accept it now? He replied: 'It was my wish to have the letter unceremoniously, for you must understand I regard you as more than minister. Since I have been on the throne, no foreigner has come to me officially, or in private capacity, for whom I have had the friendship I have for you. If you look back over our relation in the years you have been here, you must see that I am speaking the truth in earnest. I find it difficult to part with you, would like you to remain with me, and have already offered you honorable service. I regret you declined the offer, but it is natural you should prefer life in your own country.' Here he took the sealed letter from me, and turned and

gave it to the grand master. Sitting down, he signed me to sit also. 'How long will it take you to reach home?' he asked. 'I could get to New York,' I replied, 'in eighteen days, but the programme I have marked will require more time.' 'You will be home in June, then?' 'Yes, your majesty.' 'Well, I want, when you reach America, that you shall keep me informed of what you are doing and where you may be. There are a great many things I shall require from your country, and I will intrust commands to you. Write to me at least once a month.' 'Through whom shall I write?' 'Address me through Osman Bey, my first chamberlain. I have the greatest confidence in him.'

"After I had promised, he went into a long conversation on subjects without special interest to me. When that was concluded, he addressed himself to the interpreter, who finally said, 'His majesty is asking if, now that you are out of office, he can offer you a decoration?' I replied: 'The law is no longer in the way. I am free to accept the honor.' That part of the ceremony was accordingly arranged.

"Then I said: 'I thank your majesty for the magnificent album of photographs I received a few days ago. I beg, however, you will permit me to make one remark about it.'

"He nodded assent.

"'In looking through the album I failed to find the photographs of your majesty's children. I have despaired of ever having the picture of your majesty. I would like to give my wife some pictures of your family.'

"'I will see to that,' he answered.

"Then, after being told I would leave next day, Saturday, he said: 'No, you must wait till Tuesday, for I want you to come on Monday and dine with me. I will have the princesses and the princes at the table, and the princess shall give you the picture with her own hand.'

"So there is one more delay, for there is nothing to do but consent and 'be happy.'

"The album, or rather portfolio, is a splendid collection of photographs of Yildiz and its park, the chain of palaces along the Bosporus, and the old Seraglio Point of Stamboul. The cover is in purple velvet illumined with gold. A duplicate was presented to the Queen of Sweden.

"It is quite evident to me that the sultan is in great trouble. In the conference of the powers now in session, there is wide divergence of views between the delegates. If, on the basis of the *status quo ante*, they patch up an arrangement, behind it stands a list of questions very ugly and threatening to the Porte. Whatever the arrangement may be, it must be temporary, and expedient to float Europe over a current. All this Abdul Hamid sees clearly. Meantime he is massing a mighty army on the European shore of the Bosporus, and to support this the strain on his resources is tremendous. He has now under arms about four hundred and fifty thousand men. In this situation he cannot divert a piaster from the main object, nor listen to proposals of business not relating to his own interests."

General Wallace's parting gift to the sultan was a dog, of which he has given this account in a letter to his son:

"CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, *February* 14, 1885.

"MY DEAR HENRY,—The sultan is driven by business every hour of the day and a great part of the night. . . . Harassed as he is, it is a question in my mind if the sword of Othman, hanging on the walls of the mosque at Eyoub, would be worth wearing. It brings the sovereign no peace, no rest. But that is not what I want to tell about.

"It is curious that I forgot to say anything of the dog which his majesty asked me to get for him. Now to the report:

"I spent four days in London doing nothing but looking at dogs. As you know, it is the greatest dog market in the world, just as England is the greatest horse, sheep, and cattle market—I mean, of course, for specialties in the way

of blooded stock. I'd like to know what kind of a dog I did *not* see in those four days. The dealers brought to the Langham every species I had ever heard of—and many more, too. The specimens ranged from a King Charles spaniel, so small you could easily put him in your overcoat-pocket, up to a boar-hound, big as a year-old burro.

"The prices asked were simply amazing—and in most instances they were the actual market-prices, running as high as five hundred guineas, or three thousand dollars. The dog I sought was for no ordinary purpose; it was to take care of my royal friend, and to be his intimate, his guardian, his sentinel, his body-guard. Consequently it must have the qualities of strength, faithfulness, good-nature, and courage. My first idea was a St. Bernard. I found this species will not do for the climate of Constantinople—their long hair is against them—and when I came to see a pure blood, he was not so fine-looking as I had imagined.

"I then thought to buy a boar-hound, such as Prince Bismarck keeps to accompany him in his constitutionals, and is always photographed with him. It is an immense brute, in fact.

"When I examined one I shrank away; his face was treacherous and full of malice. He did not seem so much a dog as a dangerous beast of prey. I knew by my own feelings that the sultan would be afraid of him. Then I examined the stag-hounds, being started in that direction by recollection of Sir Walter Scott's friend and boon companion 'Maida.' They did not suit at all. They were merely hunting-dogs, and not by any means handsome. They would not do for the beauty-lover of the East; so I gave them the go-by.

"Finally, at the suggestion of a friend who has attended the bench shows of the city for a couple of years past, I sent for English mastiffs. The first one brought me was about two years old, and he had the recommendation of having taken the first prize for the United Kingdom; and I must say he was the most magnificent creature of his kind I have ever seen. I wanted him at sight; but how

much? I asked. Only five hundred guineas! I shut my eyes and ordered him off.

"The dealer then said he had one of his sons, perhaps eight months old, which he would sell for a much less sum. I had the puppy brought and closed the bargain at once. A finer dog I never saw. He has a head like a lion's, a body to correspond, is quite thirty-six inches high already, and measures, from point of tail to muzzle, over six feet. His color is exactly that of a lioness. His face below the eyes is black as ink, so is his mouth.

"A crowd gathered in the portico of the hotel to see him. One man climbed to a window on the outside and looked in, suggesting a burglar or thief. The dog saw his head; his eyes reddened; all the hair on his back stood up straight, and I never heard a growl so *basso profundo*. It was a fine exhibition of nature. I took to him at once, paid the money, and had him sent express, by sea, to Constantinople.

"He came safely a few days after I landed, and was taken immediately to the sultan, who had already despatched several messengers to ask about him. He is in clover, and his master is delighted with 'Victorio.' When Mehemet, the *cavass*, took the dog to the palace every one in the reception-room gave a glance and then ran, 'It is a lion,' they said. At last accounts he was playing with the little princess, and, it is said, the sultan is getting acquainted with him.

"You think the price a large one to give for a dog; and so it is. It would buy an excellent horse at home. But it was to be a present; I remembered the beautiful order offered to me, the Arab horses—which the law forbids my acceptance—the jewels I may not receive. Better to forget his imperial majesty had asked for a dog than to bring him a second-rate animal.

"So much for the gift, which was a pleasant thing on both sides. With love to all,

"Your father, most affectionately,

"LEW WALLACE."[1]

[1] *Ladies' Home Journal.*

In a letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Lane, General Wallace wrote of *The Prince of India*, for which he had been collecting and preparing material during his residence in Turkey:

"When I wrote *Ben-Hur* I kept constantly before my mind the thought that the subject had received more deep and thorough study from the greatest scholars than any other I might have chosen. I had to guard against even the smallest mistakes in the manners and customs of the nations of whom I spoke, especially of the Jews. I had to fix every date, certify every surrounding, and deal with things divine as well as human. It has also required an immense amount of patient investigation and close observation to produce the *Prince of India* as it went into the publisher's hands.

"*The Prince of India* is the title assumed by the Wandering Jew. It is the name he takes on his first appearance in Constantinople. He is the active agent, the *Deus ex machina* of the story. He deals with men as he lists and brings about the catastrophe. I conceive that his more than fourteen centuries of life, spent in every corner of the globe, have enriched him with more than human attributes of knowledge, learning, foresight, with more than human ability for dealing with men and with affairs. He plays with kings and kingdoms, with authorities civil and ecclesiastical. For his own purpose he assumes the Christian religion and appears in papal Rome, or the Mussulman, and takes part in the pilgrimage to Mecca. This gives me a vast canvas on which to use my brush, and an infinite variety in the way of color. Further, the characteristics of the period enable me to suffuse the whole with a romantic atmosphere. Chivalry, which was on the decline in the West, was still in the ascendant in the East. The methods of modern warfare had not yet superseded the more picturesque features of ancient battle. Knights in armor course through my pages, feats of individual valor and personal prowess enliven them. It is true that Constantino-

ple was finally reduced by means of artillery. Indeed, the siege is memorable, among other things, for the fact that it furnished the first instance in history where artillery was used with any notable success. It was to the superiority of their cannon more than to any other one agent that the Turks owed their victory. This fact is brought out. But all my other fighting, in the suburbs or in the surrounding country, is done with the ancient arms of chivalry, and with all the old romantic accessories.

Of his opportunities for observation he wrote:

"When I was appointed United States minister to Turkey in 1881, by General Garfield, I had the idea of a future novel in my mind. I therefore made a study of Orientalism. I learned all I could of their intrigues, their statecraft, their valor, their home life. In my official capacity I had access to the Turkish archives, and was enabled to verify any historical facts I might wish to use. I have been engaged upon the book more or less ever since I retired from the post of minister. Whatever may be the verdict of the public upon it, I think I may claim that it will be a lifelike delineation of the people and of their country, and a true presentation of their history at that period."

In a brief comment upon the Turks, he gave this account of their love of display and the training of their cavalry:

"It is a strange land. They are an odd race, these Turks. The sultan has a perfect passion for a uniform. You are perhaps aware that as we Americans have no court-dress, the ministers to foreign countries who have a right to an army suit are obliged to wear it upon all diplomatic occasions. I wore my major-general's dress while at the grand parade when the sultan was going to prayer. He goes once a week to the nearest mosque, escorted by

a squad of his best soldiery, formed in a hollow square, richly caparisoned, with a band of music and all the pomp and state possible. Men uncover their heads and women lower their parasols as he passes, every one being required to show him the greatest homage. Upon one of these occasions my uniform caught the royal rider's eye, and he despatched a soldier to request my attendance, which request was, of course, promptly obeyed. I was once invited to go with him to a drill of his household troops. The old Eleventh Indiana could beat his infantry, but the performance of his Circassian cavalry was something extraordinary. Four companies, magnificently mounted, were in line. A bugle-call, and the right company dashed through to the front, full speed. Another call, and there was a beautiful feat. Each man reached out with his right hand, caught the rein close to the bit, pulled hard, and threw his horse flat on his left side, dismounting as he did so. Then, on the ground beside his horse, he began firing as a skirmisher. A third call, and they rose up with their horses, retreating at full speed, reforming as they went. I tell you it was worth seeing.

"The Turkish cavalry is admitted to be the finest in all Europe. The Circassian body-guard of the sultan was called by Russell, of the London *Times*, 'the most picturesque scoundrels in the world.' They are blood-thirsty and treacherous, recklessly brave and exceedingly beautiful. Even among the meanest of them you see noble, well-set heads of finest mould, testifying to unmixed blood of the most perfect of living races.

"It is one of the great sights, that procession when the sultan goes to prayer. The ranking officers of the army and navy in full uniform, with jewelled orders and decorations, wait at the entrance. The commander of the faithful wears the uniform of an army officer, without ornament other than a slight dress-sword. His bearing is kingly, his face thin and colorless, eyes black and keen as a falcon's. He rides a milk-white Arabian, which he manages with skilful and delicate hand. His manner is

very gracious, and as he bows right and left to his people, we can readily believe that this uncontrolled master of fifty million subjects has so kind and gentle a nature that he has never signed a death-warrant. He enters the mosque with one imam to offer the prayer which none but he dare offer, but the stay within is short. He reappears in half an hour, the proud steed is mounted, the guards close about him, the multitude cheer, and the immense crowd breaks away.

"Those sights please the eye and gratify the curiosity. But the very thought of the American shore has power to quicken the beating of my heart and start the tears to my eyes. I am glad that I have had the opportunity to travel and learn a little of other lands, but if my life has taught me anything, it is that our own is the best, the freest, the happiest one beneath God's sunshine — worth living for and worth dying for, too, whenever the need arises."

TO SUSAN E. WALLACE

"HOTEL COSTANZI, ROME, *May* 29, 1885.

"I left Constantinople on the 20th instant, and after a voyage to Brindisi, so pleasant that I almost regretted its conclusion, landed, and took the train on the 24th for Naples, arriving there at ten o'clock at night. Because we had been there before, I went to the Hotel Nobile, where I was in very comfortable quarters. My intention was to remain in that city one day, as you and I had concluded there was really nothing in it for us; but Fletcher found me, and undertook to show me what a mistake we made, and I confess he did so. Instead of one day, I stayed three and a half days, and every hour of the time was a pleasure. We did not go out of the city, not to Pompeii or Vesuvius. In the world there is no interior equal, for gorgeous decoration, to the old Carthusian monastery, St. Martin's, on the hill behind the Hotel Nobile; nor is there any view approaching the Bay of Naples as seen from the outlooking balconies of the same St. Martin's. I tore myself away

to come here, even to Rome. With half a pretext I might be tempted to go back and do Amalfi, Sorrento, Ischia, and Capri. If you were not waiting for me, there is no telling what folly I might be lured into doing in Naples.

"I enclose a letter of Fletcher's, published in the *American Register*, giving an account of the Pompeiian festival at which they reproduce the old Roman chariot-race, familiar to me only by study and imagination. It must have been most interesting.

"Tuesday morning, before I sailed from Constantinople, the sultan sent his parting compliments and the oft-refused present, which now can be accepted. It was the Imperial Decoration of the Medjiedie, founded by Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1852, and after the Crimean campaign conferred on numerous British officers. It has five classes, differing in size and value, the design in each being a silver sun of seven triple rays, with the device of the crescent and star alternating with the rays. On a circle of red enamel in the centre of the decoration is the legend in Turkish, whose signification is: Zeal, Honor, and Loyalty, and the date, 1268, the Mohammedan year corresponding to 1852; the sultan's name is engraved on a gold field within the circle.

"The first three classes suspend the badge round the neck from a narrow red ribbon bordered with green, and a star closely resembling the order is worn on the left breast. The Grand Cordon, a broad red ribbon with green border, is worn from the right shoulder across the breast, and is fastened at the left side with a rosette.

"You remember the Grand Cordon worn by the Turkish officers at the *Selimlik*, and by certain ambassadors. Here is the letter, in translation, which came with the gift.

"'YILDIZ PALACE.

"'General Wallace, late United States minister plenipotentiary, having won a great place in our esteem, in order that he should carry away with him a proof of it, I have invested him with my Imperial Decoration of the Med-

jiedie, First Class. In consequence of which, this my high *béret* has been delivered to him, on the 3d of Shabban, in the year of the Hegira, 1302.

"'By Christian calendar, May 18, 1885.

"'(Signed), HADJI ALI.

"'Second Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty,

"'Sultan Abdul Hamid.'[1]

"Besides there was a purple velvet casket which sprung open at a touch, and lo! a cigarette-box about as large as a lady's card-case. It is made of pure gold, and the lid is set with twenty solitaire diamonds. A border on the rim and the Sultan's initials, S. H., in the centre, are made of less diamonds. My answer you find enclosed:

"'HOTEL LUXEMBURG, CONSTANTINOPLE, *May* 19, 1885.

"'EXCELLENCY,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of souvenirs remitted by his imperial majesty through you, being the Decoration of the Medjiedie, First Class, and a cigarette-case of gold set with jewels. I also pray you to have the goodness to deliver to your august sovereign, his imperial majesty, the sultan, my appreciation of his generosity so delicately and beautifully conveyed, leaving me to know as of absolute assurance that he holds me high in his esteem. The souvenirs will be retained in my family forever.

"'Your excellency will have the goodness to accept assurances of my high consideration.

"'LEWIS WALLACE,

"'Late United States Minister to Turkey.'

"These things have been a care to me ever since. I have no place to store them better than my old shaky trunk, too frail to keep a moth out, much less a thief. One of our R. R. 'smashers' would make splinters of it by the watch; and then, horror of horrors! I have visions of a broad green and red ribbon, two stars of clean white silver in exquisite filigree, a gold box and twenty solitaire dia-

[1] The word Abdul means beloved.

monds, all flung together, rolling loose and at odds and ends upon a filthy floor. The thieves happy, and I—well, I hope it will not happen! But I shall feel easier when these costly trinkets are safe in bank, or in your hands, just as safe.

"I obeyed your injunction while in Naples, and bought two of the water-colors you so admired, and took the liberty of adding another larger and quite good in oil. Then Fletcher gave me an unfinished head of a Madonna, very pretty—four in all. My *Pensiero*, which Marion Crawford has undertaken to contract for me, is not quite finished.

"I will stay in Rome several days and finish my Christmas article for the Harpers. I have carried it forward to a point when it became necessary to study some pictures in the Vatican. They are here, and now my work will be easy, and have the quality of certainty and no mistake.

"Tell Margaret I have something pretty for her, my last purchase in the bazar at Constantinople."

"ROME, *June* 7, 1885.

"As yet I have done no calling. My time is occupied with the Christmas article for *Harper's Magazine*, 'Boyhood of Christ,' which I am bent on taking home complete and ready for submission. My spare time is given to the galleries, looking for illustrations. The more I see of them the more I am struck with the sameness of the pictures. It is positively wearisome to pass them in review; especially is this true of the religious subjects. The Madonnas are conventional; the Christs are all old babies. Fashion seems to have governed the masters. Raphael grows on me, and he is the only one who does. What an amazing genius he had! Occasionally I have gone down to see how the workmen are getting on with my *Pensiero*. It is at last finished and paid for. It is perfectly satisfactory, and will be if I can only get it home complete. The dealer assures me he can pack it so as to make it perfectly safe. But alas, he is not acquainted with the American baggage-smasher!

"This city is in excellent sanitary condition. The streets are swept and kept clean as the deck of a ship. It looks as if an epidemic can find no lodgment.

"Day after to-morrow I will go over to Florence, which is represented as like a heated oven. A couple of days will do me there, then I shoot to Paris. This is not intended as a letter. It is merely to tell that I am alive and here. This evening I will call on the Storys. . . .

"I open the envelope to say I have just returned from seeing a military review. Through the kindness of young Rogers, I had a window which brought me within thirty feet of Queen Margherita. She is quite beautiful, with blond hair waving, and dreamy blue eyes. The king was the reviewer, and with all his trappings did not look kingly in the least. The display, however, was fine."

XIV

The speech at Wingate — Address to the cadets of the Naval Academy — A second offer from the sultan declined — Offer of mission to Brazil declined—*Life of Harrison*—Dramatization of *Ben-Hur*—Conclusion.

In the presidential campaign of 1888, General Wallace was asked by the national Republican committee to deliver speeches at Chickering Hall, in New York, and at the Auditorium, in Chicago. Both invitations were declined, but he did consent to speak for the farmers in his own county, many of them old friends and neighbors. They fully appreciated the discrimination made in their favor. The meeting was held near the village of Wingate, and in spite of bad weather a large audience was present. General Wallace chose as his subject his reasons for deserting the Democratic party. It proved to be one of the most effective addresses made that year. A full report was sent by wire to a Chicago morning paper. In less than an hour after the newsboys were calling it in the streets the entire edition was exhausted. It was reprinted in the Sunday issue by request of the committee, and as the Indiana newspapers had failed to report it, a special edition of sixty thousand copies was sent to Indianapolis by special train, every copy of which was sold. There were demands for it from all parts of the country, thousands of copies being ordered by the committees for gratuitous circulation.

The *Life of Harrison* was published as a campaign document also in 1888.

General Wallace was a member of the Board of Visitors for West Point in 1890.

In a letter addressed to the board he made many suggestions, the more important of which have since been adopted, among them the extension of the disipline then recommended for the Academy, to the whole army; similar examinations for enlistment, including proofs of good character; a term of enlistment for five years; courses of instruction with officers as teachers; recitation-rooms, text-books for practice, and illustration of studies provided by the government for every military post; with heavy penalties for officers requiring menial duties from enlisted men, or manual labor not strictly within line of honorable duty.

At his own request no action was taken, as the reforms were too radical for adoption without proper consideration, but the recommendations were embodied in full in the official report for that year.

In June, 1894, General Wallace, who was a member of the Board of Visitors, delivered the following address to the graduating class at the Naval Academy, Annapolis:

"Gentlemen of the Academy,—The Board of Visitors, of which I have the honor to be a member, are unwilling, after witnessing your many varied and excellent performances, to separate without a direct expression of the interest you have excited in them. They have, therefore, selected me to speak in their behalf as well as my own.

"Let me begin, gentlemen, with a confession. I am not unconscious of my years. Their weight is upon me; yet I remember the days of my youth, when the making of life was my most sacred privilege. And looking backward now, I tell you soberly there is nothing in life so beautiful as manly youth. A sound philosophy forbids me envying you its possession; at the same time, did I envy

you, there would be much reason for it. Speaking representatively, I am more than your friend, more than your comrade. I am your lover; and loving you is but loving our country.

"I said did I envy you there would be much reason in the envy. Do not treat the utterance too lightly. Do not dismiss it as an idle compliment. Hear me first. Supposing distinction your ultimate aim, it is not in these days enough that you are favored with health, strength, education, and all the physical and mental graces of which superiority is compounded. No man ever was, no man ever will be great, except he have the opportunities to manifest himself. Here is why you move me so greatly. When you pass out the door yonder, look up thankfully, then look down and be glad, for at your feet there begins a road lined with opportunities exclusively yours; and, I caution you, so thickly will that road be found strewn with opportunities, that if you run your races undistinguished among your fellow-men, fail not, as you love justice, to exonerate the government which has so enriched you with its paternal 'God-speed.'

"Now, gentlemen, it were very unwise, not to say unfair, to tell you of the opportunities with which the course, beginning at the door yonder, is strewn for you, and stop there. Allow me to explain. Let say what will, the American press has one virtue which, in my judgment, quite redeems its every fault. It makes haste on the appearance of evil to give us instant warning. Take up any respectable paper, read it, and, strange as it may sound and seem, a revolution is upon us; and if we ask the end of it, or what will be left after its passage, the last of the prophets died long ago. Of this much we are certain: Fighting has begun, and both the government and society are threatened. Accept the suggestion and think about it, and presently some of the opportunities within my meaning will arise and shape themselves before you. Indeed, there will be occupation, and plenty of it, for those of you who do not go to sea.

LEW WALLACE
(1888)

"Next, to such of you as do go to sea. Be you also of good cheer; though the sea is pathless, the winds that make their playgrounds on it will be found alive with chances of distinction and good service.

"It were useless denying that up to the present the army has been more a favorite with our people than the navy. I have belonged to it in two wars, and deny now the slightest wavering in my loyalty to its dead and living, to its Scotts and Taylors, its Grants and Sheridans, more especially to the mightier host of unprofessionals who volunteered in emergencies, and must continue nameless, because they were countless. Wherefore you will not suspect me of a doubtful motive when I declare to you deliberately that the day is near, if it have not already arrived, when the navy is to transcend the army in popular favor.

"This I think but a rational deduction. The work of the army is done. The Indians are quieted, they are in reservations; with a few exceptions the tribes are turning farmers; the untamables among them are buried with their hatchets; there are no frontiers for them to harry. A sea of settlements has swallowed them; or, if they are again heard of, it will be as voters. So much for the present. Next, what does the future hold for the army? What one promise of glory or popularity or opportunity for either? Will we ever again turn to it for a president?

"Let us first try to unveil what may be for it within our borders. The revolution of which I have spoken is bound to evoke the militia. It is the signal for raising up the despised National Guards for the defence of the states, leaving the Regulars but a well-organized and officered reserve. If occasionally the latter are called out, the victories awaiting them must be victories over mobs. In brief, it looks—and I say it in no spirit of malice—it looks as if henceforth the life of the Regular is to be that of the barracks. In a word, gentlemen, here at home there are no sections to collide with one another, and no occasion

for sections. A loving Providence has so ordered that to insure eternal peace the people have but to smother their demagogues.

"With no prospect of service at home of a kind contributive to glory in sight, let us turn our best searchlight to discover, if possible, what may be offered the army from abroad. No foreign nation is disposed to quarrel with us. They are the dependants, not we. Our resources are immeasurable. We can grow without them. They are not rash enough seriously to invade us. Or, if it pleases you, fancy an invading army disembarked upon our coast. It may amuse you to locate their descent, and, studying our railroad facilities for the concentration of troops, say how far they could penetrate before being overwhelmed like Burgoyne. Passing then to the probabilities of an invasion on our part, we have but two neighbors, Canada and Mexico, and their weakness is their safeguard. We cannot afford to bully them. Or, if they should provoke us beyond endurance, there might be profit—though in one case at least that is doubtful—in the acquisition of territory, but not enough true glory to fill a lady's thimble. In fact, a country more exposed to attack from us than Canada cannot be named. She offers a flank broad as the distance between oceans. One railroad connects her frontiers. To cut it once would work irremediable division. A million men launched at her supporting columns would reduce the conquest to a summer's campaign. With regard to Mexico, she is safe; for it is never to be forgotten that we have taken the republics of the Western World under protection, and are educated to believe our chiefest honor, not to speak of advantage, lies in an honest assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, to the author of which Brazil will this summer erect a monument.

"Turn now from this picture of the future of the army to its corollary relative to the navy. I have not committed myself, you will observe, to an assertion that there will be no more wars; that would be an Arcadian dream. In my judgment one of the greatest of wars, and in many respects

the most interesting, is just before us. In no other way is it possible to adjust dominion in Asia and Africa. To be sure, we will have no part in it; yet there is no end to the greed of nations, and the Pacific coast from Alaska to the Horn, and the Atlantic coast from the Horn to Halifax, bear temptations more frequent than light-houses. What is the Monroe Doctrine other than a standing challenge to the powers of Europe, singly or in combination? The next ship from Honolulu may bring a cause of war; and, for that matter, the Nicaragua Canal, though but in proposition, is a nest-egg of war. The world at large looks with unloving eyes upon lines of trade in close monopoly. Undoubtedly hostilities will come; they are inevitable; but when come, where will the fighting be? *Mira,* young gentlemen! Behold your opportunities! In that day how many places will need your ships! How often your white squadrons will be looked for from cathedral spires in threatened cities! How many ears will be bent listening for the welcome thunder of your guns in the offing below the water-line! If, after gallant effort, you are beaten, there will be tears for you plenteous as rain; if you are victorious, how you will be welcomed by resolutions unanimously adopted, and by snuff-boxes and swords and canes, and by notes in scented envelopes praying your pictures and autographs! And when you bring your prizes in, look for the army among the spectators gathered on the shore to salute you for dear Old Glory's sake!

"As said, I may not grudge you your youth, or your education, or your happy start in life, or the high hopes aflower in your hearts, or your honorable ambitions; but, as the truth may earn me salvation, I wish with all my soul I were young again and a cadet in the navy. For I do believe the lights which from the beginning have been most alluring to brave men have been transferred from the land to the sea. I do believe that the guns are now fashioned about which you will be called in oft-repeated struggles for renown in life or enduring moments in death.

"In conclusion, the Board of Visitors bid me declare, young gentlemen, that from what they have seen of the Academy, and the systems prevalent in it, especially from the exhibitions given by the classes, they congratulate your officers and professors, and bid me say they have faith in you all, and wish you farewell."

In January, 1890, General Wallace declined a second offer of service from the sultan, through the Turkish minister in Washington, in the following letter:

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, *January* 14, 1890.

"*His Excellency, M. Mavroyeni, Minister from Turkey to the United States of America:*

"DEAR SIR,—You will pardon me, I hope, for trying your patience in the matter of the inquiries you were pleased to address me in behalf of his imperial majesty, your august sovereign.

"About the time of the receipt of your first letter, I was advised that his majesty had done the great honor of asking if I would accept a place in the palace or at the arsenal, and at what salary. Such a proposal, you will readily understand, could not be lightly treated; indeed, what with the struggle it excited between my wishes and my judgment, seldom, if ever, have I been in such serious straits. With this mention, in the way of apology, I now subject myself to your well-known courtesy, and beg you to have the goodness to cause my reply to his majesty's most gracious tender of honor to be laid at his feet, with every expression of gratitude becoming its appreciation.

"Through your favor, then, I would much like his majesty made aware that as between the places stated, I should greatly prefer one in the palace, since it would seem to offer me more frequent opportunities of service to him personally. Certainly I could in such a position better indulge the affection for him which I brought with me from Constantinople, and which the intervening years

have increased rather than diminished. I say this duly mindful of his exalted position and the observances of etiquette attaching thereto.

"There was no trouble in deciding the preference; but when I came to the main question, the consideration was more serious. After much vacillation, it appeared my duty to him, as well as to myself, to ask his permission to decline the gracious proposals altogether. Fifteen years ago it would have been different with me; as it is, I have but a short balance of life to give him. True, I am strong, healthy, and fond of work in-doors and out, loving especially a horse and a gun; yet pronouncing according to reason, and such philosophy as I possess, at sixty-two, my age, every one should begin to think of retirement; at seventy most men under favoring circumstances are pensioners, some upon their own providence, some upon the bounty of others.

"Praying his majesty to remember that, if I am speaking much of myself, his most honorable proposal contains, at least impliedly, an invitation to such freedom. I presume to say, further, that within a year it has fallen to me to decline high positions in the civil service of my own country; in other words, my preparation for retirement from public life is already begun. To which, as of even more specially personal application, nurtured upon his majesty's perfect information, I will add that, while not rich in the ultra-American sense, I am grateful to God for permitting me to be in circumstances to chose my own pursuits, without leave asked except of my own tastes. I have a comfortable home, not lacking in some luxuries, and a study, with pictures and an ample library, and the wife of my youth still abides with me; thus favored, I am given up entirely to literature.

"Now, as I know if I were in private audience his majesty, out of gracious condescension, would ask me about it, he may be pleased to hear that my retirement has a promise of early fruit. I have in hand a book wherein I deal romantically, yet strictly regardful of history, with the

conquest of Constantinople by his great ancestor, Mahomet II., sultan and emperor. The *morale* of the work is that God the Father, as Christians speak of Him, the Compassionate and Merciful, as He is so beautifully addressed in El Fatihah, is in himself an idea possible of understanding, a faith sufficient for all the peoples of the earth to unite upon in the worship. Around this core the most romantic circumstances I could glean and invent—circumstances of love and war—have been woven, and in course of the story advantage is taken to do justice to the young conqueror of the Greeks. When in Constantinople, I spent many days collecting material for this work, and in the study of localities; withal, however, I regret not being actually on the ground as the composition proceeds. The task, now more than one-third finished, will probably require another year. As a lineal descendant of the conqueror, his majesty cannot be indifferent to such a tale, and may at the proper time incline a willing ear to my request for leave to dedicate it to him.

"In conclusion; along with the declination of the honor his majesty has tendered me, I should be happy to have him notified of my constant readiness to do him all consistent service in my own country. With a lively recollection of his many condescensions and favors in the past, I doubt if the most faithful of the friends about him can have his health, life, and prosperity more at heart than myself. And he was gracious enough to include my wife in his friendly inquiries. Madam Wallace joins me in the acknowledgments I venture to send him, and in wishing that good-fortune and happiness may abide with him and his family forever.

"Your excellency I have the honor to subscribe myself most respectfully your friend and obedient servant,

"LEWIS WALLACE."

In the same year he declined the mission to Brazil, tendered him by President Harrison. He wrote to Mr. Blaine:

"CRAWFORDSVILLE, *July* 2, 1890.

"*Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State:*

"SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the telegram as follows:

"'WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 28, 1890.

"'*General L. Wallace, Crawfordsville, Indiana:*

"'The president would be glad to have you accept the mission to Brazil, and I cordially add my desire. The mission is now vacant, and if you accept, it would be well to leave at your earliest convenience.

"'(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.'

"The tender thus made me was a surprise, to which I hope you will charge the time taken to consider the question of acceptance. I find one great affirmative inducement, a wish to be in some honorable way connected with the Spanish-American commercial policy which has so long engaged your attention, and is now a measure of President Harrison's administration in fair progress. No achievement of arms possible of conception could bring our countrymen such immensities of good result as that movement accomplished. The mere mention of the opinion must satisfy you how powerfully the offer contained in your telegram warmed my imagination, and with what regret I find myself compelled to decline it.

"Knowing your tenderness of affection, I am sure you will not think worse of me for a statement of the reason of this decision. The voyage is too long for endurance by my wife, and I am determined never to go abroad for residence without my whole family.

"Believe me when I say I have the honor to be most gratefully your friend,

"LEWIS WALLACE."

The Boyhood of Christ was published in book form in 1892.

It was inscribed as follows:

"DEDICATED

TO

THE SOUL OF MY MOTHER.

"In the ultimate Isles of the Blest, she knows all the things whereof this little book proves me to have been only dreaming."

The Prince of India was published by Harper & Brothers in 1893. On the first page of the manuscript is written in pencil:

"Begun September, 1886, on the Kankakee. Finished, 1892, in the tent under the beeches."

Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Church, wrote:

"A deep and genuine surprise is felt that the author has accomplished the unexpected feat of binding the romance so very closely as he has to the central motive of *Ben-Hur*. Indeed, the sub-title of *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ*, might be applied with almost equal accuracy to *The Prince of India*. To all appreciative readers of the older work, the present one will come with the interest of a sequel which is worthy in power and blessing to stand by the side of its great predecessor. General Wallace has done another vast service to Christianity, as well as wrought out a powerful historical romance."

Of the dramatization of *Ben-Hur*, General Wallace wrote:

"I have always had a fear that whoever should undertake the production dramatically would fail to treat it in the proper spirit of reverence. This is one of the reasons why I have heretofore declined to allow it to go on the stage.

"A number of persons well known in the histrionic

world have applied to me for the privilege. Lawrence Barrett was very persistent in his request. The last time I saw him he spent an evening trying to convince me there was in the book a theme for a great play, without trenching upon any of the parts made sacred by the appearance of the Saviour. Still I declined.

"The younger Salvini was also persistent in his requests. He had the idea that he would make an excellent Ben-Hur, and I was of the same opinion.

"The Kiralfys had a prodigious scheme, the main point of which was the chariot-race. They proposed leasing thirty acres of ground on Staten Island, of which two acres were to be reserved and fitted up for that exhibition. I need not speak of their reputation, but, notwithstanding it, I gave them a refusal. The privilege has also been asked of me by playwrights in England and in Germany."

In 1889 the right of dramatization was finally given to Klaw & Erlanger, and the play was produced.

CONCLUSION

The closing years of the life recorded in these pages were serene and cloudless. The play, *Ben-Hur*, succeeded beyond its author's utmost hope. Two seasons he lectured to large audiences and tasted the sweetness of unstinted praise. The management of his son released him from the vexations of business; the study was built, "a pleasure-house for my soul," as he called it; the little rose-garden bloomed; the grandsons were a delight; the old wound at Shiloh ceased from troubling.

Two silver loving-cups came to him, one from the Grand Army, the other from his Hoosier friends, to

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

He had in mind the outline of a new novel in which the Prince of India should go from Constantinople to the court of Spain, and sail with Columbus in search of a new world, there to find the end of controversy, to try the universal brotherhood of man, and found the religion of the one God. The jewels Queen Isabella pledged to fit out the vessels for the venture were to be from the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre.

Like the seer of Israel, his eye was not dimmed, and to the last he dreamed dreams and saw visions, beholding many things that never were, never will be, in a light better than ever shone on sea or land; but nothing an enemy could laugh at, nothing a lover could regret.

A near friend and neighbor, thinking what keepsake he would like for remembrance, said, thoughtfully, "the spectacles General Wallace looked through at the world."

An attack of grip greatly reduced his strength, and he walked slowly into the Valley of the Shadow, fearing no evil still keeping his love of music, flowers, his interest in friends and public affairs. He loved life well, but not so well as to be unprepared to lay it down at the call of the Great Commander. He said he would live it over again willingly just as it was. On the death of an old comrade, he sent the message:

"He is but a day's march ahead of us; we will overtake him soon."

Years before he had written:

"We may not be able to read the future in our palms; but there is no excuse for it if we do not at least see God in them. . . . Animals when called to, the caller being on a height over them, never look for him above the level of their eyes; even so some men are incapable of thinking of

the mysteries hidden out of sight in the sky; but it is not so with all; and therein we behold the partiality of God. Neither on the sea nor on the land nor in the sky is there a wonder like the perversity which impels men to go on inventing religions and sects, and then persecute one another on account of them.

"Strange—most strange! In human history no other such marvel! There has been nothing so fruitful of bickering, hate, murder, and war, the flame of swords and the cruelty of blows—all in God's name."

And again:

"Men speaking of dreaming as if it were a phenomenon of night and sleep. They should know better. All results achieved by us are self-promised, and self-promises are made in dreams awake. Dreaming is the relief of labor, the wine that sustains us in the act. We learn to love labor, not for itself, but for the opportunity it furnishes for dreaming, which is the great under-monotone of real life, unheard, unnoticed, because of its constancy. Living is dreaming. Only in the grave are there no dreams."

February 15, 1905, he bade this world good-night—his dreaming ended.

He has found the New World, the universal religion, the One God.

S. E. W.

October, 1905.

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